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THE

UNJUST JUDGE:

OR,

THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE ON JUDGES, LAWYERS, AND POLITICIANS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE OHIO BAR.

Go hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair—
As memory feeling's founts hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

AN AMERICAN LADY.

MANSFIELD, O.

1854.

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TO GEN. S. F. CAREY,

The Apostle of Temperance in the West, these unpretending pages are inscribed. His eloquence and pathos, upon Temperance, are associated with our recollections of early school days. Before he left his Alma Mater, in the morning of life, he espoused the cause, from convictions of duty; and again and again have we heard the old college hall ring with his eloquent voice upon this measure, then in its infancy, and at a time when very much moral courage was requisite to face the tornado raised by an effort to check the fearful ruin. After entering upon the more active duties of life, he gave much of his time, talents and energy, to the cause, and is now growing gray fighting powerfully and effectually its battles. May he live to enjoy the plaudits of a redeemed and disenthralled humanity.

THE AUTHOR.

Mansfield, Ohio, January 1, 1854.

PREFACE.

An apology might, by some, be deemed necessary for throwing before the public a work upon a subject which has already employed the pens of many of the most gifted authors of the age, yet there remains much, very much, to be done before that dreadful incubus, intemperance, is driven from our land.

Great ingenuity has been displayed by the poet, as well as the writer of fiction, in portraying in glowing colors this great sin of the day, and still its turbid waves seem to roll on, desolating the brightest hopes of the human heart, little impeded by the hitherto obstructing barriers.

The pulpit may become clamorous upon this subject, and religionists may exhaust their powers, without reaching the fastnesses into which this evil has taken refuge. If this great reformation shall be effected, it must receive essential and valuable aid from a different direction. The destiny of this moral enterprise is now, to a very great extent, in

the hands of lawyers, judges, and politicians; their action involves the fate of this philanthropic measure; and hence, our characters are judges, members of the bar, and politicians. Even a superficial glance at the springs of society, will teach us that lawyers and politicians not only make and enforce our laws, but manufacture a public sentiment that sustains or repeals those laws at their pleasure;—

> "Unjust decrees they make, and call them just,
> And we submit to them—because we must."

—and, therefore, the necessity of making allies of that class of men. It would be quite as sensible to throw across a structure, wtih the view of drying up the deep, wide, and rapid current of the mighty river at the point where it mingles its waters with, and becomes lost in the ocean, instead of cutting off the numerous streams and fountains that lent it power and force, as to attempt to stay the progress of intemperance by moral suasion with the masses. This stream of burning lava that is, as with the besom of destruction, sweeping over the land, must be cut off at its source; and who can deny that the influence of the bar and the bench has ever been one of its main tributaries?

In the following pages we have drawn upon the bench, the bar, and the political arena, for materi-

al out of which to weave our web; and though some passages may appear pointed and personal, we disclaim any such intention, but insist that they are leveled at the idiosyncrasy of a class, and not at individuals.

A desire to arrest the attention of the legal profession and politicians, and fix it upon the noble enterprise of staying the tide of moral death that is devastating the best interests of society, has dictated the following work. If it shall fall short of the object of our aim, we shall draw consolation from the conscious integrity of our intentions.

THE AUTHOR.

Mansfield, Ohio, January 1, 1854.

CHAPTER I.

This, above all, to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou cans't not then be false to any man.

Shakspear.

"What is the condition of your health and spirits," said Leblond, as with a careless air, he entered the room of Judge Jones.

"My spirits are at rather a low ebb," replied the Judge. "I have been retrospecting; ay, and prospecting too, since we separated last evening. Conscience, the great regulator of human actions, always troublesome on such occasions, has been doing its work. I sought oblivion in balmy sleep, but the god of dreams refused to come to my aid, or to harken to my appeals. And to consummate my misery, I've received, this morning, an item of news from a friend and highly respectable member of the bar, in the Northern part of the State, which distresses me beyond measure." Handing the letter to Leblond, he read as follows:

"My Dear Jones:—

A rumor is afloat here I regret most profoundly. It charges you with having been under the influence of mint julips to such an extent you were

incapable of giving the law correctly in charge to the jury, in the case of the State *vs.* Hamlin, in consequence of which, an innocent man has been convicted of murder.

Much excitement prevails. I will exert my utmost influence to allay it. Its effect upon your re-election is to be dreaded.

I am, dear sir,

Very sincerely yours,

A. P. JEWETT."

"This Hamlin," continued Judge Jones, "was indicted on a charge of having murdered his brother. The testimony was wholly circumstantial, but tended to show that the brother, who was an inmate of the defendant's family, had been poisoned. Circumstantial testimony, when convincing and irresistible, is at all times more satisfactory than positive. While living witnesses, from interested or malicious motives, may falsify; an unbroken chain of circumstances pointing convincingly to the guilt or innocence of the defendant, may be safely relied upon in the most important criminal, as well as civil, cases; but always dangerous when ambiguous or disconnected, and has ever been regarded by enlightened jurists, with suspicion and distrust. Bating one or two circumstances of doubtful character, there was no evidence of the defendant's guilt. Of the utter groundlessness of the charge, I entertained not even a doubt, and was two or three times, during the trial, upon the

eve of requesting the Prosecutor to *nolle prosequi* his indictment, but permitted the case to progress until the testimony on both sides closed. While counsel were engaged in the argument of the cause to the jury, I was absent, intending after my return to the bench, to charge the jury that the testimony was entirely insufficient upon which to found a verdict of guilt; and of course, upon my return, I charged the jury; but of that I have only a vague and indistinct recollection. The evidence of guilt, though slight, involved some of the most intricate and interesting questions known to medical jurisprudence, and very liable to be misunderstood by the jury, without a clear, concise, and explicit charge from the court; yet I am unable to recall a single idea, or even a single sentence, I gave in charge to that jury. All that, however, might have been corrected had "Richard been himself again," before the final adjournment of the court. I could have, upon motion, granted a new trial; but true to the instincts of insanity, I remained deaf to all intercession."

"Well, Judge, that is rather an unfortunate occurrence, and you have my prayers that it may never again happen. I suppose, during the argument of the case you were out 'liquoring up.' You must learn to touch modestly upon such occasions."

"Oh! it is more than unfortunate," said the Judge; "it is criminal, highly criminal! Had I dealt out the fatal drug which so tragically termi-

nated the life of one of the most brilliant young men in that part of the State, I could not have suffered more from conscious guilt; and as for your admonition, it does not go far enough. I ought not to have, under the circumstances; indulged at all. It is the most difficult of all undertakings for a man, already under the influence of liquor, to moderate, or to keep himself within bounds."

Leblond here interrupted the Judge, by remarking, that as to the effect it would have upon his re-election, that was all fudge—a mere chimera of Jewett's brain—but if adroitly managed, could be made to tell powerfully in his favor—would secure his election beyond the possibility of a doubt! "Why," continued he, "rally around your standard those of all parties whose sympathies are with the hero of mint julip, and they might as well hope to pluck yonder sun from the heavens, as to attempt your defeat, under any circumstances. Their name is legion, and their influence is beyond conception."

"Though defeat," said the Judge, "from a charge so grave would necessarily involve loss of character, and my ultimate ruin, I would consider it as dust in the balance, when compared with the perpetual consciousness I shall carry with me, of having been intrusted with power and position, and that while in the exercise of that power I became recreant to the trust—lost sight of duty, and was

guilty of judicial murder—worse than maliciously imbruing my hands in the blood of a fellow-being."

The fearful pangs of the deepest remorse had seized the Judge, and was drinking up his very blood. The more he contemplated his unfaithfulness, the more criminal it appeared to him, until he knew not how to act, or what disposition to make of himself.

Jones was formed, intellectually and physically, in nature's finest mould. The son of wealthy ancestors, he had been cradled in the lap of luxury and affluence—had received a finished classical and legal education, and had but fairly entered upon the duties of the legal profession when he was called, by the almost unanimous voice of the people, to a seat upon the Supreme bench of his native State, with high hopes and a soul as pure—as spotless as the ermine that enveloped him.

Judge Jones, in company with Leblond and several other distinguished members of the bar and politicians, had, during the previous evening, been discussing law, politics, and matters and things in general, over a basket of sparkling Catawba, little dreaming of the extent of the terrible tempest that was about to pervade his soul—desolate his peace, and drive him to the verge of madness.

At the close of his interview with Leblond, Judge Jones repaired to the Court room and adjourned the Court *sine die*, amid the wonder and amazement

of the bar, under the pretence of important domestic duties which imperiously demanded his attention at home--ordered his carriage, and was soon on his way to the pleasant village of B. in the Southern part of the State, where he expected to meet a woman, "beautiful as the houris," who had "blessed him with her love and made him the father of her children." But, with his haggard countenance and perturbed feelings, how was he to meet the amiable partner of his weal and his woe, was a question that had not until now occurred to him. He determined to acquaint her with all the facts and circumstances connected with this most unpleasant affair, and then consoled himself with the reflection that his devoted wife, whom he regarded as the very impersonation of all that was good and lovely, would at least sympathize with him, if she did not pour balm into his wounded heart and administer to his lascerated feelings, and in the extacy of the moment he exclaimed—

> "A wife! Ah, gentle deities! can he
> Who has a wife e're feel adversity?"

But how fitful is hope, though the anchor of the soul, and without which life, from the cradle to the tomb, would be a dreary passage—a dense darkness, without a ray of light to cheer us on our dismal way. The bliss of hope is often short lived as the meteor's flash, which, when extinguished, tends to make the darkness more keenly felt. When hope ceases to illumine our path, despair occupies

its place, in degree proportioned to the fervency of the former occupant.

Home gained, the horses were handed over to the servant, and the Judge entered his mansion, upon the threshhold of which he was met by his smiling and faithful wife, and two or three little prattling pledges of their love, with "pa's tum, pa's tum!" In the midst of this friendly greeting, the following lines occurred to him—

——— "Hope! fortune's cheating lottery,
Where, for one prize, an hundred blanks there be."

That from which he had hoped produced torture more excrutiating than the rack. The Judge was the soul of honor, and he felt himself degraded—unworthy of such unmeasured devotion and affection.

Sink a man in his own estimation and you carry, unerringly, the fearful havoc of certain ruin into his future hopes and prospects, more effectually than if you rob him of the confidence and regard of the entire human family.

The condition of the Judge's feelings were not long unobserved by the affectionate eye of Mrs. Jones, who immediately, in the kindest and most amiable manner possible, set about ascertaining the cause. He fully unbosomed himself to her, and she supposing, what was the fact, that it was his first flagrant departure from the path of integrity, attempted to sooth his crushed feelings as none but fond and doting wife know:

"My dear, you have your own forgiveness—you have mine. Ask and obtain God's, who giveth freely and upbraideth none, and then console yourself with the thought, that though to err is human, you are not fated to a repetition of this unfortunate and disagreeable affair. Your conduct has been exemplary, and your character unsullied from early childhood to the present. Your most inveterate foes, ever ready to lend their aid to your prejudice, have not hitherto dared lisp a word derogatory to your moral character; for this reason, community will be slow to give credence to any rumors that may grow out of this unhappy difficulty, and no man, whose esteem and regard are worth retaining, will attach any importance to your having this once been so foolish as to permit yourself to become intoxicated. If this is your last offence, as I know it will be, it will neither impair your influence nor your standing among your political friends. May I now entertain the hope you will swear upon the altar of our affections that you will never again touch, taste, or handle, the intoxicating cup?"

"I swear," said the Judge. "Though that may save yourself and these dear little cherubs from penury and want—from wretchedness and woe,—tell me, oh! say how am I to snatch my unfortunate victim from the ignominious scaffold? A doomed man, around whom a tender daughter's affections are convulsively bound—for whom a wife's heart

is bleeding at every pore; an innocent man—from this cruel, this undeserved fate. Will my reformation rescue this injured, this wretched man, from shame, infamy, degradation and death? It will save those immediately dependent upon me for character and support; but, alas! alas! it is impotent to save him, for whose safety and redemption, I would separate with every dollar I have on earth—even death would be a welcome messenger, if by the sacrifice Hamlin could be restored to his rights, to safety, to his friends; and I relieved from this bitter, biting remorse."

"Is frequent drinking a common habit among the members of the bar?" remarked Mrs. Jones. She had, in this inquiry, the two-fold object of ascertaining the extent of the temptation to which her husband (who was constantly mixing with legal gentlemen in different parts of the State,) would be submitted, and to divert his mind gradually from the contemplation of a subject which was so well calculated to destroy his peace.

"There are many exceptions, but I regret the truth compels me to admit that a very large majority of the members of the bar, everywhere, are in the habit of tippling," said the Judge.

"That is most strange and unaccountable," replied Mrs. Jones; "as I have always regarded lawyers as far-seeing and sagacious men; men well acquainted with the springs of human action—constantly on the look-out for breakers, as we

sometimes hear them term it—seldom allowing themselves to become entangled in the meshes of trouble of any description."

"Your views of the profession are correct," said the Judge. "The nature of their pursuits make them the kind of men you describe. It is their itinerant and social habits that make them incline to this sin, which is, in its incipient stages at least, if not through its entire course, a social vice. The younger members of the bar, more particularly, are all more or less addicted to it. Some, as age increases, drink less, and finally quit entirely; while others drink more and more, until they go over the dam. The vice has made heavy drafts upon the profession. It has carried off many of its brightest ornaments."

"'Tis sad," said Mrs. Jones, "to see men in any condition in life, contracting habits the only tendency of which is to destroy; but to see young men, in the morning of a bright future, prostituting cultivated minds—men who are to be our future legislators, governors, Judges and high public functionaries, is a fearful spectacle; one over which humanity drops the sympathetic tear."

"It is a most insidious vice," said the Judge. "Its footsteps are not heard—its advance not anticipated until its victim is in its fatal coil. Lawyers are more exposed to this vice than other men, for another reason," continued the Judge. "They have more self-reliance than others possess. This grows

out of their pursuits. Their business is to manage and control, not only their own affairs, but that of others, and have more confidence in their own powers. Intimate to a young lawyer, or even an old one, that he is nearing the whirlpool; that he had better cast anchor and ascertain his latitude and longitude, and he is insulted, however remote the allusion, or delicately made. He regards it as an impeachment of his skill and ability—his feelings are wounded, and he, probably, alienated forever from a friend."

Judge Jones now arose and walked the room in silence for nearly an hour, while Mrs. Jones would occasionally attempt to break in upon his meditations by interrogatories, but he answered none, and appeared unconscious of her presence. At length he exclaimed, "In less than seventy-two hours from this time, Hamlin expiates upon the scaffold, a crime I am convinced, he did not commit. Torn from the embrace of fond and dependent friends, and launched into eternity, for aught I know, with all his sins upon his head! Horrible! Horrible!! Who is to deliver me from this excruciating remorse?"

Mrs. Jones, in the meantime, had become exceedingly alarmed for the fate of her husband. Though she fully appreciated the strength and vigor of his intellect, yet she feared the fierce contention of conflicting emotions might drive his mind from its balance, and possibly, permanently

destroy its equilibrium. Suppressing every appearance of alarm or excitement, she drew upon the fertile resources common to women of cultivated intellects, by modestly suggesting to the Judge the propriety of seeking executive clemency in behalf of Hamlin.

A gleam of light flashed across his disturbed mind, and he cried out, "Why did not that thought occur to me? By heavens, he can yet be saved!" Ordered his carriage, and was soon at the top of his speed, on his errand of mercy, to the seat of government.

CHAPTER II.

—— Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each god-like act, and plucks success
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.
Havard.

On leaving Judge Jones, Leblond returned to his office. He had closed the business of a protracted and laborious term of court, in which he had won golden opinions and reaped a rich harvest in the shape of numerous and heavy retainers. After depositing his green bag, and adjusting and arranging in pidgeon-holes numerous notes, bills, papers, and briefs, he threw himself into an armed chair—his feet upon a table—lighted a cigar, and amid

—— "Thick curling clouds
Of smoke around his reeking temples"—

began the following soliloquy: "Well, I have done a fine business this term—have been engaged in every cause of importance tried at bar, and have succeeded, in each, beyond my most sanguine expectations. This will cause the envy of my friends as well as my enemies. Though strange, yet true, that however anxious a friend may be for the success of another, as soon as that success is attained,

he will imagine its possessor is assuming airs and manifesting a feeling of superiority that wounds his pride, and frequently transforms him from a friend, into an inveterate enemy; but such is the human heart. I must avoid every thing that has the slightest appearance of vanity, and if I can retain my friends, I certainly care but little how much envy tortures my enemies. To succeed, and to triumph over them, is quite a harmless method of punishing them; one to which the most rigid moralist can take no exceptions.

"If Amelia could but know how fate was smiling upon me,—ye gods!—I guess she would regard me as more than "a poor and unlettered boy." I would have freely given one half of my fees for the term, if that lovely girl could have been present and witnessed my display and my triumph, (after several years of toil and privation) particularly in that case for breach of marriage promise. But, in the absence of that gratification, I must content myself with the consolation afforded from a large verdict, one half of which, in the shape of a thousand dollar draft, is in my breeches pocket, and I the happy owner. Had she been there, would she have turned up her pretty little probocis, as usual, and repeated, "he is a poor and unlettered boy, with a strong proclivity to dissipation?" No, sir-ee! She would have done no such thing. She loved me; of that I have never entertained a serious doubt. It was her austere and aristocratic father who was inca-

pable of appreciating merit under a homely garb. The truth of this sentiment, from Cowper, has probably never dawned upon his unenlightened mind:

> 'No soil like poverty for growth divine
> As leanest land supplies the richest wine."

It has, doubtless, never occurred to the inflated old toad, that our higher faculties are developed and strengthened by exposure to the blasts of adversity, while the enervating effects of wealth and luxury are often entailed upon our progeny. He can look with as much cool contempt upon the poor and humble, as if he had never himself shivered in the cold, damp shades of extreme poverty. He has forgotten that poverty nerved his arm — lent strength to his purposes, and enabled him to shake it off and acquire immense possessions. He has forgotten that he was once among the "knights of the last," and as humble a member as could be found in a week's travel. He has, I suppose, obliterated from his memory the fact, that had he paid promptly, the pittance due his over-taxed operatives, he would not have had the means of engaging in speculations which turned him up a fortune. This aping the aristocrat is seen every day, but it always displays a great want of sense, and the thing that does it always excites more sympathy for his weakness than envy for his position.

"When I visit my father, and the home of my boyhood, having heard of my fame and distinction,

she may yet encourage my aspirations. If so, the cup of my happiness will be overflowing; if not, I may have occasion to touch the dormant sensibilities of the old "knight of the last." He may find that he can't tread upon me with impunity, as he has done in other days.

"Now," continued Leblond, "I must make some arrangements for the coming campaign. Before I leave, I must deposite with some eight or ten grocery-keepers, in each county in the Congressional District, a sum sufficient to carry the liquor influence. That secured, defeat must necessarily stare my amiable friend, Jedediah Barber, in the face; and I shall regard my election as a fixed fact.—To-morrow evening we will have a bar supper, crack a few bottles, and make merry. I like these banquets; they bring us Solons of the law together, where the asperities and bitter feeling engendered by acrimonious conflicts, incident to the profession, are smoothed down and varnished over. Some danger to be apprehended from the "flowing bowl," as we generally become a little mellow, but our good sense must shield us. Theologians tell us temptations strengthen virtue; if so," continued he, "I must confess, I am unable to see the philosophy of "lead us not into temptation," unless they mean that temptation only strengthens virtue when successfully resisted."

Leblond was from the very vale of obscurity.—His parents in extreme indigence, were wholly un-

able to afford him the means of even a common English education. Necessity, therefore, compelled him to leave the parental roof at the tender age of twelve, with ardent aspirations for distinction, guided in the rugged path of life alone by his lofty intellect and intuitive sense of right and wrong. It is seldom that one so young is ambitious of future distinction. But his mother, a woman of more than ordinary intellect, fair education, and considerable reading, had taught him to read almost as soon as he could distinctly articulate words. It was her common practice to devote some three hours, out of every twenty-four, to the instruction of her son. When other duties drew unusually heavy upon her time, which was not unfrequent, she spent a portion of those hours that other mothers generally give to sleep and repose, to the moral and intellectual culture of her boy, pointing him frequently to illustrious characters living, as well as those who had left their impress upon time and gone to their reward, and would stimulate him to emulate their example. During the three years previous to his leaving home, the daily aliment of his soul was ambition.

Somewhat remote from home, he entered into the employ of one of nature's noblemen—an honest cultivator of the soil. This connection, which lasted for about the period of two years, was not without its advantages to young Leblond. Though the pecuniary emolument arising from it was

scarcely sufficient to furnish him with the coarsest clothing, he was taught industry and integrity, which lie at the foundation of success in every pursuit in life.

Before leaving home, his mother had taught him to right a legible hand, and therefore required him to write her two letters per week, and embrace the first opportunity that presented, of sending them to her by private conveyance. These she would sometimes receive in packages of seven or eight at once, owing to the want of opportunity to send them at the time of writing. When they arrived, she would invariably answer them at the earliest possible moment. One of those replies was as follows:

"My Dear Son:—Your package of letters came to hand to-day, and their perusal afforded us much pleasure; particularly, the one in which you mention your regular attendance upon Sabbath School and your success in memorizing scripture. The Bible is the will of heaven concerning us, and you cannot become to familiar with it. Your father and I have each earned a little money, since you left, and all that we can spare of it shall be expended in books, of my selecting, which we will send you soon.

Could you know how much we enjoy from the hope that you will constitute a firm prop, upon which we can safely lean in our declining years, you would not spend a moment in idleness, but

continue to improve your mind with all the assiduity of one of whom the future will require great and noble deeds. There is a bright future before you. Prepare for it. The world will need your talents, and as soon as you are prepared to perform valuable services, you will not be permitted long to remain in obscurity. Your qualifications will soon be seen and appreciated by a discerning public, and you invited to the performance of important labor. Think of this when you are in the field, and elsewhere at your toil, and let it impel you to incessant and laborious study. You will have the same claims to be President of this republic that any other man can possess—the intellectual and moral qualities. No man, in this country, can have any claims for high and distinguished political positions, other than a peculiar fitness to fill the place and serve the people with ability.

"I have many things to write, but will only add, read—read and think, and think and observe all that is going on around you, without seeming to notice anything; and make it a rule to throw every man, woman, and child, with whom you come in contact, under contribution for knowledge, and you must necessarily become useful and distinguished. Your Mother."

At the expiration of his two years' labor upon the farm, he returned home; and soon after, entered a small retail store, in the neighborhood of his nativity, without any definite contract for wa-

ges, relying upon the integrity of his employer and his determination to make himself useful; where he remained for the period of four years. During business hours he devoted his undivided attention to the interest of his employer, and consequently, became highly esteemed, not only by the proprietor of the establishment, but the favorite clerk of the village. His habit was, immediately after business hours closed, to retire to his private room, where he had a small but well selected library, and when his health would permit, remained there, pouring over his books until one, and occasionally, two o'clock in the morning. And thus, in the course of the four years, he acquired an accurate knowledge of English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, and Algebra, together with considerable knowledge of history.

At the close of his apprenticeship, with improved manners, business habits of the first order, and four hundred dollars in his pocket, he took up his line of march for college; where, by the most rigid economy, he was enabled to remain for about three years. Leblond acquired, during the period he was in school, about the same usually accomplished by a college routine; and at the age of twenty-one, found himself in possession of a vigorous and well disciplined intellect, but without means—indeed, in abject poverty. His education now completed to the extent of his means he determined to enter upon the study of the law, and accordingly ap-

plied to Sibley, a lawyer alike distinguished for his legal acumen and oratorical powers; but not less distinguished for his habits of tippling.

Sibley, once the pride of a large circle of friends, with a practice that bid fair to make him speedily rich, from the known and acknowledged social habits of the bar, had gradually contracted the ruinous habit of occasional dram-drinking, was now in the whirlpool of that most destructive vice; in iminent danger of gliding over the cataract. Without practice—without friends—without character, and destitute of property, he supposed that a student of Leblond's superior intellect and integrity, would attach some importance to himself, and was therefore induced to receive him into his office.

Leblond remained two years in Sibley's office, and assiduously studied the law, occasionally teaching or writing in some of the public offices, sufficient to keep soul and body together, and was finally admitted to the bar with as bright prospects as talent of a high order, a well stored, highly cultivated, nicely trained mind could possibly harbinger. Yet, some of his more intimate friends saw, or imagined they saw, in his conduct, the effects of his association with the dissolute Sibley.

CHAPTER III.

Fill the bright goblet; spread the festive board;
Summon the gay, the noble and the fair;
Thro' the loud hall in joyous concert pour'd,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of care.—*Scott.*

Judge Jones reached the seat of government in the shortest possible time—repaired to the Governor's office, and acquainted him with the object of his mission.

After having patiently heard Jones narrate the circumstances connected with the charge of murder, the Governor, with no little *sang froid* remarked, "This man Hamlin, we are bound to suppose, has had a fair and impartial trial? Why disturb the result of that investigation? I understand you to say, Judge, that you presided upon the trial of this cause. Now, Judge Jones, a lawyer of your ability ought not to allow a man to be improperly convicted. Yet if that should happen without evidence and in violation of right and justice, you had a sovereign remedy for all this trouble."

"Governor," interrupted the Judge, "I have ever detested a Judicial tyrant; and have, therefore, in my administration of justice, contented myself

with simply giving the law in charge to the jury. To go beyond that, would be a most unpardonable innovation of the peculiar province of the jury, and a flagrant violation of the spirit, if not of the letter of the constitution and laws of our State, which I am bound by the solemnities of an official oath to observe."

The Judge had very minutely detailed to the Governor the testimony in the case, and his Excellency being an able lawyer, and once a bright luminary of the bench which Judge Jones, with equal ability, had so signally disgraced with apparent great carelessness, inquired of the Judge what he had ruled the law to be upon certain close and interesting points arising on the facts stated.

This was a poser for which Judge Jones was entirely unprepared. He stammered, evaded, and was silent. The Governor pressed the inquiry. Jones hesitated, but being incapable of the baseness of falsehood, remarked: "I must have the frankness to admit that I know not upon what points, nor how I ruled the law."

"How can that be possible?" immediately replied the Governor.

"Your Excellency is well aware that your honor and myself have a strong partiality for an occasional mint julip."

"Mint julip h—l, and partiality the d—l!" sharply retorted the Governor; quite as much disturbed by the allusion to his own besetting sin, as

the outrage of Judge Jones. "Have you, by your infernal drunkenness, been permitting an innocent man, of the talent and fair fame of Hamlin, to be placed in this most unfortunate and terrible condition? I will pardon him instanter; but," continued he, "rely upon it, Judge, if a similar dereliction of duty should come under my observation, measures shall be taken for your immediate impeachment."

Judge Jones had passed through an ordeal which humbled his pride no little, but his success in procuring the pardon he regarded as a sufficient offset. He, therefore, pocketed the paper and proceeded with all possible dispatch, on his way to the village of N. where Hamlin was lying in irons awaiting his fate, between whom and which only twenty-eight hours now intervened.

The Judge, subjected to many vexatious delays, arrived upon the railroad train, about six in the evening, at the village of C. where he had received the letter from Jewett, intending to pass directly on to N. and deliver to the Sheriff the pardon before the expiration of the time assigned for the execution, but while at the depot during the watering operation of the train, Leblond, anxious to meet the Judge, made his appearance, and thus accosted him:

"I am happy indeed, sir, you have received our dispatch," and without giving Jones time to reply, Leblond continued, "we will have a sumptuous

feast and a glorious old-fashioned time of it, to-night; a perfect burst-up, and no mistake."

"I have received no dispatch," said the Judge, "but regret to inform you that it is utterly impossible for me to be with you."

"Then you have not received our dispatch," said Leblond. "That is very disagreeable news. I had hoped you received it, and were now here in obedience to it. We shall have an exceedingly pleasant time."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Judge, "but I have been to the Governor and procured a pardon for Hamlin, which I must proceed with, lest some accident may detain me; and in that event, my friend Hamlin and I may never meet until in the presence of a very different tribunal from the one before which you have been appearing, and I constituting."

Leblond insisted upon Judge Jones remaining, and partaking of the hospitality of the bar; and after exhausting every other inducement his fertile imagination could conceive of, finally remarked, that the train would leave at six in the morning, which would afford him ample time to reach N. before the execution could take place; and that, of course, was all that Jones could desire; and added, if the Judge would consent to remain, he would accompany him to N. the next morning, and that was no inconsiderable inducement to a gentleman fond of good company.

After considerable hesitation, and expressing to Leblond many doubts, as to the propriety of his remaining over, permitted his baggage to be carried to the hotel.

About eight that evening, Judge Jones was conducted, by Leblond, into a room most brilliantly lighted, in which was a table groaning under the weight of every luxury of the season, and interspercee plentifully among the dishes, were numerous well filled bottles, of every size and complexion, containing liquors of every character and description, from sparkling champaign down to old Monogahela whiskey.

If demons and lost spirits are supposed to be conscious of what is transpiring on earth, and capable of rejoicing at the danger and depravity of those who are upon the probationary side of the spirit land, what a general jubilee there must be in perdition, over these drunken banquets.

> "Ah Brandy, Brandy; bane of life,
> Spring of tumult, source of strife;
> Could I but half thy curses tell,
> The wise would wish thee safe in hell."

Our friends, numbering twenty-five lawyers, three judges, and several officers of court, all seated around the festive board, now partook bountifully of the viands, spread in rich luxuriance before them, nor did they fail to make heavy draughts upon the bottled death that graced the repast.

The cloth removed, Judge Jones was called upon to preside, but positively refused. His feelings

were not in unison with the occasion. His active mind was, alternately, in the past and the future, engaged in other matters of more weighty moment, —the bacchanalian revelry around him had but little of his sympathy. What would he not have given could he, on that evening, after he had time for thought and reflection, been present with Hamlin in his solitary cell, relieving him from the dread horror of impending dissolution? But—

——"Experience teaches us
That resolution 's a sole help at need."

This resolution the Judge lacked, and hence he was drunk on the Hamlin trial. He wanted resolution when he was met by Leblond, at the depot; and hence he was at the bar supper. He lacked resolution when invited to preside over the disgraceful scenes of that evening; hence the post of honor was conferred upon him.

A long list of unfortunate individuals who have been guilty of imprudence, of folly; ay, of crime; would have been saved had they been taught, in early life, the importance of decision of character, resolution, and firmness of purpose.

"The indications are that we shall have—

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

said Judge Alban.

"Rather a feast of nonsense and a flow of whiskey," whispered Judge Jones.

"Where is Barber," enquired some one present, "he is the soul of sociality and conviviality, and

ought to have been here. His absence creates quite a vacuum."

Leblond took advantage of the occasion, by acrimoniously charging Barber with giving in his adhesion to the temperance organizations of the day, and wound up by remarking, that he had actually become one of the most excited fanatics in the entire circle of his acquaintance; that it was really difficult to determine to what lengths he would not go upon that and kindred fanaticism; that he was quite to illiberal to enjoy a tete-a-tete with a few friends, or even a good supper, when the fumes of alcohol were about the board.

Judge Jones repaired to the head of the table, and took his seat as president, and thereupon drank the following toast:—

"The Bar—a pioneer in the march of mind. In science and in morals it occupies the front rank.—It has ever been conspicuous for its influence, intelligence, integrity, and liberality."

To which all quaffed their glasses and responded in three long, loud, and deafening cheers.

Jones here turned and whispered to Leblond, that the bar was not over-stocked with morality, taking that, and similar occasions, as a criterion by which to estimate it.

Leblond replied, that no class of men could in truth, boast of a purer morality than the bar. That their intercourse with their clients, and with society generally, would bear the test of the most rigid

scrutiny, and would compare more than favorably, with any portion of our fellow-citizens.

"So far as your views of the integrity of the bar are concerned, you are correct," said the Judge. "But I am at a loss to know by what rule in ethics you would make drunkenness a virtue; and disguise the fact as you may, the bar is fond of spreeing, and drinks too much."

Leblond was now loudly called to give a sentiment, and anxious to deal a blow at his absent competitor for Congress, drank the following toast:

"The lawyer who has'nt sufficient nerve to face this array of bottles is unworthy of public confidence."

Judge Alban, and several others, by this time quite "mellow," simultaneously hiccoughed, "that am a fact;" and all joined in a boisterous laughter except Judge Jones, who felt that it would have been better for himself, for Hamlin, and the public, if he had lacked upon that trial the rascally virtue of facing a mint julip.

But, as hilarity and uproarious joy constituted the order of the evening, and Judge Jones feeling somewhat comfortable over his pardon, aided by an occasional bumper, let himself down—and still lower—until finally he became one of them.

The scene soon began to beggar description! While some were hurrahing for Jackson, for old Zack, for Matty Van, for Lundy's Lane—others were attempting repartee and speech-making. At

this moment, the proprietor of the hotel, who had been absent during the evening, made his appearance at the door, and stood for a few moments, unobserved by his drunken patrons. Cowper says that—

"Even bacchanalian madness has its charms."

But it had no charms for their worthy host, who, after viewing the scene before him, for a brief period, turned in disgust, and remarked to a friend: "It is claimed that Judges and lawyers are privileged characters, but that transcends all privilege. These are "priests who minister at the altar in the sacred temple of human justice." These are the men who make the laws and administer them.—These are the men who give tone and character to society, and rule the political world. I pray I may ever be protected from such justice, from such laws and from such rule. The Bar," continued he, "are usually educated, and from the nature of their pursuits, become early acquainted with human nature, —are generally good public speakers—acquire confidence in themselves—take the lead in politics, and all the great enterprises that favor the growth, prosperity and happiness of our country. With some three exceptions, all the Presidents of the United States have been lawyers, and their Cabinets have been lawyers; forty-nine fiftieths of all our United States Senators have been lawyers; our diplomatic corps has been filled with lawyers; in short," continued he, "all our great statesmen and

distinguished men, have been lawyers; and yet, this is a fair specimen of their habits."

Though none had passed out of the room, it was observed the crowd began to lessen, and upon examination, Judge Alban, Prosecutor Lahm, the Sheriff, and a number of others, were under the table and in the corners of the hall, locked in the arms of morpheus.

Two of these disciples of Lycurgus, less up than some, and less down than others, aided Jones to his sleeping apartment for the remainder of the night; where, in unconscious stupor, he remained until after the departure of the six o'clock train the next morning.

CHAPTER IV.

A politician. Proteus-like, must alter
His face and habit, and like water, seem
Of the same color that the vessel is
That doth contain it, varying his form,
With the chameleon, at each object's change.
Mason.

Barber was an eminent lawyer, and some years Leblond's senior. A man of kind impulses, strict integrity, and temperate in all things. Never stooped to baseness, nor would he allow another to be guilty of meanness with impunity when he was the object of attack. He had heard of Leblond's toast, and as it had been publicly made, he supposed that even magnanimity did not require him to go privately to Leblond and request a retraction, but prepared for the press, and published in a newspaper of the village, the following article:

"Lucius Leblond, Esq:

Sir:—Because we are competitors for the same office, it does not necessarily imply that we should engage in wholesale and retail slander and detraction of each other. I have hitherto supposed, that among gentlemen, the sanctity of private character was never invaded, even in warm politi-

cal contests. It is barely possible I may have been in error all my life upon this subject.

I am a candidate, and should the people regard me as "honest and capable," and elect me, I shall be highly gratified; but if success is to be at the cost and expense of a sacrifice of principle—if, in order to succeed, I must lay off the gentleman and assume the ruffian, then I shall not succeed.

"Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall."

I infinitely prefer the latter. Will you occupy the same platform? If so, I have no fear as to the result. Should you, however, continue to stab me in the dark, as I am informed you did at the bar supper, a few evenings since, I shall regard you in your true character, and act upon the principle that—

"Kites, hawks and wolves deserve their fate."

And here I may as well say, I hope not to survive the day when I shall have "nerve sufficient to face" as many bottles as, in your opinion, would entitle me to "public confidence."

Very Respectfully,
J. BARBER."

Leblond had been, for some time, anxious to entangle his competitor in the meshes of a personal difficulty, with the hope of covering his own defects, as well as obscuring the purer character and more elevated principles of Barber; and it was with that view he made the attack upon him at the bar supper. Leblond was a demagogue, though

a young man of superior intellect and considerable popularity, yet he feared an open field and a fair fight with Barber! He, therefore, determined to attack him personally, and in case Barber repelled with severity the attack, to fight it out as best he could—turn everything to the best possible account, and as it aproximated the close, cry out persecution, and in that way enlist the sympathies of a class of men whom he could not, by any other means, hope to reach.

The above note from Barber furnished Leblond with what he deemed a sufficient excuse for attacking him personally, in the next issue of the Gazette, as follows:

"J. Barber, Esq:

Sir:—In the last Gazette, you say you have been in error all your life if I am a gentleman. That you have been in error all your life few men, who have known you during that time, will doubt; and that you will continue befogged for the balance of your days, their can be as little doubt.

Before the campaign closes, I will enable you to see yourself as others see you, and that will be in no favorable light. You manifestly desire a personal quarrel. If this is your wish, you shall be gratified to the extent of your inclination. I will expose to the public gaze some of your infamy in your private relations and professional character, which will cause the blood to mantle your cheek if you are not an entire stranger to sensibil-

ity. How far you will then be able to avail yourself of advantage from an alliance with temperance organizations, will remain to be seen.

Very Respectfully,
L. LEBLOND."

The Congressional District was composed mainly of new counties, and numerous public improvements in, and through the territory, were in a state of progression, and Leblond flattered himself if he could raise the temperance issue with Barber, he could defeat him with entire ease; that if he could rally around him the whole of the foreign population upon the public works, and the undivided liquor influence, victory must necessarily perch upon his banner. It was for this purpose Leblond sought to draw Barber out upon the temperance question.

Barber was frank and honest, if possible, to a fault. Intending nothing but fairness, was slow to suspect its opposite in others.

Feeling himself deeply agrieved by the personal attack of Leblond, in the last Gazette, replied to him as follows:

"L. LEBLOND, ESQ:

Sir:—Your attack upon me, in the Gazette of last week, was beyond that of which I conceived you capable. From an intimate private and professional intercourse with you, I have laterly re-

garded you as equal to any act of baseness; yet I could scarcely believe you an ingrate.

——— "If there be a crime
Of deeper die than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude."

From me, sir, you have received more than from all the rest of the world. I took you by the hand when destitution was your only portion. With more than parental interest and solicitude, I watched the buddings of what I regarded, at that time, of a superior intellect. While I mourned over your tendencies to vice and immorality, I lifted you into the profession which you have disgraced, and so long as you remain intemperate, will continue to disgrace. I have made you all you are, or can be, bating your imperfections: and what have you given in return but the basest ingratitude and detraction? If I have not mistaken the signs of the times, you will soon be a miserable bloat! Your presence will contaminate the very atmosphere in which you move and breathe!!—"A walking pestilence—a libel upon human nature."

In the prostitution of your talents, you do yourself and community great injustice. I need scarcely say, you are in the possession of sufficient intellect, if properly directed, to make yourself eminently useful. But most unfortunately for yourself and those with whom you are, and ever will be associated, you have entirely omitted the cultivation of the heart and the moral faculties. When

the head has been cultivated, and moral culture overlooked—when the whole region of the heart and soul becomes a desolate waste, inhabited only by the fiercest passions of our nature, and overgrown with noxious plants, the possessor becomes dangerous to the most important interests of God and humanity, in proportion as he has power and vigor of intellect.

You may blacken my character for the time being, but the intrinsic value of virtue, like that of gold, cannot be impaired, though they may both be tarnished. The one by corroding substances, and the other by foul aspersion.

My life, public and private, is now before the people of this Congressional District. I court a fair, a manly, a close, and a thorough examination of my every act, public and private. Sift the matter and examine into all the particulars; and if my character will not bear the touch of the most rigid investigation, I pledge all I hold sacred in life immediately to withdraw my name from before the public. Will you; dare you, say as much?

Fairness is a duty we alike owe ourselves and the electors of our district.

You seek, I doubt not for a base purpose, to draw from me an admission of an alliance with the temperance organizations of the district. This I could not do for the very plain and simple reason that it is not the fact. I am, however, in favor of temperance and sobriety in all things. But here I

will say, I should regard the universal reign of the Maine law, or a prohibitory law, similar in its features, in every State in this Union, as an indication that God, in the plenitude of his mercy, was smiling upon our highly favored Republic. Why we should have in common use, as a beverage, alcoholic drinks, from which no man can derive any advantage, but from which unnumbered scores are deriving serious detriment, while the moral atmosphere, through its influence, assumes the shape of contagion itself, and life, happiness, intelligence and all the social virtues are suffering from its contact is, and ever has been to me, a profound mystery. And why a man of sober and temperate habits could not with as much ability and distinction, represent the people of this district in the halls of our national legislature, as if he had "strong proclivities to dissipation," is also somewhat mysterious.

The object of your temperance allusion is distinctly understood. But my unbounded confidence in the virtue and wisdom of the masses, enables me to regard your base and infamous mode of electioneering, with the contempt it merits.

Respectfully,

J. BARBER."

Leblond, now that Barber had completely committed himself upon a prohibitory liquor law, was satisfied he had him in the net he had been spreading for him, and that all he had to do was to spring it.

This he determined to do with adroitness and dispatch. He, accordingly, abandoned all idea of visiting the home of his early youth—entered vigorously into the campaign, upon the principle that "eternal vigilance is the price of" political success. His first move was to procure a copy of the Gazette, containing Barber's communication. This he carried with him, and invariably, but cautiously, felt about and sounded every man whom he met, and if he found him opposed to the Maine law he would carefully read to him that portion of the article in which Barber expressed his desire to see the Maine law in force in every State in the Union; usually remarking, that it was a fearful invasion of our rights, and that if these fanatics were permitted, with their wild and extravagant opinions and notions, to govern us, our liberties would cease to be little else than an empty name—that "fanatics are governed rather by imagination than judgment." That if an individual saw proper to get drunk and continue in that condition until he chose to do differently, it was a matter that concerned and interested himself, and him only. Carefully evading an allusion to the mighty retinue of disease, wretchedness, misery, woe, debauchery, pauperism, crime and death that followed in the train of this unbridled liberty of getting drunk at pleasure.

Leblond was amply skilled in the use of the weapons of that most detestable character—the

demagogue ; and was in addition, a shrewd, sagacious, and far-seeing politician. He was, literally, all things to all men. While he was carrying around his money and depositing it in the taverns and groceries, for the wicked and abominable purpose of treating his friends upon election day, and thereby indirectly, if not directly, buying votes, he was cautioning those with whom he left the money, to be exceedingly careful that the old deacons, and certain others whom he supposed would reprobate that practice, should know nothing about his liberality, lest they might use it against him in certain quarters.

When he came in contact with the sober, virtuous, and better portion of community, he professed to detest dissipation in all its various forms—said he would occasionally take a dram, but not often —was actually opposed to the practice of tippling —thought tippling begat drunkenness ; that drunkenness ought to be, by law, severely punished as a crime. His close observation of men enabled him to determine with unerring certainty, whether he could talk temperance, or anti-temperance ; and always suited himself to the occasion. We find him making it convenient to be in the neighborhood of a temperance meeting where he had sent one of his sattellites, who called him as he was riding by. Leblond stopped, tied his horse, and went into the crowd ; and after having been informed, by his friend who had invited him to stop,

that all were temperance men, and that he could with safety discourse temperance sentiment, he went on to remark, that he had heard some men claim that it was an improper abridgement of our liberties to restrain us from immoderate drinking, but that was all consummate nonsense. The public had rights—society had interests that must not be overlooked. We had laws for the prevention of profanity and the violation of the Sabbath—Libel—a thousand and one other crimes and offences, which the good of community required should be prohibited, and yet those laws were universally regarded as good and wholesome—as laws that tended to promote the best interests of the people; and therefore, were not only tolerated, but deemed essential to the welfare of community. And added, if it could be shown that drunkenness was an offence against society, (and no sane man doubted it,) then it was not an invasion of our liberties to restrain intemperance.

Leblond then went into a very learned discussion of the difference between natural liberty—that which man enjoyed before the organization of society—and civil liberty, which grew out of his relations to mankind. Admitted that a man had, in a state of nature, before society was formed, a right to do what he chose, or desired; but when he entered into the compact, he voluntarily gave up and surrendered that part of his natural liberty that conflicted with the good of comunity, or the rights of oth-

ers, as the initiation fee of becoming a member of society. And claimed, that if in no other point of view it could be regarded as an offence against society, it certainly was in this, that when a man became a member of community it had claims upon him to the full extent of his intellectual and moral powers; that a prostitution of those powers was a loss to the public, to say nothing of the demoralizing effect of the example.

While Leblond was traveling the district, suiting himself to every hue and complexion of character with which he came in contact—now drinking—now abstaining—here lecturing on temperance (privately, of course,) there besotting himself; in one circle condemning, in most unmeasured terms, the man who would drink even moderately; and in the next crowd, in just as unmeasured terms, censuring the illiberality of temperance advocates—using every means in his power, honorable and dishonorable, to effect his election,—Barber was also passing through the district with but one set of principles; professing, at all times, to be nothing more or less than what he was; and upon suitable occasions, avowing frankly his desire to see a prohibitory liquor law placed upon the statute books of the State. He was also holding meetings, and in a fair, manly, but masterly manner, discussing the questions that separated them as the representatives of the two political parties of the day. Having become apprised of the course

pursued by Leblond, sought to call him out and expose him, in the following note, which was published in the Gazette:

"L. LEBLOND, ESQ:

Sir:—You profess to belong to a political party, having principles which you claim to cherish. I belong to a different school. Now, will you meet me at our town hall, and discuss those principles? and from thence proceed through the district, and discuss them whenever and wherever we shall be able to get an audience? It is said, by some, you are at every point of the compass on all the questions, political and moral, that divide us, and positively nowhere.

Very Respectfully,

J. BARBER."

CHAPTER V.

——— Accidents
Sometimes combine to cast a shade of doubt
Upon the innocent. *Coleman.*

Lemuel Hamlin, the convict, was about the meridian of life, and had been, from early boyhood, remarkable for his habits of industry and sobriety. He had, at about the period of twelve years of age, become a church member, and for nearly thirty years lived strictly within the canons of the order and precepts of the Bible; and had, therefore, in the community in which he lived, a character above reproach. The malevolent tongue of slander had never dared asperse his fair fame; and though in the midst of affluence and the various comforts and conveniences that await upon wealth, he made no display—no pomp, no flourish; but was kind and amiable in his intercourse towards all with whom he came in contact in the various relations of life; and hence, even the shafts of envy failed to reach him. Having obtained considerable celebrity and distinction at the bar, he was about permitting his name to be used as a candidate for the State Senate, at the time the suspicion of having murdered his brother began to attach to him.

The father of Hamlin had died ten years previous to the period of which we are now writing; and left, at his decease, a large estate to be divided equally between Lemuel and his younger brother, Joseph, whom, as we have seen, was poisoned.

Lemuel married early, and though he possessed personal attractions of no ordinary character—superior talents, and no inconsiderable amount of wealth, (most of the latter, it is true, in the future,) yet with the position these advantages necessarily gave him, he selected his wife from the more obscure walks of life; remarking to a friend, at the time, that more than nine-tenths of the town and city girls had their hearts entirely covered with sicatrices by arrows shot from Cupid's quiver, long before they reached womanhood, that he therefore preferred a virgin heart, that he might have domestic peace and comfort; that many of them were rather quixotic, and would require more time and patience to tame, than he had either leisure or inclination to devote to that subject; that it was easier to stimulate the intellect and develope it, than to give new directions to the moral faculties.

The union of Lemuel Hamlin and his wife was one of affection. No sinister motive weighed on either side in determining in favor of this happy connection. It was formed with the single view of attaining domestic happiness; that which Dr.

Paley tells us alone approximates perfect bliss on on earth.

"Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!"

No discordant sounds were heard around that hearth. All was peace, love, devotion, with all those ten thousand little kind acts and attentions which in their aggregate go very far in making up the sum total of domestic comfort.

His two eldest children were girls—one seventeen, the other fifteen; both beautiful, sprightly, and intelligent; and were, at the commencement of his trouble, finishing their education at a distant school. His remaining three were boys, one thirteen and the other two younger.

Conscious of his innocence, he did not inform his daughters of his perilous condition until after his trial was over. Though the circumstances connected with the charge, were positively suspicious, he apprehended no danger of conviction, and hoped to be able, before the period assigned for the trial should arrive, to explain some of the more mysterious circumstances. Yet he knew not how, nor could he begin to divine how to account for the most extraordinary fact, of having about his person, a phial containing a small quantity of deadly poison which, upon *post mortem* examination, was discovered by medical skill to be identically the same as that which was found in the stomach of young Hamlin.

Soon after his conviction he wrote to his absent children as follows:

"My Dear Daughters:—

A misfortune has befallen your father which entitles him to your sympathy and your consolation. May I hope you will make no unnecessary delay in coming to my relief?

Your affectionate Father,

L. HAMLIN."

Upon the reception of the above intelligence their anxiety became insupportable, and moments seemed hours, and hours weeks, until they reached home, (which was only the day previous to that assigned for the execution,) and received from their mother the cause of their speedy return, and the true situation of the father. Oh! what a crushing blow was that! Though their imaginations had been upon the rack, and every conceivable misfortune conjectured and magnified, and tortured into all kinds of fearful shapes and contortions; yet how far short of the terrible reality! It was several hours before they became sufficiently composed to visit the prison. Finally, suppressing all emotion, or as nearly so as the poignancy of their deep grief would admit—for they had wonderful control over their feelings when we consider their youth and the additional fact, that they had never been schooled in the furnace of affliction—in company with their mother and their little brothers, proceeded to the jail. And here a scene occurred

with which we would not pain our reader, but most gladly omit it, did not the faithfulness of our narrative imperiously demand the attempt to sketch this solemn meeting.

When they entered his cell, though heavily manacled, he stood erect, and affectionately and tenderly received them in turn,—

"In all the silent manliness of grief."

He conversed coolly to his family, for some time; but when he alluded to his demise on the following day, his daughters gave vent to a pent up agony in tones—

"So madly shrill, so piercing wild,"

that the father, no longer able to control his infelt pangs, proposed invoking heavenly aid,—kneeled amid the clanking of his chains, with his family around him, in the deepest devotional feeling, prayed as follows:

"HEAVENLY FATHER; thou orderest all things well. Thy will, and not mine, be done. Thy ways are inscrutable and past finding out. Thou, who knowest all things, knowest that I am innocent of the blood of my brother; yet thou hast for some wise purpose, to finite eyes unseen, permitted this deep affliction—this terrible calamity—to come upon thy servant. Sustain and support him under the weight of this fearful infliction. Thou, in thy holy book, hast taught us that all things work together for the good of those who love and serve thee. Increase our faith, and enable us to rely

with entire confidence upon thy sacred promises. Enable us to realize that this visitation is a blessing in disguise, and is meant to save. Sustain this afflicted and distressed family, and forbid, Almighty and merciful Father, that at the great day of final retribution, one of this number shall be found wanting in any of the virtues of thy saints. Be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. Save them from sin. Throw around them the broad ægis of thy saving grace, and enable them to feel the necessity of a continual application of the blood of a crucified and risen Redeemer. In the name of thy beloved Son, save them from the allurements of sin and folly. With grace buoy them over this dispensation of thy Providence, the purpose of which we shall know and fully realize, when we meet around thy throne. Prepare thy servant, with true christian fortitude and resignation, to meet his impending fate, and save us all through the merits of Christ. Amen."

After the family arose, the youngest little boy, about six years old continued upon his knees, with his eyes closed and his little hands clasped, while the tears were trickling down his infantile face, he exclaimed, with great fervency: "Oh, Dod, ma says you opened a prison and let Peter go way. Open this big jail door, and let my poor pa go home; do, Dod; oh, do!"

This little incident produced a state of things that defies description; and we shall not, therefore,

attempt to delineate it, but leave our reader to draw upon his imagination for the occurrences of the next half hour.

Some three hours before day the youngest daughter and three little boys took an affectionate leave of their father and returned home. The mother and oldest daughter remained with him without eating or sleeping, until sometime the next day, and till the Sheriff appeared to dress him in the habiliments of the grave.

As soon as the younger members of the family had left, he turned to his wife, and thus addressed her—

"My dear; our attachment has been long, deep, ardent, uninterrupted. It is now about to close forever. There are many things I would like to say, but the time allotted me is too short. It is said that—

"Endure, and ——die,"

is all of life; but that is not correct. There are many things in life to make it desirable. I have strong desires to live—not that I am afraid to die. Death has no terrors that I cannot face with as much composure as I could contemplate a beautiful landscape. 'It is appointed to man once to die.' If he has 'fought a good fight,' it can matter but little to him, when, or under what circumstances, he is called to shake hands with time. The only thing that could induce one lingering regret, is our relations with others. My only desire

to live at this time, is for the benefit of my family; and I sometimes fear that even that desire is a distrust in the goodness of God. But when I recur to those dear, dear little boys; oh! how my heart bleeds! They have been the joy and the pride of my existence. I have watched their expanding intellects and their moral development with a solicitude none have known; and now, we separate forever! This may be intended by a kind Providence to save. By the erring hand of indulgence I might have laid the foundation for their ultimate ruin, temporal and eternal. Exert all a mother's influence over their tender, ductile minds. You may make them what you will. May God grant you may make them what you ought. Impart to them your own high and holy notions of virtue—of principle—of integrity. Teach them that to depart from these, is to be like

"A boat at midnight, sent alone
To drift upon a moonless sea."

Put your trust in the widow's God. Let your confidence in His promises be implicit. Let not a doubt pervade your soul. Oh! what would now be my insupportable condition but for the solaces of religion—for faith in Christ—

"He taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price of knowledge.) taught us how to die."

I know you will take pleasure in not only following my example, but closely adhering to my advice in all your business transactions. In your

expenditures consult comfort and respectability, rather than show or display. Be just always. If you have, at any time, under any circumstances, procured even the value of one cent fraudulently, and without having rendered a full and complete equivalent, restore it at the earliest possible moment, according to scriptural measure. Deal kindly with the poor; give liberally, but with discrimination. Property is without value to us, except so far as it contributes to our own comfort, and enables us to relieve the wants and miseries of others. So many temptations cluster along the path of the man of wealth, that the virtuous and the good would scarcely desire to be in affluence.

"I have made my will, and left you in the full possession of all my property, personal and real. It is yours to use and dispose of as you may see proper. And these dear children of ours are yours, and *only* yours. Educate them morally, phisically and intellectually. Let me urge you, as you value their undying souls, to spare no pains nor expense in fitting them for usefulness in life, and enjoyment after this brief existence shall have closed. One prop is now withdrawn from their support, but I am convinced your asiduity, your vigilance, your deep interest in their welfare, will supply its place. Why God has removed this stay, does not now appear. There is a Providence in it you will see when God, in the presence of assembled worlds, shall manifest my innocence.

"You are in affluence. Your income is abundant to sustain you, without exertion to increase it; and amply sufficient to educate, thoroughly, the children. Devote your time to religious meditation, and to the moral and mental culture of these little ones; and when we meet beyond the ravages of sin, may you have them with you, without the loss of one, is the dying wish of him who has loved you and them with the deepest devotion. Farewell."

The Sheriff had been standing at the door, an unobserved spectator, for nearly thirty minutes, unwilling to break in upon the solemnity of the separation. When Hamlin discovered him at the door, he rose—embraced his wife, and then his daughter, with less emotion than could have been anticipated; while they both swooned—fell to the floor—were picked up and conveyed home.

On entering the room, the Sheriff took a seat and entered into a conversation, in which he assured Hamlin he had the liveliest sympathies of the entire community; that none supposed him guilty—that all had hoped that some development would have disclosed his innocence before the fatal time which had arrived.

"That," replied Hamlin, "avails me but little at this trying hour. It is true, that it affords me much consolation, in my dying moments, to know and feel that I have so lived as to deserve the confidence and receive the sympathy of those with

whom I have always been associated; yet they have failed to restore me to my rights, or remove the ignominy of the scaffold."

"If Judge Jones had been sober," remarked the Sheriff, "you would not have been convicted."

"If he had not charged the Jury at all," continued Hamlin, "they could not have hesitated a moment as to my innocence; but if he had charged the law as it is laid down in the books, they would have returned a verdict of not guilty without leaving their box. But I was astonished that twelve as good men as composed that jury, did not utterly disregard his ruling, notwithstanding he told them that their oaths and affirmations bound them to take the law to be what the Court ruled, which was as false as the rest of the charge. The law makes the jury the judges of the law as well as the facts, and had Jones become sober before the court adjourned, and made acquainted with the charaeter of his charge, I have no doubt he would have granted a new trial, without argument. My fate and his conduct upon that investigation, will annoy him till the latest period of his earthly existence, if not infinitely beyond it."

"Yes, yes;" said the Sheriff, "you have fallen a victim to the vice of tippling."

He was now dressed in his grave clothes and taken to the scaffold, through the living mass of human beings, who had congregated from every direction, to witness the execution. He walked up

the steps leading to the platform, with a firm, elastic tread, and when he gained the top, the rope was adjusted around his neck, after which he was told he had thirty minutes in which to make any remarks he might wish.

He now turned to the crowd, though his hands were closely pinioned, yet in a very animated, as well as dignified manner, spoke in a clear, audible voice, as follows:

"My Dear Friends and Neighbors: I am now on the confines of two worlds—in a few moments to quit the one, and enter upon the untried realities of the other. I now say, in the presence of this vast assembly, and the Searcher of all hearts, whom I expect soon to meet in judgment, I am entirely innocent of the murder of my brother. Left to my care at a tender age, I watched over him and his interests with more than a parent's solicitude. I loved him with more than a brother's affection. But for the dear children God had entrusted to my responsibility, I would at any time within the last ten years, most willingly have laid down my own life to have saved his; and now I stand here on the scaffold, about to yield up mine, on a charge of having deprived him of his." As he raised his eyes, he exclaimed: "Oh, dearest brother, could you speak from the battlements of heaven, how soon would your kind voice relieve me from this perilous, this fearful condition; from this foul aspersion of my name. But how myste-

rious are the ways of Heaven! Why, O God, hast thou permitted this terrible calamity to befall me? Thou knowest I am innocent, entirely innocent, of the charge of my brother's blood. But I am complaining of the decrees of heaven. Thy will, and not mine, be done."

Turning again to the multitude, he continued: "I declare before God, I am wholly ignorant of the manner in which the phial containing prussic acid, came into my possession. Some wicked person present at the bar-supper, must have placed it in my pocket, while he contemplated precisely the state of things which have resulted. The guilty has gone unwhipt of justice; while I, quite as innocent as the victim of the diabolical deed, who now sleeps his last sleep, am about to die for the crime. I have a distinct impression as to who is the guilty wretch, but I might do him injustice; and shall, therefore, decline to give that impression to the world. I would not at this moment exchange situations with him. And let me now assure him, that before many weeks shall have passed, God will avenge this base wrong—vindicate my character and save my family from the foul imputation."

At this moment, Jerome Jenkins, who for many years, had been the competitor of Lemuel Hamlin at the bar, gave a piercing scream, that attracted the attention of all present—fell to the ground near the foot of the structure upon which

Hamlin stood, and was carried by his friends to his lodgings.

For the first time since Hamlin left the prison, he now became pale, and exhibited deep emotion. He had witnessed the fall of Jenkins, and had seen him borne from the ground. He, however, soon rallied, and remarked, that intemperance had brought this work of destruction upon him, though he had not tasted liquor for very many years. He hoped that all who heard him would profit by his misfortune, and wage a war of extermination against tippling and intemperance.

The crowd had now become impetuous, and made a rush to the stand, with a view of releasing Hamlin, but were repelled by a strong military guard, at the point of the bayonet.

The Sheriff here communicated to him that he had but five minutes to live, took leave of him, and was about drawing the cap over the eyes of Hamlin, when a man was seen in the distance, coming in the direction of the place of execution, as swiftly as his exhausted steed could bear him forward, crying, as he came,—"hold ! hold ! ! hold ! ! !" The messenger, as he ran his foaming animal into the midst of the dense mass of people, threw himself from its back, and was immediately upon the scaffold in conversation with the Sheriff.

CHAPTER VI.

Pangs more corrosive and severe,
More fierce more poignant and intense
Than ever hostile sword or spear
Wak'd in the breast of innocence.
Mrs. Halford.

Jerome Jenkins had been carried home, where he remained delirious for several days, with an occasional lucid interval. During his lucid moments, he would constantly talk of the cruel fate of the Hamlins, but when in delirium he would insist that he, with his own hand, had murdered them; and in the most wild and incoherent manner talk about his struggles at the bar with Lemuel, and the bright and glorious future that awaited Joseph, had he lived. And then, at the top of his deep, sonorious voice, that carried dismay to every heart, exclaim, "Pluto, I see you! Why don't you take the devil out of my room? He is after me. Help! help!! help!!!" While it would require three or four athletic men to keep him in bed.

Jenkins and Hamlin practiced in their profession at the same bar, for some twenty years. They started in the profession about the same period, and at the time of commencing, both were in indi-

gent circumstances. Hamlin's father, soon after his admission to the bar, put him into the possession of a handsome property, to which by industry, economy, and careful management, he had made large accessions.

Jenkins, stimulated by the thought of Hamlin's becoming rich, embarked in a hazardous enterprize; and he, too, after a few years, and a fortuitous turn or two of the wheel of fortune, became wealthy. So that at the death of Joseph Hamlin, they were each in affluence, and were beginning to entertain political aspirations, and both accordingly, had their names announced as candidates for the State Senate.

When admitted to the bar, Jenkins and Hamlin were members of a temperance organization, and with the strictest fidelity each kept his pledge until Jenkins began to feel an inclination to court public favor with reference to political promotion, when he violated his pledge, and was finally cut loose from the society of which he was a member, by the unanimous vote of the association, as unworthy of their confidence.

Feeling now, no restraint, and mingling freely, and indeed, almost constantly, among the *sovereign people*, of all classes and conditions, (for he was resolved to win,) he was incessantly exposed to the danger of treating and being treated; and whenever exposed, invariably yielded to the temptation, until among the more sober and tem-

perate portion of the community, he was regarded as an inebriate—gone beyond the hope of redemption; while his drunken associates only considered him a clever-souled fellow, who could drink or let it alone, at his pleasure. But he found it much easier to drink than to let it alone. Yet he, as is universally the case, had not even begun to suspect that he was sliding notwithstanding he was very near the base of the declivity.

Some of his friends, (and he had many among the best men of the country,) would occasionally modestly intimate to him that he was in danger, but Jenkins would seem not to understand the allusion until it was made too palpable, and then would repel the idea of his becoming intemperate as utterly impossible and not to be contemplated for a moment. The recklessness of such men, who can doubt, had much to do in originating the saying among the ancients, that "whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad?"

On the evening of the death of Joseph Hamlin, the bar had met at one of the Hotels of the village, for the purpose of knocking off, or rather washing off, the sharp points created during a recent term of their Court; and Joseph Hamlin being a law student, and quite a favorite, had an invitation to be present, and met with them.

This young man had just gained his majority, and was about to be admitted as a member of the legal fraternity. In personal appearanceJoseph

Hamlin was majestic, and in intellect was vastly above mediocrity; and had the refining and polishing touches of a finished education. His brother had bestowed much attention upon his moral and mental training, and until within the last twelve months previous to this evening, he had been considered a paragon of excellence and moral worth. During his collegiate course he had stood at the head of his class, and graduated with the highest honors the institution could confer upon him. He returned home, and with an intermission of but a few days, entered upon the study of the law with his brother. He had fixed his standard high. Had taken one or two of the first lawyers of the Republic as his model, with a firm resolution to attain to their excellence. During the first twelve months of his studies, Coke, Plowden and Blackstone, were his constant and only companions, but about the close of that period, some of his duties as Clerk in his brother's office, brought him frequently, for some time, in contact with Jenkins, for whom he formed a warm attachment, and at the same time some fondness for the "flowing bowl." His brother, who regarded moral character as paramount, and of the utmost importance to a young man about to enter upon the legal profession, had been noticing, with the deepest anxiety, his declension, and had embraced every opportunity of impressing upon his mind the necessity of the strictest temperance, or an abandonment of the profession

he had chosen as the theatre of his future hopes; now and then directing his attention to distinguished members of the bar whose sun had set behind a cloud because of this vice. Lemuel Hamlin's anxiety had become chronic, and he resolved to terminate it by breaking up the intimacy that existed between Joseph and Jenkins. He therefore sought his brother's society, and on what he regarded as a suitable occasion, insisted upon his quitting the company of Jenkins, and urged as a reason, that he was immoral, reckless, and unprincipled, and was fast verging to the drunkard's fate, and that his association was having a demoralizing effect upon him. But Joseph, unwilling to believe he stood in need of such admonitions, very readily attributed his brother's views of Jenkin's character to the acrimonious feeling provoked by conflicts at the bar, and the political campaign just opening, in which they were competitors, and both more or less jealous of each other's power with the people.

It was for the purpose of throwing a restraint around Joseph, that Lemuel was induced to attend the fatal bar supper.

Jenkins had been sick for about two weeks, and for the most part of that time his case was considered, by his medical advisers, as desperate. His fever having now, to some extent, abated, he was again rational. After enjoying, for some eighteen hours, an unclouded intellect, "a sound and disposing mind and memory," and supposing himself

in *extremis*, began seriously to think of the "leap in the dark;" "duly made and executed" his will. By this will he disinherited each of his four sons, if after they should respectively arrive at the age of twelve, they should "be known to drink alcholic liquors." And then added this singular clause: "not that a very few drams would be a great detriment to my children, but drunkenness is nearly certain to ensue; then follows idleness, profanity, and kindrid vices in the train, and hence this clause."

After completing his will and disposing of all his mundane possessions, he sent for a clergyman, who soon arrived, and was seated by his bed-side. A few moments having in silence elapsed, Jenkins remarked to the man of God, "You perceive, my dear sir, that my sands are nearly run out. I have now to finish in a few brief hours, a work, for the completion of which a whole lifetime is too short. But before I proceed any further, I wish you to procure a pen, ink, and paper, as I desire to leave a record, over my own sign manual, that will do ample justice to the living as well as the dead. You will be exceedingly careful to take down every word as I utter it."

"During the past two years I have permitted myself to fall into that most destructive of all vices —intoxication. I slid into it gradually. The first drinking I did dates from the incipient stages of my political aspirations. I drank, not because I

was fond of either the taste or effect of liquor, but in mixing with the people I was frequently invited to drink, and drank for no other reason than that I lacked courage to say no, and then in turn, treated and of course drank; and thus in a few months, if I did not acquire a fondness for both the taste and effect, I acquired the habit of drinking frequently, and was ruined before I was aware of the ground I occupied. If I possessed the ability to reform, which was doubtful, when a candidate for an important office in a drinking community, all will admit, it was not the time to attempt a reformation. I drank, and continued to drink, excessively. But I attended that bar-supper, with a heart as free from guilt as it had ever been since my earliest recollection. After having been there for some time, drinking freely, I conceived the fiendish idea of attempting to strike down the character and moral standing of Lemuel Hamlin. I observed he drank no liquor, and as I drank immoderately, it occurred to me he would be likely to use my intemperate habits against me in the coming campaign; and I, therefore, went to the work of manufacturing an offset against his charge, and while revolving the matter in my mind, it struck me with irresistible force that if I could administer to Joseph Hamlin a very minute portion of poison—sufficient to produce nausia, and make it a marked effort at poisoning, and then fix the suspicion on Lemuel Hamlin, I could prostrate him and defeat

his election. When I first conceived the idea it was with much difficulty that I could get my own consent, but after drinking often and freely of the accursed liquor that filled the board, I quietly passed out of the hall, unobserved—returned to my house, procured a small phial containing prussic acid, I had obtained several months previously, for pharmaceutical purposes—returned to the room of conviviality and dissipation, and seated myself between Lemuel and Joseph; and while Lemuel was engaged in conversation with a gentleman on his left, I poured the contents of the phial into Joseph's glass, he being by this time so much intoxicated that he was scarcely conscious of any thing that was transpiring about him, and immediately put my hand around behind Lemuel and placed the phial, without being noticed, into his coat pocket. Joseph took up his glass and commenced drinking, but I had poured more of the fatal drug into the glass than I had intended; I attempted by an apparent accidental jostle, to knock the glass from his hand; but being quite as much under the influence of liquor as he was, I, consequently, missed my aim—he drank it to the bottom. Soon, a deathly sickness seized him, and he fell to the floor.

"Lemuel became very much excited, though a legitimate feeling, for the welfare of his brother, then in most imminent danger of speedy dissolution. I knavishly, with knowing looks and ges-

tures, subsequently alluded to this agitation to his great disadvantage.

"Before carrying Joseph to bed, Lemuel drew off his coat and threw it upon a chair, and at this moment the phial fell from his pocket, which was unobserved except by myself. I immediately called the attention of the Sheriff to the circumstance, whispering in his ear, "it had better be carefully preserved, as Joseph had to me the appearance of having been poisoned. The matter might be judicially investigated, in which event the presence of the phial would be of the utmost importance, and that the only motive that could have induced Lemuel to commit the horrid deed was Joseph's property, which he must necessarily inherit at Joseph's death.

"The unfortunate sequel is before the public. I never intended serious injury to the young man. May God pardon me for allowing myself to become intoxicated, for in that consisted the whole crime.

JEROME JENKINS."

"Now," continued Jenkins, "have this immediately placed upon the records of the county, for the vindication of the fair fame of my honest and honorable, but unfortunate friend and competitor. It fixes upon my own character, and the character of my family, an indelible stain; but justice requires I should remove the foul blot from the innocent, who have already too severely suffered, and place it where it properly belongs. If I could call the entire uni-

verse my own, I would willingly relinquish my title to the whole of it, if thereby I could recall the last two years of my life, and give that period to temperance and virtue, and restore Joseph Hamlin to health and vigor. But, alas! alas! how vain are empty regrets!"

He wrung his hands and wept with the wildest emotion.

> "No ear can hear, no tongue can tell,
> The tortures of that inward hell."

His family becoming alarmed, his physician was brought and an opiate administered; but without the slightest effect. He soon relapsed into raving delirium, and remained in that condition for several days. By superior medical attention and careful nursing, the excitement gradually wore off, and reason again resumed her throne, and with it, strength steadily but slowly returned.

He conversed often, and freely, about the hard fate, as he frequently called it, of the Hamlins, which had now found its way, with all the attending circumstances, into the newspaper publications of the day. About this period, three or four of his dram-drinking friends called in to condole with him, in his truly unhappy situation. As soon as they were seated, he commenced by saying, "Gentlemen, you see me a wreck; physically, mentally, and morally. A wreck in character—in everything that makes life desirable. I would deserve, and doubt not have, the sympathies of the virtu-

ous and good of all classes of society, had not my own folly and perverseness brought it upon my head! Oh! how soon are the rounds of folly run! A few hours are often only necessary to sacrifice a character and a reputation, which it has required years of toil and assiduous labor to build up, and when lost can never be regained. The course I entered upon, two years since, I am now satisfied, sooner or later, ends in ruin. I have discovered it, alas! too late to correct it. My example may not, I fervently hope will not, be lost upon others. And here you will allow me in all kindness to say, that unless you stop tippling, utter ruin will—must be your fate. It may not—and I pray God it may not—come in the fearful form in which it has visited your companion in vice; but that it will come in some unwelcome shape, is as certain as you persist in it."

The Doctor here entered his room, and his old associates left. His symptoms indicated the use of the lancet, and after extracting as much blood as was thought necessary, the instrument was carelessly left upon the stand at the head of his bed, which he seized, a moment after the physician disappeared, and inserted it into his arm, while he tore off the bandage that had been placed on the other, and in a few minutes his guilty soul was before the bar of Omnipotence.

CHAPTER VII.

——— He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal, universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn, *Milton.*

Judge Jones had been attacked, in different parts of the State, with a virulence unknown to political warfare, and it had become now evident that a powerful effort must be made to save his election.

Soon after the trial and conviction of Hamlin, the following appeared in the Jeffersonian, a newspaper published in the village where the occurrence took place:

"A foul murder of the most aggravated character is about to be committed in our midst, under a pretended sentence of law. Should a midnight assassin enter Hamlin's lone cell and bury his dagger in his bosom, his death would not be more unjust, nor a more flagrant violation of the law than to execute him in obedience to the late sentence of the court. From the inception to the close of this most exciting tragedy, rum has been the chief actor. It began in a drunken melee—the trial was a drunken farce, and we suppose there will be thousands of drunken men witness its termination.

We should not be astonished if the people would soon cease to have any more respect for, or confidence in, our courts of justice, than they have for those of Judge Lynch.

"It has ever been the aim of distingnished and virtuous Judges to secure public confidence; nor is it difficult; common prudence accomplishes it. Without it law is brought into disrepute, and even disregarded.

"The Judiciary of our State has been disgraced, and it will require a long time before it will recover from the shock. Lemuel Hamlin is, and ever has been, a man of high-toned morals—possesses a finely cultivated intellect, and has deservedly long occupied a high and commanding position in the esteem and affections of all who have known him. His death will create a vacuum in our society that cannot soon be filled. How Judge Jones is to answer at the bar of public opinion, or even at the bar of his own conscience, is more than we are able to divine. A just censure, and damning infamy, is fast settling down upon him, if we have not grossly misinterpreted the signs of the times, from which he will find it difficult to extricate himself.

"Judge Jones is a man of the very finest order of talents, superior acquirements, and capable of making himself a first class Judge; yet with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool. He has been gradually contracting the habit of tippling, until he may now be regarded as lost to himself,

his friends and society. All the noble impulses and generous sentiments of his manly nature have been quenched in the fumes of alcohol. The man who can so far lose sight of duty; his obligations to society, and self-respect, as to become intoxicated upon the Bench while adjudicating a case involving the life or death of an eminent fellow-citizen; or, indeed, of any man; deserves the deep and damning execrations of all honorable men—deserves to be just what he is covered all over with the foulest infamy.

"While contemplating this judicial murder, we sicken over the dark picture presented by poor, fallen, depraved human nature. For, if we see such departures from right, from duty, from principle, in men of position; in men of intellectual superiority; in men holding offices of great responsibility in the affairs of State; in men chosen because of their supposed fitness for the station, then what are we to expect in the private walks of life where there is no responsibility except such as attaches to persons as members of society? What are we to look for where ignorance abounds, where neither head nor heart has been cultivated? "If it burns in the green, what will it do in the dry?"

"In view of all the circumstances connected with this most unfortunate and melancholy affair, will Judge Jones suffer his name to continue before the public, in connection with the judgeship?" is a question frequently propounded to us within the

last few days, to which we have invariably responded, most certainly not, unless he has infinitely less confidence in the virtue and intelligence of the people than we supposed. It cannot be that a man steeped to the chin in infamy, and bedaubed with the slime of drunkenness and debauchery, will ask a virtuous and intelligent community to endorse his judicial course, and by their suffrage retain him in the high and responsible position he has so thoroughly disgraced.

"An ordinary case of murder is mitigated homicide, when compared with this judicial murder of Hamlin. The pinching want of a destitute family may occasionally be plead in extenuation of the crime of the misguided wretch who kills for gain. Avarice, revenge, and the various motives which prompt the murderous act, may, and frequently have, mitigating circumstances; but what imagination so fertile as to conceive of an apology for this murder by Judge Jones?"

The above publication had escaped the observation of Judge Jones, until it was sent him by some friend, some weeks after the issue of the paper containing it. He had seen numerous attacks upon him, but none that roused him like this. He read it over attentively several times. His first impulse was, to meet the editor and chastise him personally, but a few moment's reflection enabled him to determine that a personal rencountre with the editor would make a bad matter worse. While

attack upon those who were traducing him would appease his wrath and vindicate his wounded pride, it might add to the dangers already clustering about his political hopes. His next thought was to institute his action for libel, and make him respond in damages; but again it occurred that the editor was wholly irresponsible. When he finally determined to defer the matter until he had an opportunity of consulting with his friend Jewett, to whom he wrote the following letter:

"My Dear Jewett:

"You will please find, enclosed, a slanderous attack upon me, which I have clipped from a number of the Jeffersonian, published a few weeks since, concerning the Hamlin trial, which you have doubtless seen. For baseness and malignant feeling it surpasses any of the Junius letters. It annoys me no little, and I am wholly unable to determine what disposition to make of it. Is it the production of the editor, or some other political scullion, who has more responsibility and probably more character than the editor, and who thus expects to attack me with impunity, by skulking behind the miserable putrescence that presides over the columns of that contemptible sheet?

"Your long experience at the bar, and your success in political life, as well as the deep interest you have taken in my welfare, induce me to place a high estimate upon your counsel and advice, in

this crisis of my political career. My defeat, at this time, would be the death-knell to my hopes; and with the prostration of my political hopes, my happiness, also, for I have no taste for the tame pursuits of professional life. I had in my mind's-eye the position I now occupy, when I first entered upon a legal course of study. It was the dream of my youth—the aspiration of maturer years, and the culminating point of my ambition.

"I use freedom in writing to you, for 'talking to a friend,' we are told, 'is only thinking aloud.'

"I have flattered myself I could become useful, if not distinguished, upon the Bench. And now, to have my fondest aspirations thus nipped in the bud—to be thus sent back to the private walks of life, degraded and forever disgraced, with a great gulf carved out—beyond which I cannot pass—between me and the object for which I have lived, and upon which I have set my heart, is absolutely insupportable. The bare thought wrings anguish from my soul. The dereliction of duty, if I have been guilty of any, will not, in fact, be increased by my defeat; nor will my election actually lessen it, yet success covers a multitude of sins, while failure augments them. Thompson, though not a politician, understood this subject when he wrote—

> "It is success that colors all in life;
> Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest."

What shall I do? Meet him and compel a retrac-

tion, or punish him on the spot? Or, shall I reply through the press? This might be objectionable, as it would elicit, through the public prints, a full discussion of the entire circumstances connected with the Hamlin affair, which would be unpleasant, not to say dangerous, at this time. Perhaps I had better bring an action against the rascal, even if it should be thought advisable to discontinue it after the election, as that would probably put a *quietus* upon him for the present. Let me hear from you by return mail. I am, my dear Sir,

Your ob't. serv't,

J. L. JONES."

A. P. Jewett was, at this period, a zealous and eloquent advocate of the Maine Law, but had formed a strong attachment for Jones, personally, and entertained a high opinion of his legal ability and judicial talents, and had, therefore, determined to give him his most cordial and energetic support.

At the earliest possible moment after the reception of the above note from the Judge, he replied as follows:

"My Dear Jones:

"The subject in your communication, had cost me much thought and reflection, for sometime previous to receiving your favor, and it has not been without difficulty that I have been able to determine as to your better course in relation to the attack upon you, in the Jeffersonian; but have

finally concluded your better policy will be to treat it, for the present, at least, with silent contempt; and when an allusion is made to this and similar charges, your friends must insist that it is the want of responsibility in the editor of the Jeffersonian that saved him from condign punishment.

"And a very short time hence, the ground must be assumed in different parts of the State, simultaneously, that you are cruelly persecuted—that a strong disposition prevails in certain quarters, to victimize you—that the charge is without foundation—is intended to strike you down, for the simple reason that you are not a fanatic—will not advocate a prohibitory law, but will occasionally indulge in a glass of brandy. If this course is prudently adopted, and the matter carefully managed, it can be made to recoil with powerful force; and if so, your election, by a large and very decided majority, is rendered certain.

"You are well aware of my position upon the temperance question. I am in favor of prohibition; yet, so anxious am I for your success, I would make any reasonable sacrifice to accomplish it. In the course of some four or five days, I will make a tour through the State and moderate our temperance friends, as much as in my power, and occasionally furnish the opposers of the Maine Law with a few items that may benefit you essentially.

Very truly yours,
A. P. JEWETT."

A few days previous to the election, in pursuance of Jewett's plan for operation, articles appeared through the State, in all the different papers friendly to Jones, charging that a most unholy persecution had been waged by the Maine Law advocates against Judge Jones; the object of which was to rouse the liquor influence, nor is it necessary to add that it worked like a charm.

As our narrative would be incomplete without a specimen of the political writers of those times, we will copy, entire, an article which appeared in the Herald, a paper published in the Eastern part of the State:

"Since the dawn of political warfare, no man has ever been required to pass through the fiery ordeal that has fallen to the lot of Judge Jones. We have always been in favor of fair, open, manly political struggles for principle; and will add, we care not how warmly such contests are conducted. We have ever believed that political parties necessarily grew out of human nature in organized society; that the existence of party is as unavoidable as necessary; hence we never expect to see party annihilated, neither in Republican, nor any other form of government, in the old or new world; nor do we think it desirable, if it were possible.

"We ask, what would be the condition of our country if party did not exist? What would become of government? What would become of the country and the interests of the people, but for

the lynx-eyed political editors and partizans? It is absolutely necessary, then, for the purity of the government, that there should be some person or persons sufficiently interested to watch every move of the governmental officials, and to discuss the propriety of every movement; ferret out their frauds and expose their *laches*—their want of sagacity and foresight. But for this watching—this ferreting-out—this investigation—governments, of whatever character or complexion they may be, would soon fester, gangreen, and fall to pieces from their own inherent corruption, or become a most insupportable burden, rather than a blessing to the people. But, again, who is to sustain political editors and political partizans, but political parties? "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a truism if stripped of its divinity, and that hire must come from partizan zeal or not at all. And hence we argue the necessity, as well as the wisdom, of party.

"For the above reasons, with numerous others we might offer, we expect ever to be a warm and decided politician; ever willing to stand firm and immovable for the interest and measures of our party; believing, as we do, that the interest and welfare of our country are involved in the interest and welfare of the party of which we have been a zealous member from our youth up. But we can never be tempted to assail private character, for the purpose of carrying a political measure,

however important it may be; and we certainly could not be induced to do it for the baser purpose of striking down a political enemy.

"How different the course pursued by the persecutors of our worthy and distinguished friend, Judge Jones? His private character has been sifted and held up to the public gaze, distorted and blackened so as not to be recognized by his friends except as a most ridiculous caricature. Even the sanctity of the domestic hearth has been invaded by these worse than hyenas, who are yelping upon his track! And for no other reason than that he will not give in his adhesion to a prohibitory liquor law, and shout, frantic with fanaticism, to the utmost capacity of his lungs, Maine Law! Which we think, with due deference, ought to be dubbed the Maine folly. Such conduct is infamous beyond the power of language to characterize, and can have no other effect than to rouse the liberal of all parties, in support of the Judge. And we shall be most egregiously disappointed if the moderate and liberal of all parties do not rally around the standard of Judge Jones, to such an extent as to carry dismay into the ranks of these fanatics.

"Who does not know that the best men among us are in the habit, now and then, of drinking a glass of liquor whenever they need it? And who does not know that it has neither injured them physically nor intellectually, nor has it incapacitated them for business,"

We have ever been opposed to dissipation in all its varied forms, and particularly, drunkenness. We despise it! We detest—we abhor—we loath it!! We would turn in utter disgust from the miserable drunkard, with a feeling compounded of pity and shame for his wickedness and degradation. But to charge Judge Jones with being a drunkard is the impersonation of audacity. The man who is base enough to manufacture and make such a charge against the Judge, is lost to shame, and deserves to have "*infamous*" branded upon every inch of his surface. No man is freer from the charge of drunkenness than Jones, and we hope our friends will look closely to this matter, lest he be literally lied out of the office he has filled with so much credit to himself and advantage to the public.

"We have the honor of a personal acquaintance with Judge Jones, and regard him as the best man upon our ticket, and feel bound to contribute our utmost effort to promote his election, because of his qualifications and peculiar fitness for the position. And even if he lacked some of the essential qualifications for the bench, still we should support him, and support him with all the energy we are capable of putting forth, for the reason that great injustice has been done to the Judge. We are so constituted that when we see a man outraged, and the flood-gates of billingsgate let loose upon him, our sympathies are enlisted and our combatative-

ness aroused, and would be more inclined to overlook imperfections. We have frequently met him in the social circle, and around the festive board; and while we have never seen him drunk, we have never seen him refuse to take a glass when requested by a friend. He is endeared to his friends by every social tie. He is none of your narrow-contracted, pinched-up, sanctimonious, long-faced, little seven-by-nine down-eastern puritans, but liberal to a fault, and generous beyond his means; always manly, always candid and frank; no concealments to make, but always appears to be what he is. Again we would say to our friends, come to the rescue, and stamp the defamers of the Judge with falsehood."

To the above article, a reply appeared in the next issue of the Journal, a paper printed in the same town, which, for the purpose of giving both sides a hearing, we will copy:

"The Herald, of last week, is out in an article of some length and considerable acrimony, in support of Judge Jones.

"Our neighbor of the Herald's first effort is, to create the impression that Jones is being most fiercely persecuted. We have but little doubt that the facts, recently made public, in connection with the trial of Hamlin, are anything but agreeable to Judge Jones and his friends.

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

It would be quite as sensible for the criminal to charge the court, that was meeting out to him the reward of his infamy and his crime, with persecution; though we confess it would be less politic.

"Judge Jones is either guilty or innocent of the charge of sacrificing Hamlin. If innocent, then he has a remedy in our courts of justice, which will make him abundantly whole, and forever silence his traducers. Why has he not already resorted to this means of redress, instead of allowing his friends to raise the doleful howl of persecution? The answer to this inquiry is easily anticipated. Jones could not enter court with "clean hands;" and, consequently, would come out with a worse character than when he went in. He is too familiar with courts of Justice to ask any investigation of the grave charges that are now being made against him in every portion of the State. Had there been no foundation for these attacks upon his character, they were grossly libelous, and no sooner had the charge been made than he would have instituted his action; and as often as reiterated, would he have been seen seeking his remedy before the judicial tribunals of his country.

"But why, we ask, does not the Herald, and other sheets friendly to Judge Jones, positively deny that he was intoxicated upon the trial of that important criminal cause? We have not seen a plain, positive denial of the charge, and we apprehend

it has not been made, for the only reason that it could not be. Is it persecution, then, to charge him with being incapable of discharging his duty upon that trial? If it is, we plead guilty. If drunkenness and debauchery are judicial virtues, he possesses them in an eminent degree. But if temperance and sobriety are requisite in a judge, then Jones is not fit for the position. If to expose his drunkenness and debauchery, and urging the fact as a reason for regarding him as unfit for the bench, is "assailing private character," then we plead guilty to that charge. If charging him with having bacchanalian feasts at his own house, is "invading the sanctity of the domestic hearth," we plead guilty to that.

"We have opposed Judge Jone's election, and we expect to continue that opposition until the last ballot is deposited in the box, not out of any unkind feeling towards him, for we have none, but for higher and more holy reasons.

"We agree with Jones in politics, and admit he possesses splendid talents, and quite as much legal ability as any man in our State, but he is a miserable drunken bloat; and for that reason wholly unfit for the bench; wholly unqualified for any position of trust or responsibility. What! elect a man to the highest judicial office in the State—to a position where he may, by unfaithfulness in that position, sacrifice the property, the reputation, the liberty, and even the lives of citizens, when intox-

icated, and their is no remedy. It is worse than madness to advocate the claims of such a man. We never can consent to entrust the adjudication of questions involving such momentous interests to a man, admitted by his friends to be constantly, more or less, under the influence of liquor. Infinitely sooner would we prefer a sober man upon the bench who differs with us politically; for in his hands, the liberty and the lives of citizens would at least be safe, however he might differ with us in relation to the character and rights of corporations. Our fealty to party has never been questioned; yet our fidelity to the people, to society, to virtue, to morality, religion and the best interests of humanity, demand our opposition to Judge Jones. We do it reluctantly, but we do it with the approval of our conscience as well as our judgment.

"The Herald claims "the honor of a personal acquaintance with Judge Jones," and adds, that "while we have never seen him drunk, we have never seen him refuse to take a glass with a friend." Now, while no sober man acquainted with Judge Jones, will admit the truth of the first part of the above, every man equally well acquainted with him, will attest the truth of the last.

There is, perhaps, a preliminary question that we ought to have settled with the editor of the Herald before we entered upon the discussion of the question as to whether Jones is an inebriate, and from that cause disqualified for discharging,

faithfully, the duties of a high judicial functionary, and it is this—"how much liquor can a man be under the influence of without being considered intoxicated?" It is said, but with how much truth we do not pretend to say, that the Herald will not admit a man to be drunk, "until he cannot sit, stand, nor lie in a ten-acre field, nor distinguish between his mouth and a hole in the ground." If this is the language of the Herald and the criterion by which he estimates the moral qualities of men, then we shall be unable to agree with him upon the preliminary question, and consequently, have no controversy with him.

"We observe, the Herald, in his justification of Judge Jones, says, he "loaths, hates, abhors, and detests a drunkard." In these epithets we see the evidence of more grace than usually falls to the lot of political editors. They seldom exhibit much contrition for past offences.

"But, to be serious, we do hope Jones may be defeated. Should he be elected, with all his infirmities clinging to him, our confidence will be vastly impaired in the perpetuity of our Republican institutions and the ability of man for self-government."

Judge Jones saw, at a glance, the effect this article would have upon the thinking and better portion of his own party, unless something was done to counteract it; but what should that 'something' be? was a question of much intricacy—more

knotty and difficult, than any he had been called upon to determine in the capacity of Judge or Chancellor. Yet it must be solved, and that speedily. When he met with the paper containing the above, he was travelling through the State upon an electioneering tour. He carried it to his room, at the hotel, where he stopped, and read it over; and again and again did he read it. He formed first one plan, and then another, but none that occurred to him had the approval of his judgment. He had now given the entire night to the consideration of this attack upon him, without having been able to come to a satisfactory conclusion; and as the sun began to gild the eastern horizon he gave it up, in the utmost despair as he exclaimed, while he drew from his pocket a handkerchief, and wiped from his face the perspiration with which it was drenched as with a shower: "Why! oh! why did I commit that blunder!

> "Where glow exalted sense and taste refined,
> There keener anguish rankles in the mind;
> There feeling is diffused through every part,
> Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart."

CHAPTER VIII.

——— "Oh! how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime
The world had wanted had the actor said
I will do this to–morrow!" *Russel.*

Barber, our readers will recollect, was not present at the bar-supper, but was absent from home. He returned upon the train about five in the morning, in pursuit of Judge Jones, to whom he had sent a record for the allowance of a writ of error and supersedeas in an important criminal case. On reaching the Judge's residence he learned, from Mrs. Jones, the fact that the Judge had gone to the State capitol for the purpose of procuring a pardon for Hamlin, and hoping to overtake him, he followed to the seat of government, but was a very few moments too late, and consequently compelled to wait for the evening train upon which he reached home, as above stated.

While at the ticket office, he was informed that Judge Jones had remained over, and intended going out on the six o'clock train. He, therefore, repaired immediately to the Hotel for the purpose of obtaining from the Judge, his record with the allowance of his writ before the Judge could leave.

When he called he found the house closed, but after considerable "noise and confusion," he succeeded in rousing a porter, who knew nothing about Judge Jones. He, accordingly, made his way to the apartments of the landlord, and after some delay, ascertained the number of the room occupied by the Judge. "But," remarked the hotel-keeper, "you had better let the Judge sleep, and call down after breakfast and see him. It has not been long since he retired, and he was most 'gloriously fuddled.' I doubt very much whether you can do any business with him, even if you should be so fortunate as to get him up."

I must see him immediately," answered Barber. "He intends going out upon the train which leaves in less than half an hour, and he is probably now up."

The landlord protested. Barber insisted, and finally snatching a lighted candle, which stood upon a table, he started for the Judge's room ; on reaching which, he found Judge Jones incapable of being roused. After several ineffectual efforts to awake him, he turned to his carpet sack, which chanced to be unlocked, and took from it a bundle of papers containing the "aforesaid" record, and among the papers, his eye fell upon a sealed letter, addressed, in the hand-writing of his Excellency, the Governor, to the Sheriff of the county in which Hamlin had been tried, convicted, and was that day to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Bar-

ber stood a moment, though usually cool and deliberate, now agitated beyond what in the most trying exigences of his life he had before experienced, he exclaimed : " Is that a pardon, a commutation, a respite, or any thing to do with the Hamlin execution?"—answered his own interrogation by saying : " It must have something to do with it, else why written?"

Again he attempted to arouse Jones, but was no more successful than before : all that he could get from the drunken official was an inarticulate grunt, quite as unsatisfactory as could be imagined.

Barber here took out his time-piece and discovered that he had scarcely time to reach the depot before the train would leave. With the promptness and decision of a man of intellectual and moral worth, determined to deliver the letter to the sheriff; and accordingly started for the train at the top of his speed—which he reached, and upon which he stepped, just as it had gained a motion that a second later would have precluded the possibility of safely accomplishing.

Barber seated himself in a car, entirely alone. The agitated state of his mind was better felt than described, and wholly unfiitted him for companionship : though several gentlemen and ladies were on board with whom he was intimately acquainted, he preferred to commune with his own thoughts.

After the lapse of an hour he broke out in the following soliloquy: "Jones doubtless knows! It is scarcely possible that it is a pardon. If so, would Jones have incurred the risk of not having it reach its destiny in time to save the victim of his folly? Impossible!! It cannot be a pardon. Well, is it a commutation of his punishment, or a respite? If either, and not a pardon, it is quite as important that it should reach its destination before the time for the execution shall have expired. "I," continued he, "doubt if it is either or any of them. But what it is? Jones has been to see the Governor; and I recognize that superscription as the hand-writing of his Excellency: and if not a pardon, a respite or commutation, why should Judge Jones be carrying this thing to the Sheriff, at this particular time? It must be one of the three. Why did he not proceed on his way last evening, and not defer till to-morrow?

"To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh which the traveler never reacheth:
To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon—wily snare of the destroyer.
Reconcile conviction with delay, and to-morrow is a fatal lie!"

"But," continued Barber, "this folly—yes, more than folly—this crime of the Judge, is, upon reflection, easily accounted for. I have no idea he intended to become drunken at the time of the Hamlin trial: yet he was quite intoxicated through its entire progress. The Bar of N. ought to share with the Judge the ignominy of that affair. He

is amiable and rather passive in such matters, and drank at their solicitation, oftener than he would if left to his own volition. Intemperance is a social vice, into which a good man is liable to fall. It is seldom that a man not distinguished for his social qualities falls into the sin of drunkenness; and it is quite as seldom that the penurious, close-fisted individual is submerged by the waves of intemperance: and hence Jones has been victimized. It is scarcely possible that a man of his peculiar temperament and mental organization, traveling over the State, and constantly coming in contact with members of the Bar, who are as constantly urging him to drink, should escape the vice into which he seems to have irretrievably fallen.

"It is a theme for tears, to feel the soft heart hardening,"

I have not a doubt but he reached our town last evening, en route for N., and was met at the depot by Leblond and other kindred spirits, and persuaded to remain over, and I have as little doubt he was by the same influence induced to drink immoderately."

Barber was now nearing the place of his destination, when the engineer who had charge of the train, was discovered to be quite intoxicated, and putting the train through at a rate without a precedent.

The conductor stepped forward and charged him with being under the influence of liquor, and having it concealed about his person; all of which

he doggedly denied, and refused to surrender his post; telling the conductor, that, while he had his duties assigned him by the superintendent, he was entirely independent of the conductor, and would act his own pleasure.

The conductor had scarcely retired to the back end of the train, when the engineer in passing through a deep cut, and around a curve at the extremity, saw some cattle upon the track, only a few hundred feet before him—he attempted to reverse the power, but slipped, or rather stumbled upon a stick of wood, he had left carelessly in his way, missed his aim, and in an instant the locomotive was upon the cattle; three of which were killed—the train off the track, and its engineer under its ponderous wheels, a mangled mass of lascerated flesh.

Barber was now about eight miles from the village of N., with sufficient time to reach it upon a fleet horse: but where was it to come from?

He started for a farm house, in the immediate vicinity of the disaster, in front of the door of which he saw a horse fastened to a post, and upon reaching it he untied the animal and mounted, while the owner stood at a distance, in amazement at the boldness with which the dextrous thief, as he supposed, galloped off his favorite animal.

Barber pushed his horse, which was somewhat logy, to the top of his speed; and would occasionally take out his watch, and as he flew along, count

the minutes he had left. While descending a long and steep declivity, his horse fell, and threw Barber some distance from him, but without either horse or rider sustaining any serious injury. Fortunately, the horse rose and stood perfectly still until Barber again mounted and was ready to pursue his journey. Very soon after this second disaster, Barber came in sight of the multitude and the scaffold. And as our reader has been already apprised of what occurred between this and the delivery of the letter, we shall not stop to recapitulate.

The Sheriff immediately tore off the envelope and read aloud, not a complete pardon, but a commutation of the death penalty to perpetual confinement in the State prison; at which a greater manifestation of joy was evinced by the crowd than was exhibited by the convict.

Judge Jones, whom we have left in a death-like slumber, at length arose; and finding he was left by the train, repaired to the telegraph office; but there had the pain and mortification to learn that the wires were severed and no communication could be had with N. His feelings, now wrought up to a perfect phrenzy, he immediately employed an extra train of cars, at a heavy expense—determined to repair the wrong if in his power—and reached the scene of Barber's first disaster, but a few minutes after the latter had started on horseback for N.

The extra train was upon the ruins of its predecessor, before it was discovered, and the crash was frightful. But Judge Jones was among the few fortunate who received no material injury. After he recovered from the confusion occasioned by the shock, he concluded that all hope of reaching N. in time to save Hamlin was cut off, and he entirely lost self-possesion, and raved like a mad-man. As soon as the paroxism had subsided, he became a pitious picture of agony, and exclaimed:

"Why did not Heaven, in its just wrath, crush me beneath that broken and chaotic mass? If this train shall fail to reach there in time, I shall terminate my troubled existence, if there is death in that instrument;" laying his hand upon a well charged revolver, ensconced in his breast pocket.

The lives sacrificed by the collision of the trains, it is no part of our present purpose to stop and recount; but suffice it to say, they were offered upon the altar of rum; and that the tears of scores, by it made widows and orphans, have embalmed their memory.

CHAPTER IX.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yet even that, which mischief meant most harm,
Shall, in the happy trial, prove most glory.
Milton.

Jenkin's confession, removed all doubt that lingered in the minds of any, as to the guilt of Hamlin; and measures were taken, immediately after the disclosure, to procure for him an unqualified pardon, to restore him again to his family and society; all of which was done before he was conveyed to the Penitentiary.

Our readers will recollect that the name of Hamlin, as well as Jenkins, had been announced in the public prints, as a candidate for State Senator: but as soon as suspicion attached to him of having murdered his brother, the papers which had hoisted his name, dropped it; and at the death of Jenkins, his also met with the same fate; while the names of other prominent men, in the Senatorial District, were announced. After his liberation from prison, he determined to close up his business and retire to a farm in the country, and devote the balance of his life, in obscurity, to domestic peace and enjoyment. In pursuance of

this plan, he was, a few days subsequently, sitting in his office, which had been closed for several weeks, arranging papers, accounts, and dispatching business with his usual facility, when he was aroused by a large crowd about the door. He was taken by surprise, and a little startled, at the moment. Various thoughts flashed across the horizon of his mental vision. He, previously confiding, had lost confidence in the integrity of his fellow men. His first impulse was to escape through the back-door, and in that way to leave the mob—for such he, at that moment, regarded it—to the empty enjoyment of disappointment. But again, it occurred to him that no harm could be intended; that though he had occupied the felon's cell and the felon's gibbet, yet subsequent developements, "strong as proofs of holy writ," had established his innocence; and then, it would be unmanly to exhibit fear; and he decided, in less than half the time it has taken us to write it, to wait the result.

In a few moments a huzza for Hamlin went up that made the wilkin ring, and he was loudly called for. He rose, stepped to the door, and bowed; when one—a gentleman of some celebrity, and considerable notoriety, from an adjoining county—stepped upon a store-box, which chanced to belying in the neighborhood of Hamlin's office, and remarked, that the concourse of people then before his Honor, Mr. Hamlin, was a delegation from different portions of the Senatorial District; met, at

that time, for the purpose of respectfully requesting him to be a candidate for the Senate. That many prominent reasons had dictated the movement, but most prominent, was his fitness for the position. That he had suffered all that could be inflicted upon man, but death; which infliction had grown out of an evil that was increasing and spreading, and destined, if not arrested, to desolate the fairest portions of the globe.

The speaker here paused for a reply.

Hamlin, from the door of his office, said that no man could more fully appreciate their kindness than himself; that he had suffered much—everything but death and a consciousness of guilt;—that during his darkest hours he had enjoyed—

> "What nothing earthly gives or can destroy;
> The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy
> Of virtue's prize."

He was now willing to make any sacrifice to banish the evil of drunkenness from the land; and, indeed, from all lands; but he could not, as he he thought, be made believe that his promotion to a seat in the State Senate, would accelerate the happy day when no man would dare make his neighbor drunk; that if he conld be persuaded of the fact, he would consent to be a candidate, notwithstanding it would be exceedingly unpleasant for him to come before the public. That there were other gentlemen's names now before the peo-

ple, for the office, who would be able to render the cause much more valuable service than he could, and therefore he would, most respectfully, beg leave to positively decline the honor they had so kindly sought to bestow upon him.

"You must be a candidate!" went up from scores and hundreds; "and no other will answer our purpose!"

Again their was comparative silence, and the speaker upon the box proceeded to say, he was inclined to the opinion, that however averse Mr. Hamlin might be, to the use of his name in connection with the office, the people would vote for him—most gladly with his consent, but most certainly with, or without it.

Hamlin remarked, that the 'synagogues of satan' were numerous in the district, and as it was universally known, in every county of which it was composed, that he had suffered severely from the evil of intemperance, it would of course be presumed, he would advocate, to the extent of his ability, a stringent prohibitory law; and that, therefore, the liquor influence would present an unbroken front in opposition to his election. That in ordinary times, and under ordinary circumstances, to be a target, and receive the shots of malice from unprincipled and irresponsible demagogues, was quite as much as a man of common sensibility could endure; and that having passed so recently through a world of trouble, to come in con-

tact with this army of drinking men—goaded to desperation by the thought of having the liquor traffic interfered with, many of the more reckless and desperate would not hesitate to fling into his teeth his late misfortune, and he would come out of the fight, certainly not more than second best, covered with the filth and the slime of the contest, without remedy; and, therefore, must be permitted to decline the honor of being their standard-bearer.

"We," exclaimed numerous voices, "will take care of your character, and of the rum influence, too!" And at this moment the crowd pressed upon him, while two of the more sturdy yeomanry, present, seized Hamlin, and bore him off upon their shoulders to the front of the printing office, where he was detained until a deputation was sent in with orders to withdraw the name of every man previously announced, and to run up Hamlin's. This done, they proceeded, in like manner, to two other printing establishments in the village, and produced like results. Heavy delegations were sent to each county-seat in the District, and the name of the other candidates for the office ordered out of the papers and Hamlin's inserted.

Hamlin and his friends soon discovered that he had not been mistaken in anticipating unflinching opposition from the liquor influence. On the evening after Hamlin was forced to be a candidate, a caucus was held in a liquor store, with

closed doors, and by dawn of the next morning, their plans and arrangements were matured, and messengers dispatched to every nook and corner of the District, with long visages, and the sad intelligence that a temperance move had been made; and that, without extraordinary exertion, Hamlin, from whom the liquor traffic had no mercy to expect, would be elected.

"Past hope of safety 't was his latest care,
Like fallen Cæsar, decently to die."

Admiring the philosophy of Dryden, one of Hamlin's most formidable competitors chose voluntarily to withdraw from the contest, a few days previous to the election, and so informed his friends by every possible facility.

Now came the tug of war. All the horses and buggies in the District, were brought in requisition, and for the two days preceding the day of election, hundreds of men were in motion, and actively passing from point to point in the District, and from house to house. In passing around, a friend of Hamlin chanced to come in contact with one of the patrons of the groceries, who was attempting to make his way home, but had fallen by the wayside and was lying in a helpless condition. He raised him up and helped him on to his desolate abode, which was not far distant. On his way, the poor drunken wretch urged our friend to use all his influence against Hamlin's election, and took from his pocket a bundle of handbills, which he

said he was to circulate in his neighborhood. These bills, which were, without delay, carried to Hamlin and his friends, contained inflamatory appeals to the friends of the traffic, urging them to spare neither time nor money in procuring every man in the District opposed to a prohibitory law, to be early at the polls, nor cease their exertions until the ballot-box should be closed.

To counteract the effect of these hand-bills with which the country had been flooded, the Hamlin party threw out one, and thousands of copies were sent into all parts of the District. About Hamlin's, there was nothing of the inflamatory character. It was an earnest and powerful appeal to the sober, moral, and better portion of community, to rally and save themselves, their friends and the country, from the blighting and scathing curse of intemperance.

An excitement now pervaded the District, without precedent there, or elsewhere. The morning of the election day dawned upon hundreds of horses harnessed for the purpose of conveying the sick and infirm to the polls; nor was there any abatement of exertion, upon either side, until after six o'clock, when the statute declared the ballot box should be closed. On one side there was a contest for principle—for morality—for peace, prosperity. and every thing that tends to promote the welfare of society. Upon the other side, it was a contest into which entered all the baser passions

and feelings of our fallen nature, and consequently, the "latch-string" of every grocery and liquor-dealer in the District, was "hung out;" and in all these abominable sinks of iniquity, whiskey, and all kinds of alcoholic drinks, were poured out, "without money and without price," through the entire day. The result was that every jail in the District was, during the following night and the next day, filled to overflowing with the wretched victims of the traffic.

But virtue and temperance triumphed. The electors of the District had, in their candidate, Hamlin, a monument of the evils of spirituous liquors; and when they heard his name mentioned, they were reminded of their duty to society. They rallied, and he was elected by an overwhelming majority; yet he did not exult, nor allow his friends, when he had the means to prevent it.

CHAPTER X.

The brave do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;
Truly, without disguise, they love or hate;
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heaven and men are judges of their actions.—*Rowe.*

To the invitation Barber sent Leblond, to meet him and discuss the political principles which separated them, as partizans and politicians, Leblond made no reply through the press, but sent him a private note, which we give, as follows:

"*Sir:*—You will find before the campaign closes, if you have not already, that I intend pursuing my own course. I shall not object to you doing whatever you may think advisable. You will find my sentiments on the subject of public discussions, in the following lines of Otway—

"You may have known that I'm no wordy man,
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves
Or fools, that use them when they want good sense."

L. LEBLOND."

As Leblond's note was as equivocal as it was insulting, Barber determined to be present at the time and place designated, lest Leblond should

be there and take advantage of his absence. At the time appointed, Barber appeared and discussed his political opinions, for about two hours, before a large crowd; and when about to close, a drunken tavern-keeper, of the vicinity, whom Leblond had sent to annoy Barber, called on him to define his position upon the Maine Law.

Here Barber was somewhat nonplussed, but resolved to make the most of it, by an effort to expose Leblond as well as the landlord.

"See here, old customer," said Barber, "you keep a tavern down here in the country three or four miles, I believe?"

"Well, I do."

"You sell liquor, I suppose?"

"Well, I don't do any thing else."

"You don't do anything else, eh? It must be profitable?"

"Yes; I support my family honestly, and that is more than you lawyers do, unless you are terribly lied on."

"How many children have you, my old fellow?"

"Just the same number that followed John Rogers to the stake, only, I believe, there is none at the breast."

"Well," said Barber, "that is quite a respectable family. Oh, pardon me; I mean respectable in point of number."

"Well, I guess as how my family is as respectable as yours."

"That may be, but if you continue to sell liquor it may soon become questionable."

"I am an honest man; I want you to mind that, as you go along, old *lawyer!*"

"Certainly, certainly!" said Barber; "men of your profession are all *honest*. But to whom do you sell liquor?"

"Why, to my neighbors, to be sure; who else do you think I would sell to? I never sold any to you, that's sartin."

"No," said Barber; "nor that is not all, you never will."

"Did you ever spend any thing to treat your friends with?" said Boniface.

"Not very lately," said Barber, "nor, do I think, I ever will. If I can't get votes without buying them with whiskey, I shall be content to do without them."

"That's just the difference between you and Mr. Leblond. He drinks a horn with me, every time he comes along; and that is pretty frequently, about these times; and he always pays for it, too; and I don't think it's anybody's business but his own, neither, if he pays for it. And if he happens to leave a few dollars with me, to treat his friends, I don't think that any of your business. If I give as much liquor as the money is worth, who is cheated, old feller? Can you answer me that, old hoss?"

"Oh, yes," said Barber; "I can tell very soon —you are cheated; Leblond is cheated, and his friends also; if not the public."

"Well, old lawyer, you think you 'r smart; but you 'll see, when the votes are counted, who is elected. If you don't come up missing, old parchment, about them times, I have lost my skill. Stick a pin there, will you?"

"That may all be true, and yet I shall not be cheated, as I do not wish to succeed, unless by honest means; and the man who buys votes with whiskey, even if successful, is worse cheated than the defeated candidate."

"I guess, old hoss, if he pays the money, and gets the votes of his friends who drink his liquor, nobody is cheated bad but the candidate that's defeated, because he was too stingy to treat a little."

"That may comport with your notions of honesty, but I call it bribery; and the candidate who is guilty of it should be sent, for a series of years, to the State prison."

"Old lawyer, you would'nt darst tell Mr. Leblond that!"

"No man who is capable of such baseness, is manly enough to resent it when charged with it. The elective franchise is a most high and invaluable privilege; and the man who will pander to the baser passions and appetites of sorded men, for the purpose of obtaining their support, and thus prevent freedom of thought and action at the bal-

lot-box, is as much worse than the individuals he imposes upon, as satan is lower than before he was cast out of heaven."

"You tell Mr. Leblond that, old chap, and he'll thrash you like Sam Hill; and, for a cent, I'd give you a little;" beginning to pull off his coat.

"My friend," said Barber, "You say you sell liquor to your neighbors; now, will you tell us how many you sell to?"

"That's none of your business. That's my consarn."

"Well, well," said Barber; "you have been asking me to define my position upon what you call the liquor law. This I will do if you keep good-natured, and answer my questions."

"I did'nt come here to be questioned; but if you must know, I suppose about eight or ten regular customers."

"They all have families?" said Barber.

"Yes; they all have families, too."

"Large families, I suppose?"

"Yes, Large families."

"Well, they are poor men, too, I suppose," said Barber, "and labor hard?"

"They work hard, occasionally, and live on what they earn."

"You get about all these eight or ten men earn, I suppose?"

"I reckon I gits a good deal of it."

"It takes about all you can make in your tavern, down there, to support your family decently?"

"Is that any of your business?"

"Why, yes, I think so."

"Well, then, it does take about all I can scrape together; But I do it honestly."

"Of course, you do it honestly! But if you get all the money your eight or ten customers earn, and can scarcely live comfortably, then what becomes of the families of your customers, and where is their comfort and support to come from?"

"Oh, that's none of my business. I don't meddle with other people's business. I would be a pretty fool, indeed, if men would come and offer me money, to refuse it. You would'nt catch a lawyer at that kind of game; eh, old ferret-eye! would you, ha?"

"That would depend very much upon circumstances, whether you ought to take the money when it was offered to you, by those poor, hard-working men. You certainly ought not to take it from their families, who need it worse than yours, unless you give them an equivalent. Whiskey is certainly not a valuable consideration, for the husband and father is worse off with it than without it."

"I've nothing to do with their families; I have enough to do to keep my own. We 've got a Poor House; if their is any danger of their suffering, let them go there."

"Well," said Barber, "I begin to feel some interest in this matter, as I live in this county, and am one of the tax-payers. Now, instead of sending these eight or ten families to the County Infirmary, had we not better send you, and your family there? It would be easier and cheaper to support and sustain one, than eight or ten, and if you are out of the neighborhood with your whiskey, these eight or ten men would be able to support their families respectably."

Before Barber had closed the above sentence, the tavern-keeper was seen making his way out of the crowd, grumbling as he went. Barber called to him—urged him to return and hear his views upon a prohibitory law; but he passed on, and doubtless, with no very pleasant reflections.

"They that fear the adder's sting, will not
Come near his hissing."

said Barber. "It is truth my old friend is unable to withstand. We are told—

"When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks."

So, you see, my fellow-citizens, this foolish; yes, this wicked practice of dram-selling, and dram-drinking, will not bear the touch of truth and investigation. Its advocate, on this occasion, as its friends must upon all occasions, when brought to the point, act upon the principle, that

"The better part of valor is discretion,"

run off, and leave their cause to the 'tender mercies' of its enemies, to be mutilated and torn, as their feelings and views may incline them.

Barber now went on to remark, that his opinions, as to the necessity of a prohibitory liquor law, were well understood in that community—that he never had any concealments to make—that his views upon that subject, could have nothing to do with his duties, as a member of Congress, no more than his notions of the divinity of the Koran—that there could be no legislation by Congress, involving the heavenly authority of the one, or the necessity of the other,—that, as he disdained disguise, he would say he was in favor of a law that would amount to prohibition; and that he cared not by what name it should be known, as it might be quite as efficacious by one as an other.

He had no doubt Leblond would derive great satisfaction from the public avowal he had just made. "No declaration's for the public eye," was his competitor's motto—that he did not know but the result would prove it the true policy; yet he could not reconcile it with his views of manliness. Though he had made no public declarations upon that, or any other subject, he had made numerous contradictory private ones; and as he had a specimen of the private communications of the gentleman—about as non-committal as anything he had seen in print, or elsewhere,—though private, it was in answer to a public challenge he had made him.

Drawing from his pocket the note of Leblond, which we have given at the beginning of this chapter, read it, and then added, that if he had

felt inclined to trifle, he might have sent the gentleman, in answer, the following lines from Young's Love of Fame:

> "A man of sense can artifice disdain,
> As men of wealth may venture to go plain:
> I find the fool, when I behold the screen,
> For, 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen."

"But," continued Barber, "I am in favor of a prohibitory law that will effectually protect us against the greatest curse with which God has ever permitted the human family to be afflicted; and in comparison with which, all other moral evils sink into utter insignificance. This foulest whelp of sin creates more misery, wretchedness, and woe, than a combination of all other causes. The ruinous extent of intemperance, would never be known, or fully appreciated, until the bottled tears of millions upon millions of widows and orphans—made such by its agency, with its other untold miseries and wrongs—should be exhibited amid the scenes of the Judgment day."

He went on to say, that he would not stop to delineate the tendency of this vice to annihilate all the finer feelings of the human heart. That he should not stop to show how effectually it converted the kind husband and indulgent father into the veriest demon—how it robbed the social circle of its brightest ornaments—how often it struck down the most honored among the sons of science, literature, and statesmanship—how it filled our

earth with tears and woe—how it brutalizes all that come within its fatal grasp; petrifying every thing by the magic of its touch; but would content himself, by noticing its effects upon us as tax-payers and members of society.

He argued that in this golden age, things were judged of in the light of the big dollar. That which reached into the pocket received immediate attention, and was the only avenue through which some men could be reached. That the pocket argument was usually successful when all others failed. Here, he showed, by facts and figures, the expenses of the county to be about six thousand dollars, for the three years preceding; and that, by a careful inspection of the causes that led to the commission of crime, the startling statistical fact was derived, that a fraction over four-fifths of all the crime committed in their county, during that period, had been produced, either directly or indirectly, by the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage. That if they would add to this the expense of sustaining the poor, made so by intemperance, they might have some idea of the amount they paid annually, in the shape of a county tax, for the support of this vice. A sum sufficient to support a first class academy in their county. That when they added the cost of the liquor, the time spent in drinking and recovering from its effects—the destruction of property by fire, and other accidents constantly occuring from its use, they had an enor-

mous sum—an amount sufficient to endow and sustain an excellent College in their midst; from which would flow out streams of intellectual and moral culture, irrigating and fertilizing the entire community.

He insisted, that if a sister county would attempt to lay their county under a contribution equal to the one extorted by this vice, that instead of laying down under the oppression, they would soon evince the spirit of "76." That from lad to gray-haired sire, all would "draw the sword and throw away the scabbard," in maintenance of their rights. Yet they were submitting to an oppression more grievous in its character, imposed upon them by the rum traffic.

"Your duty, my fellow-citizens," said he, "to yourselves, your families, your friends, your neighbors, to community, to posterity, to truth to progress; your duty as citizens, as politicians, as Christians; as men in the varied relations of life, imperiously demand that you should lose sight of all other questions—local or political, of every hue and complexion—in the selection of your legislators, except the all-absorbing question of banishing intemperance, the invader of your rights, 'more terrible than an army with banners.'"

CHAPTER XI.

Now, one 's the better—then, the other best;
Both trying to be victor, breast to breast:
Yet neither conquer, nor is conquered;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.—*Shakspear.*

In the Gazette, published a few days after Barber made his temperance speech, we find the following in its columns:

"There is now going off, in our Congressional District, an exciting contest for Congress, between two eminent lawyers, both distinguished for their ability, but not alike distinguished for their fairness and candor.

"'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise,
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength."

"Though we differ with Mr. Barber, politically, we are pleased with his frankness, and his manly method of electioneering, while we cannot accord to Mr. Leblond our entire approbation.

"There is a disease, extensively prevailing, among the political aspirants of the present day, we loath and detest; and we can find for it no more appropriate name than that of demagogueism. Whether Mr. Leblond has contracted the infection is a question we shall not now stop to in-

vestigate, but we will say, if Mr. Leblond should choose to 'stoop to conquer,' the record made by Barber, thus far, justifies us in the conclusion, that he has no disposition to imitate Leblond's example. 'Stoop to conquor,' is a sentiment unworthy of a talented, virtuous, and high-minded man, aspiring to be a statesman. It is unworthy of the enlightened age in which we live.

"We very much reget the position Leblond has deemed it important for him to occupy upon the temperance measure. It is not involved in the fight; and it is, therefore, neither honest nor manly in him to drag it into the controversy, and attempt improperly, to make capital out of it against a man too honest to disguise his sentiments upon that or any other subject upon which the people feel an interest. But what is worse, he is said to be at every point of the compass upon this subject. Chameleon like, he assumes the peculiar hue of those around him at the moment. If this be true, it is base, and exhibits him unworthy of public confidence. We have long since come to the conclusion, that the man who will deceive you for the purpose of getting your vote, will betray you in sacrificing your interests after he has your vote, if he has any motive to actuate him; for most certainly, there is no more want of principle in the one than in the other.

"By taking this coure we are incurring the fearful responsibility of bringing down upon our devoted

head the maledictions of the Sachems of our party. But we say, let them come tumbling down thick and fast; we can endure them—we can endure anything, in preference to be found fighting against truth, virtue, and the interest of the people.

"The Maine law can scarcely be said to be a political question in our State, at the present time. That it will eventually become a political question we have no doubt. Why it should not—and one, too, of the first magnitude—is more than we can imagine. Why a question, involving the interests and welfare of the people—the whole people, in every condition and situation, in every lane of life—should not be regarded in the light of a political question, is profoundly mysterious. We have always supposed that political government was instituted for the protection of society, and that political parties were organized, encouraged, and kept up, for the purpose of compelling government to look closely and vigilantly after the interests of society. It is possible that we may have been in error. If not, then this question must become, is now, a momentous political question. The Currency question, the Tariff question, and the question of Internal Improvements, have each in its day, been a political question intensely exciting; yet none of these questions—all of them combined—involve less of the true interests of society, than the question of a prohibitory liquor law. It is claimed, upon no less authority than the Hon.

Edward Everett, that ardent spirits, within the last ten years, has cost this nation a direct expense of over six hundred millions of dollars, and an indirect expense of six hundred millions more.—That it has, within that time, destroyed over three hundred thousand lives; and consigned to our jails some two hundred thousand more; and made paupers of over one hundred thousand of our children. That it has, within that period, caused some two thousand maniacs, and produced over three thousand suicides—has made some two hundred thousand widows, and not less than one million orphan children—instigated over fifteen hundred murders; and within the same length of time, burnt and destroyed over five millions of dollars worth of property.

If these are facts, and who can doubt them, supported as they are by the testimony of some of the first political and literary men of the nation? are they not startling, and sufficient to rouse every man capable of thought, upon the subject, and stamp the question as political, beyond controversy, and of the most weighty import?

"We lay no high claims to Cassandra gifts; yet we will venture the prediction, that the time is not far distant, when, if a man present himself as a candidate for political preferment, the first question propounded to him, will involve his othordoxy upon a prohibitory liquor law, and that he must answer it affirmatively, or his hopes of success will be blighted."

In the Republican, of the following week, a paper published in an adjoining county, echoing the political sentiments of the Gazette, we find the following :

" Halloo, there, you man of the Gazette, please tell us : When did you stop drinking ? We shall very soon expect from you an essay on moral philosophy ! Can you not favor us with a short homily, in your next number, upon the moral and religious culture of children, or an exegesis of some dark and mysterious passage of Holy writ ? You must not, however, contemplate a union of Church and State ; for, we assure you, it would meet with but little favor in this meridian. But, badinage aside, might it not be well for you to leave morals and religion to the clergy, where they properly belong, while you devote your time and energies to less weighty matters, to wit : the political movements of the day ?

" If Mr. Leblond be defeated, the sin must lie at your door, Mr. Gazette. We shall wash our hands of all responsibility connected with his defeat. We will keep our skirts clear, whatever course others in *their wisdom*, may see proper to take. We fear some personal matter between the Gazette and Mr. Leblond, has had much to do with this opposition.

" We must say, from a long and intimate personal acquaintance with Mr. Barber, we esteem him very highly as a man and a citizen. He is a lawyer of distinction, and a perfect gentleman ; and

we may go further, he is an honest man and a sincere Christian, and we are attached to him and admire him; nevertheless, we cannot vote for him, simply because we differ from him politically. We could not vote for our father, nor a brother, if he differed with us in politics. Barber is spending his energies in pulling down, what we are attempting to build up; and we, with our might, are pulling down and destroying what he is exerting himself to establish. Now, it strikes us with considerable force, that consistency, as well as fealty to party, requires us to use all honorable means within our reach, to sustain the nominee of our party. We are supporting measures, and not men. There is principle involved here, and hence we would sustain and vote for the representative of our principles if he were the merest 'man of straw,' without reference to the ability, qualifications, or character of the man who was his competitor. And this we conceive to be the duty of every partisan. We can imagine no state of things that would justify a different course.

"Mr. Leblond does not get drunk that we know of; and so long as he keeps sober we care not if he drink every day, and every hour in the day, he is temperate enough for our purpose.

"Whom may not scandal hit? those shafts are shot at a venture.
Who standeth not in danger of suspicion? that net hath caught the noblest."

"We hope our friend, of the Gazette, will give this matter the thought and reflection due it, be-

fore he takes upon himself the responsibility of defeating our candidate for Congress. That he can produce much dissension and trouble in his own county, if not in other portions of the District, we have no doubt. If from personal dislikes, or other reasons, he is unwilling to give Mr. Leblond that support to which he, as the regular nominee of the party, is entitled: we hope he will, at least, remain neutral. We admire the philosophy of the sick child, when, on being told he must swallow the nauseous drug, closes its eyes and gulps it down."

All the papers of the District, belonging to Leblond's political school, chimed in with the Republican—the Gazette standing isolated and alone in its opposition to Leblond. To the above article, the Gazette, in its next issue, replied as follows:

"This gulping process, and blind adhesion to party—particularly, when there are no political issues; no principles upon which the American people are, or can be divided—a mere scramble for patronage; a contest for the 'loves and fishes'—we regard as one of the most unfavorable indications in the signs of the times, and one that harbingers anything but the growth, progress, and welfare of our country.

"The religious and literary press present an unbroken front, in hostile array against intemperance. Now, is there any reason—can any reason be urged why the political press should not fall into the ranks, and labor unitedly for the banishment of

this great and fearful curse of our race. Let us suppose this state of things for the brief period of two or three years: who could estimate the result? Tippling would immediately become unpopular. The manufacturers of, and dealers in liquors, would seek other investments, upon the principle that rats desert a sinking ship, and the traffic would cease almost as by magic.

"We cannot be in error as to the potency and influence of the press; all will acknowledge it. It makes public sentiment—regulates the actions of men—brings men, measures, and systems into notice, and renders them popular or odious, at its will. What a responsibility! What a coming to judgment awaits those who wield the press, if it shall be found they have compelled the scale of virtue to kick the beam. Are not those, then, who stand at the helm of the press—who guide and give direction to it—bound by every tie that can bind man to man; by every tie that can bind him in the relation he sustains to heaven and the arbiter of worlds, to throw the entire weight of its influence in the side of virtue? Vice is, and has been since the fall, we had almost said, the *only* formidable enemy of the human race; and in whatever shape it may rear its deformed head, it is every good man's pleasure, as well as duty, to contribute his utmost effort to strike it down. How much more imperious the duty of those who stand upon the watch tower to "cry aloud and spare not?"

"When an alarming vice extensively prevails, the press is criminally at fault. When the press brings its powerful park of artillery to bear upon any particular vice—that vice, whatever shape it may have asssumed, however deep it may have sunken its roots in the popular prejudice or have been sustained by the allied powers of darkness—it is blown to the four winds of heaven.

"For one, we shall act fearlessly, and independently! We shall do

> "What conscience dictates to be done"

and let consequences take care of themselves. This is duty, and a man is in little danger of erring when in the faithful discharge of his duty.

> "He that has light within his own clear breast,
> May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
> But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
> Benighted, walks under the mid-day sun;
> Himself is his own dungeon."

"But, we are told that Barber will, if elected to Congress, vote against and oppose the cherished measures of our party. What measures, we ask? We repeat, there are no party measures. The old measures are all settled, and the people are acquiescing in the settlement. How much divine agency there was at work in bringing about this happy state of things—that the people, during the repose, might roll on this great temperance reformation to the final extinction of the terrible scourge, —we shall not now stop to enquire.

"Before we close this article, we will give our readers an item that will be news to most of them. Last Spring we jumped upon the cars, and in a few hours, was in Washington city. After the lapse of a short time we strolled down to the capitol, and was there met by two or three members, in the hall of the House, who took our arm and invited us to accompany them—which we did—first up one flight of stairs, and then another, through one narrow passage after another, until we finally came to a door, upon which our friends gently rapped, and was answered from the inside, by "who's there?" The pass-word was given by us, and we were admitted into a room where we found a table covered with provisions and liquors, and we were requested to eat and drink. We lingered there, purposely, for near an hour, to solve, if possible, the enigma. During our stay, we saw some thirty or forty members come and go, but observed no money was paid. The more we tried to unravel this strange affair, the more mysterious it appeared to us. After leaving the room, we inquired of one of the members what it meant; and was told the clerks, door-keepers, messengers, post-masters, and other hangers on, in and about the capitol, had raised by subscription among themselves, the amount necessary to defray this expense. But still we did not fully comprehend it until during the last hours of the session, a bill was introduced into the House, by a member we had ob-

served frequently passing up to the "refreshment room," to pay these subalterns an extra allowance of two hundred and fifty dollars each. Now, it was, that the object of this grocery in the National Capitol, flashed across our mind. Members by the score, had visited this room, during the day and evening, and had drank of their liquor, and now they were called upon to put their hands into the public treasury, and take out about the round sum of one hundred thousand dollars. It was too late for discussion. Several distinguished gentlemen endeavored to obtain the floor and expose the glaring outrage, but were unable. While some of the patrons of the Congressional grocery were crying "order, order!" others were bawling, "question, question! Give us a chance to vote! Let us have no speeches! Question, question!" And the bill passed in the midst of a scene that would have disgraced a back-woods country tavern, on Holy-eve night.

"Disgusted at the ludicrous farce, leaning upon the arm of a young gentleman of our acquaintance, who had been, for the preceding two years, a clerk connected with one of the departments, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, we sauntered up the Avenue. "Where do members get their authority for this novel proceeding?" we inquired.

"They do it," said he, without authority."

"But, how can conscientious men, acting under oath, be so reckless of the people's treasure?"

"That's easily got along with. Conscience with few exceptions, has little to do with such matters. That is only one item," continued he, "and, should I mention to you the ten thousand methods resorted to here, for bleeding the public treasury, it would challenge your credulity."

"Why," answered we, "is there no integrity left in the human heart?"

"It cannot be denied that drunkenness has a direct agency in all these peculations upon the government funds."

"In what way?" said we.

"You have seen how the extra allowance was voted through. The probability is, that not a member was spoken to upon the subject. The liquor and refreshments were purchased and taken to the capitol, and members invited to partake, with a kind of implied understanding that they were to vote us extra pay. Now," continued he, "if the city authorities want an appropriation—an old, stale Indian claim is to be paid—a mail line of steamers to be contracted for, or other stupendous project for the depletion of the treasury, set on foot, money is raised in proportion to the magnitude of the appropriation asked for, and this money put into the hands of men who will use it skilfully; and members are watched, and even Senators, are treated into a conviction of the just-

ness and propriety of placing their sacreligious hands upon the public funds for private purposes; and this is done with out regard to party. And as the members of both political parties are generally implicated in these frauds upon the government, the party papers dare not attack the villany. There is usually a mutual dependence between political editors and politicians, and hence these enormities are tolerated and not exposed."

"Why, that is a terrible state of things!"

"It is nevertheless true. Before men, as society has hitherto been organized, can become successful politicians, they must contract the habit of tippling, more or less; and before they pass through the various grades and stations that fit them for a seat in Congress, many of them become regular and confirmed drunkards; and the cupidity of the unprincipled scoundrels, who will lend their agency in this crusade against the national treasury, seize upon this vice and use it for their base purposes."

"Do these plunderers of the treasury, often succeed?"

"Much more frequently than you would imagine. The men you elect and send for the purpose of representing your interests and protecting the treasury of the Republic, many of them, are reached through this seductive vice, and their influence brought to bear, in this way, upon these grand and magnificent frauds upon the public treasury."

"The above is the testimony of an intelligent and conscientious young man, who unhesitatingly refused to take the extra allowance, and who had all this kind of thing for two years under his observation. Upon evidence so clear and free from suspicion, who would dare claim that a dissipated and drunken man was fit for any position of trust or responsibility? For our own part, we never expect to vote for a man of dissolute habits for any office, high or low—we care not to what political party he belongs. We hope soon to see the day when merit and true worth will constitute the claims—and the only claims—to office. Until this period shall arrive, the people are greatly exposed to imposition from brawling demagogues and empty pretenders."

CHAPTER XII.

——— "To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties, leads.—*Byron.*

"We have had a sad time since you left," said an interesting little girl, that had the appearence of having seen about ten summers, to Leblond, as he unlocked the door of his office; "and mother wishes you to call round as soon as convenient. Where have you been so long, Mr. Leblond? I have been here three or four times a day, for the last two weeks, and have not found you till now."

"Oh, I have been in the country, visiting my friends," answered Leblond. "What is wrong with you, sis, this morning?"

"Father has been acting so badly—he has been treating us so unkindly! He turned us all out in the rain, the other night, and we got as wet as ducks, and little George is quite sick since. Mother tried to get in with the little fellow to prevent him from getting wet, but when she went to the door, father would push her back, slam the door in her face, and stand against it! Poor little dear, how wet and cold he got! Mother has rocked him in the cradle every night since, and now she is sick."

"Is your father at home?"

"No indeed; he is in jail, and has been, nearly ever since you left."

"In jail?" Inquired Leblond, "For what?"

"They say he broke into a warehouse, one night, and took a dram of whiskey, and that he must go to the Penitentiary. You will not let them send him there for that little thing, will you, Mr. Leblond?"

"Certainly not, if I can prevent it. He ought not to go to the State prison for so petty an offence as that."

"Ma does nothing but cry and rock little George, since pa went to jail. We are all so sorry for pa, he has talked so good, and been so kind to us since he went to prison. He has been sober all the time, wants us to get him out, and says he will never drink any more. When he is sober, he is very good and kind to mother and the children. We want him home again; you will help us, Mr. Leblond, won't you?"

"I will," said Leblond, and immediately locked his office, and started to see Mrs. Sibley.

Upon entering her door he remarked, "Your daughter has been narrating a most unfortunate state of things, which appears to have occurred since I left. I hope the picture is not quite as dark as she has drawn it?"

"The picture could not be overdrawn—the half has not been told;" sighed Mrs. Sibley. "And,"

continued she, "Jane could give you but a meagre idea of the condition of things, and the trouble we have had since you left town, on account of Mr. Sibley. You are the only person of his acquaintance who can exert over him a beneficial influence. No sooner had you left then he became entirely unmanageable, and has given us a world of trouble. I am so distressed, life has become a burden. Oh! that the curtain would drop upon this scene! I sicken and grow faint at the thought of its extension. I have hugged the delusive hope that I should, sooner or later, be able to reform him; but entreaties, tears, and prayers, are alike unavailing; and he seems to be letting himself down, lower and lower, and every succeeding day cutting himself more and more effectually loose from every restraint; and now, I fear, he is in difficulty from which it will be extremely difficult to extricate him." While she wept, in the wildest despair, for several, minutes, and then sobbed—"Misery and suffering is my doom until the grave, which I trust is not distant, shall come to my relief.

"Jane informs me he is in prison. What are the circumstances which led to his arrest?"

"The facts are few. I was present at the examination before the magistrate, and it appeared that Thomas Johnson, about nine o'clock, two weeks ago to-morrow night, had occasion to step into his warehouse; and after he had unlocked his door, he heard a noise—immediately struck a light,

and discovered Mr. Sibley concealed behind a cask of liquor; that he enquired of him how he got there, and what he was doing; to which Mr. Sibley replied, he raised a window sash and entered; that he had taken nothing, and intended to take nothing but a glass of whiskey; and that, having got it, he was ready to leave; that he was induced to go in, for the reason he had been without liquor nearly all day, and without the means of getting it otherwise. You will now tell me, frankly, what you think of his case, so I may be prepared for the worst feature it can assume? Can it be, he is liable to be sent to the State prison for taking only one glass of liquor? We feel that the poor, unfortunate man deserves our sympathies rather than our censure."

Leblond said he had no doubt a technical burglary had been committed, for the commission of which, Mr. Sibley, if vigorously prosecuted, might be sent to the State prison; but as Sibley had few personal enemies, he hoped the prosecution could be suppressed. He would do all he could to avoid a prosecution, but if he should find himself unable to prevent it, then he would defend him with all the power he possessed.

Mrs. Sibley hoped to God he would. She said he had been very cruel to her and the children, but it was now more his misfortune than his fault.—She said they had earned some money, the two boys had labored about two months, at four dollars per month; the girls had been making some

shirts while she had been washing; and, that among them, they had accumulated about twenty-five dollars, the amount due upon their rent, and they were threatened with being ousted if they did not pay it; that Sibley had managed to get the most of it, which he expended for liquor. "He," continued she, "saw me receive six shillings from a lady, for whom I had done a large washing, and insisted upon my giving it to him, but knowing he intended to buy whiskey with it, I of course refused; he insisted and pressed the matter until I told him it was useless to urge farther; when he became enraged and struck me a violent blow, and I fell to the floor and was, for sometime, insensible.—When I recovered my children were standing around my bed, where they had carried me, weeping. I saw no more of Mr. Sibley, for two days, and have not since seen the six shillings. When I fell I suppose he took the money from my bosom. I thought so, not only for the reason the money was gone, but because of his long absence. The unprincipled liquor retailers would not have kept him about them a moment longer than his money was exhausted. Mr. Leblond, you may think it pretty strong language for a lady to use, but I must say, if the devil do not catch these scamps, I am unable to see the use to which a hell could be put," and added, she could detain him for many hours in relating her grievances, and the bad conduct of her unfortunate and ruined husband; but that, not-

withstanding, she could not endure the idea of his going to the Penitentiary.

"I have," continued she, "been frequently at the jail, since his imprisonment, and he promises reformation; and it may be if he can be saved from the consequences of this folly—for it was not a crime—he may yet live to be a blessing to his family, and useful to society. I have nothing with which to compensate you, but hope you will spare no pains."

Leblond said he wanted no pay, and would exert himself to save him. The term of Court at which he was to be tried, was approaching; and Leblond, anxious to see his old friend and preceptor again enjoying his liberty, called upon the public Prosecutor to ascertain if the prosecution could not be stopped, but was informed, "that such had been the base and infamous character of his treatment to his family, that community," in the language of the Prosecutor, "was down upon him; that public opinion was opposed to his enlargment until he had paid the utmost penalty the law could inflict upon him;" also, the additional fact, that Barber was retained to assist the Attorney for the State in the prosecution.

Leblond immediately repaired to the prison, for the purpose of having an interview with Sibley. He found Sibley, who was when, perfectly himself, a clear-headed and talented lawyer, keenly alive to a sense of the critical position he occupied.

After a long and tedious consultation, it was determined between them, that Sibley must rely for hope upon the inexperience of the young Attorney for the State, who was, by no means, skilled in the technicalities of criminal pleading.

The Grand Jury found and presented "a true Bill" for burglary, in which it was charged, "that Sibley, on the twenty-seventh day of September, about nine in the night season of the same day, feloneously, burglariously and forcibly, broke and entered the warehouse of Peter Snook's with intent then and there one gill of whiskey of the value of three cents, the property of Thomas Johnson, then and there being found, to steal take and carry away, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State."

The Defendant, after a careful examination of the Indictment, insisted upon his constitutional right of a speedy trial. Thereupon a Jury was called, empanneled, and sworn, a true verdict to render according to the law and the evidence.

Barber, for the State, rose and said he regretted the condition of his former friend and competitor at the bar, but necessity compelled him to say, the Defendant was guilty as he stood charged; that the tetismony would disclose that on the night of the twenty-seventh of last month, the Defendant, Sibley; had entered the warehouse of Thomas

Johnson, by hoisting a window sash, and stole one gill of whiskey."

Barber said that he had no language adiquate to the task of conveying a faint idea of his feelings upon so solemn an occasion. That when he reflected, the Defendant was a member of the bar—once an honorable and distinguished member—with as high hopes and flattering prospects as any man in, or out of the State; it pained him to the heart to see him now a miserable wreck of his former self; without hopes, without money, without every thing—even without friends, except his unfortunate wife and children; and they, and they alone, of all the world, notwithstanding his brutal treatment of them, still clung around him. The man, once the pride of the community in which he lived, now so low that

"None so poor as do him reverence."

It was not only painful to the feelings, but was deeply humiliating, to see a man of such brilliant talents and high cultivation, reduced to so deplorable a condition, by tippling. With lofty and interesting prospects beckoning him onward and upward, he had allowed a beastly appetite to distroy him, regardless of the fate of an affectionate wife and dependant children. His duty compelled him to insist upon a verdict of guilty. The penalty, he conceded, was very severe, yet the man who would commit a Penitentiary offence for the sake of three cents worth of liquor, could be of no pos-

sible use to himself, his family, or society—was a living, walking, nuisance; and it would be better for himself, for his family, and the community in which he lived, to have him in prison than out. There he would have time and opportunity for reflection—for reformation—for resolves and re-resolves, with ample space to carry them into practice.

Mr. Leblond rose and said, in substance, their defence was a legal one; and that it might be true if his client escaped the Penitentiary, he would be less indebted to his own virtuous purposes and actions, than to the blunders and want of learning of prosecuting counsel. That it was with extreme pleasure he was able to announce to them the startling fact, notwithstanding the confidence of counsel on the part of the State, that his client was in no more danger of being immured in the Penitentiary, than his friend Barber was, of being elected to Congress; and after indulging in several other light and facitious remarks, sat down.

The State introduced Tom Johnson, who testified that he had rented the warehouse of Peter Snooks, who was the owner, and that he was in possession at the time of the breaking: that Sibley had acknowledged, when he found him in the house, he had stolen and drank about one gill, which was worth two or three cents. Here the State rested the case.

On the part of the defence, no cross-examination was desired; and the State having rested, Le-

blond rose and moved the Court to discharge the prisoner upon the ground of a defect in the indictment, to wit: that the warehouse was laid in Peter Snookes, while it was in the possession of Tom Johnson—claimed, it aught to have been laid in Johnson—produced two or three authorities upon the point, and closed.

Barber stated to the Court that he had paid little or no attention to the indictment; but supposed, of course, it was correctly drawn, and closed by remarking that:

"Quirks and quibles have no place in the search after truth."

The Court ruled the defect, in the indictment, fatal; and directed the jury to return without leaving their box, a verdict of not guilty of burglary, but guilty of petit larceny, and find the value of the property; all of which was done—the prisoner remanded—and the jury discharged.

On the morning after the conviction of Sibley of petit larceny, he requested the Jailor to have his two boys—one about eleven, and the other thirteen years old,--brought to see him. After the interposition of the necessary length of time, the boys were admitted into the cell. When the father addressed them as follows:

"My dear boys, you see my condition; you see the wretched state of things to which my folly has reduced me. Had it not been for my habits of intemperance, I might have been, if not the first, certainly among the first lawyers of the State.

Might have been in affluent circumstances. Yes, rich; with means of giving each of you a thorough collegiate course, as well as a finished education to each of your sisters; with an ample fortune left for your mother and myself to lean upon in the decline and evening of life. I could have reached almost any political position in the State and nation, to which my vanity might have induced me to have aspired. But I have sacrificed my personal, and my political hopes. I have sacrificed wealth; the hopes of my family—their peace and comfort. I have sacrificed reputation and character, principles and conscience, selfrespect and self confidence—every thing—all gone! Nothing left!—simply because I allowed myself to contract the ruinous habit of drinking. It came upon me gradually, but certainly, until I am ruined, undone; disgusted with myself and the rest of the world. No confidence in man, and less in myself—a poor, miserable, three-cent thief; without hope in this world or the world to come. Now let me request you never to drink even one drop of any thing that will intoxicate; lest, like your unfortunate father, you may gradually contract the habit, when your ruin—temporal and eternal—will be sealed. In order that you may avoid the fatal rock upon which your father has been wrecked, will you not swear eternal hostility to alcoholic drinks?"

His sons, having signified their intention to take the oath, were requested to hold up their right

hands, when he administered to them the following oath: "You, and each of you, do most solemnly swear, by the living God, you will never drink any spirituous liquor, as a beverage; that you will never traffic in the same, and that you will wage a war of extermination against its use, as well as abuse. This you promise, as you shall answer to Almighty God, in the judgment of the Great day."

"Oh!" continued Sibley, "had I taken a similar oath in youth, and observed it faithfully, what a blessing would it not have been to myself, my family, and the community in which I have lived? But I am a poor, ruined, degraded wretch; unfit to live and unfit to die.

"Now, return to your poor, distressed mother and sisters, and make them as happy as in your power. Tell them I, too, have taken a solemn oath, never again to let liquor enter my lips; and urge them to pray God that I may be enabled, religiously, to observe my solemn vow to heaven."

Towards the close of the term the court directed the Sheriff to place Sibley at the bar; and at the close of the morning business, Judge Alban thus addressed the prisoner:

"John Sibley, stand up! At the present term of this Court, the Grand Jury of this county, fifteen in number, chosen to that position on account of their known and acknowledged integrity, wisdom, and virtue, have found and returned, upon their

solemn oaths and affirmations, against you, a bill of indictment for burglary. Upon this charge, if found guilty, you must have been confined for a series of years, in the Penitentiary, and there kept at hard labor—shut out from society—a branded, degraded criminal. Your fragile physical constitution, which has already begun to give way, from your dissolute habits, would probably have sunk beneath the restraint there imposed upon you; and it would, in all human probability, have been your grave. But for an inexcusable blunder on the part of the officer of this Court, charged with preparing the indictment, it would now be my painful duty, in pursuance of the laws of the State, to consign you to a felon's cell; to deprive you of liberty; to take from you the blessings of society—the attentions of your friends and their sympathy—deprive you of all that could attach you to life. And I am by no means satisfied that it would not be better for this community—better for your family and for yourself—if that mistake had not occurred. Had you went to prison, in the solitude of your lone cell, you would have had ample time for thought and meditation; and had you survived the period allotted, you might have come out a better man; and you might, to some extent, be better prepared to resume those duties which you once so faithfully discharged to your family and society. It is true, an indelible mark would have been set upon you, but an honest, upright course of conduct, for a few

years, would partially have restored you again to the confidence of society; and though you would be in a crippled condition, you could, I doubt not, have passed down the stream of time much more agreeably to yourself, and others with whom you might chance to be connected. But now, you are soon to be mixing again with the world, and by your 'profligate habits, carry pestilence into the bosom of domestic society;' and it is difficult to conjecture where your unhappy career may terminate.

"Now, Sibley, you are a man of talents, and ought to be a man of sense. Your former position in Society—your position at the bar—your profound legal and political knowledge, induce me to regard you as more than an ordinary man. Will you not reform and be yourself again? Let me conjure you, by all you hold dear and sacred in life, to turn. This Court feels a deep interest in your reformation. We recollect, with a feeling compounded of pleasure and pain, some of your distinguished and brilliant efforts at this bar.—Pleasure at the promise of future usefulness you gave, and pain that we have been doomed to disappointment. This Bar feels a deep interest in you. Had your powerful intellect, backed up by a virtuous life, been exercised in rolling back the turbid wave of crime that is spreading ruin, desolation and death around; what obligations might you not have thrown society under to you? But

more,—a most solemn and sacred duty to your family, requires that you should reform, and go immediately to their aid and protection.

"For my own part," continued Judge Alban, "I have but little confidence in your reformation. A hope can scarcely be entertained for a man who has no self-respect; who is so far lost to every sense of common decency, as to inflict violence upon the person of the wife of his bosom; and while she was in a state of insensibility, upon the floor, from the effects of the brutal blow you had given her, take from her person the pittance she had earned over the wash-tub, and made yourself beastly drunk, the better to qualify you for your cruelty towards her, whom you have solemnly sworn at Hymen's altar, to love, cherish and protect.

"Would that I could reach the inmost recesses of your corrupt heart, cicatrized as it is, with insensibility and guilt, that I might feel around its dark cavities for some dormant germ of love to God or man, upon which to hang a hope that you will be yourself again, but

——"Where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume?"

"The sentence of this Court is, that you be taken to the jail of this county, and confined in the dungeon thereof, for the period of thirty days, and that you be fed upon bread and water only, and that you pay the costs of this prosecution. Mr. Sheriff remand the prisoner."

CHAPTER XIII.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.—*Dryden.*

A few evenings subsequent to Sibley's trial, Judge Alban, Prosecutor Lahm, Sheriff Sikes and four or five members of the bar, met in a saloon, and after drinking freely, Leblond commenced narrating Judicial anecdotes, which Judge Alban immediately recognized as a part of his own history. For sometime the Judge attempted to repel the force of them by an assumed dignity, but it was too thin a covering to conceal his wounded pride. By this time the company was joined by several other legal gentleman, who aided in pouring in upon the Judge, hot shot from every direction. While some were quoting portions of his charges to the Grand Jury, and other weak sayings of the Judge, in which he had evidently been courting public favor, others were pretending to give the Judge's experience and want of success in his political struggles and electioneering schemes.

"Now," said the Judge, "a truce to this, and I'll call in the whiskey punch."

"Agreed! agreed!" responded the crowd.

"No," said Leblond, "I must reserve the privilege of telling one joke at the Judge's expense."

"And I shall insist upon the same right," remarked Lahm.

"I have one that is new," said another, "and has, probably, never been published. I can scarcely agree not to tell it."

"Why, d—n it," said the Judge, quite petulently, "you intend to get my whiskey, I suppose, and then continue your annoyance?"

This produced quite a roar of laughter, and loud calls for the hot punch.

Presently, the whiskey punch arrived, piping hot, and our professional gentlemen seized it with as much avidity as if it had been the elixir of life, or the dissolved pearls of Cleopatra, while it savored more of the hemlock of Socrates.

"Well," said the Judge, with a pompous air, "this reminds us of olden times, when we traveled the circuit on horseback, and after reaching Court, through the mud and over swollen streams, we would try causes all day, and play cards and drink whiskey all night."

"I know but little of the usages of other days," exclaimed Leblond, "but it reminds me forcibly of modern times and recent events."

"Perhaps, after all," said the Judge, "there has not been so much change. The bar always drank too much."

"How do you account for that?" said Leblond.

"I account for it in this way," replied the Judge. "Lawyers frequently attend foreign Courts, where they not only meet their brethren of that particular bar, but of distant bars, and often have but one or two causes, which are not reached upon the calendar for several days, and in the meantime, they are sauntering about town with time hanging heavily upon them; while they are invited to drink often twenty times per day, and after having drank repeatedly and freely, it becomes their turn to treat, which they must do or be thought penurious; so the babit is formed unconsciously. We are terribly exposed; terribly, gentlemen, terribly!" While he guzzled down his hot punch without seeming to know, or care, what he was saying.

"You, I am told, Judge, have heen able to play a strong game at old sledge, poker, &c. &c.," said Lahm."

"In my younger days," replied the Judge, "I was hard to beat;" swelling to near twice his ordinary dimentions with pure, unmixed dignity.

"Indeed? I have understood you lost frequently, and in fact, all you made for many of the first years of your professional life."

"Do you intend to insult me sir?"

"Not at all," replied Lahm, "but common rumor says you were troubled with the shorts, about those times, from that and kindred causes."

"I was most cursedly alarmed for Sibley, at one

time during the progress of the trial," said the Sheriff. "It looked very much like conviction."

"You did'nt understand it," said Alban. "Why, do you suppose I would allow a man to be sent to the Penitentiary for stealing three cents' worth of liquor? No, sir! I have too much sympathy for that class of men."

"From the manner in which you lectured Sibley, I might add, insulted him; I would readily suppose your bowels of compassion yearned over him! But I would be glad to know by what authority you could interpose between a criminal and his fate, when his destiny was fixed beyond cavil, by the testimony and the well settled law of the land?"

"Well, sir," said the Judge; while he seemed to be gathering the ermine around his inflated and polluted person; "you would have had the pleasure of witnessing the authority by which I would have interposed between Sibley and his fate, had not your blunder saved me the necessity."

"My blunder, as you term it, was innocent, having resulted from oversight; but, had I averred Johnson the owner of the property, you could not have saved him, and regarded your official oath. You could have committed moral perjury, by a total disregard of that oath, and so you could in every cause tried at bar. But had the infamous Jeffreys attempted as flagrant an infraction of the law, and disregard of official duty, even the down-trodden people of that iron age, would not have

tolerated it. So far as principle and law are concerned, I can see no difference between your interposing code, and the code of Judge Lynch. You can run riot over law, justice, and equity; as you have the power, and frequently the will—and his Honor, Judge Lynch, can do no more."

"There are many things you do not comprehend. You could not, or did not, see the importance of averring the warehouse to be the property of Johnson. Your pitiful allusion to my perjury fell short of its mark; my feelings are proof against vulgar personalities. I will take care of the jury, and you too, when it shall become necessary."

"Taking your history," said Lahm, "as the standard by which to judge, I would suppose you about as illy qualified to discharge the important duty of taking care of yourself, as any man in the community in which you have lived. And I would suggest to you the propriety of taking some care of public opinion, which, if I have properly interpreted the signs of the times, will very soon give you 'fits.' You can have but little idea, I apprehend, of the deep-toned thunder mutterings, everywhere heard in disapproval, when you interposed between justice and the negro who commtited the outrage upon the young girl, below B. But I meditated no assault upon your feelings. I am quite too well acquainted with the obtuseness of your sensibility, to attempt anything of the kind. There

are some men whose feelings can only be reached by pounding their fingers with a hammer."

The Judge was a large corpulent man, and slow in action, as well as in speech; but was leisurely gathering himself up for the rencounter. When Lahm, rising to his feet and assuming a belligerent attitude, said: "Permit me to say, sir, you are the greatest judicial tyrant that ever disgraced the bench in ancient or modern times, Lord Jeffreys not accepted."

Before our worthy Prosecutor had closed his bitter sarcasm, Judge Alban had thrown aside the ermine in a heap, with no inconsiderable amount of his assumed dignity, if he had not done it before, and was upon his feet in a fighting posture, ready for a fisticuff. And had not an ex-Judge, who happened to be present, interposed, it would have terminated in more than a war of words.

Here, the Sheriff proposed an amicable adjustment of all differences, over an additional bowl of hot whiskey-punch, at his expense. The Judge and Prosecutor swaggering assent.

Leblond insisted that Alban and Lahm should shake hands, and go through the ridiculous farce of drinking each other's health from the same flask, which he drew from his pocket filled with a choice article of brandy, as a condition precedent to bringing forward the punch. Lahm took the bottle, and before drinking, said: "Here is hoping the Judge, in future, will hold the scales of justice

with an even hand, and be an honor to the bench." But added,—in an under tone, distinctly heard by Alban, and all present—"he'll have to change like h—ll, if he do,"—immediately drank, and handed the bottle to Judge Alban; who took it, and after holding it up and looking at it a moment, said: "Here is regretting that you are what you are, but hoping for a reformation is hoping against possibilities."

"Now," exclaimed the crowd, as with one voice, "for the punch, for the punch!—punch! punch!!" But the punch was a little tardy, which was unfortunate for Leblond's bottle, as it was called for, passed round, and emptied of its contents.

At length, the new recruit of punch was on the tapis, and all in silence for sometime continued to sip the nectar, when the stillness of the occasion was interrupted by Lahm remarking, that he had great difficulty in getting witnesses before the Grand Jury, at the recent term of the Court, and"—

"Well, and wh- what of it?" hiccoughed Judge Alban, breaking in upon Lahm's unfinished sentence.

"Nothing," replied Lahm, "except that I intend the censure and responsibility of this thing, shall rest where it properly belongs. I am followed up and chased down by temperance men, and my path beset on every side, by grocery influence. I am damned if I do, and damned if I don't; and

now, I'm damned if odium for keeping witnesses away from the Grand Jury, shall not lie at the door of somebody. I used every effort in my power to have John Smith, Abner Jay, and others, subpœnaed before the Grand Jury, but failed. I even went so far as to procure an attachment, which the Court reluctantly granted, but that attachment was never served; and I very much suspect it is still in the hat of Mr. Sheriff, if he has not destroyed it.

"This thing is all wrong, and the people are inquiring into the "whys and wherefores," and are not satisfied short of a direct and positive answer, and I am resolved to give it—criminate whom it may. Drunkenness is decimating the land, and fearfully increasing our taxes, and the better portion of community are waking up to their true interests upon this subject. Why is liquor sold by every grocer, merchant, and tavern, in our town and county, in violation of law, and in defiance of law, is a question that must be answerd; and all I have to say at present is, "stand from under," I am conscious of having done my duty."

"You will play the d—l, and smash things," said the Sheriff.

"I shall let the facts be known," retorted Lahm, "and if they shall 'smash' the prospects of some of your drunken deputies, and nip their hopes of promotion to the Sheriffalty, you must blame it upon their failure to discharge their duty."

"Would it not be well for you," said Alban, "to wait until you get sober before you commence lecturing on temperance? It is silly nonsense for you to assume so saintly a position. We all know you, and your habits; and that you have derived as much political aid from winking at that sin, and dancing attendance upon the liquor influence, as any man among us. You cannot deny, sir, that you are indebted, for the official position you now occupy, to the weighty argument, among the drunken rabble, that you could carry more liquor without a jug, than any of your competitors. You were elected through that influence, and you are now either hypocritical or parricidious."

"Well," said Lahm, "I have the merit, at least, of being on but one side at the same time. While I have been for, or against the liquor traffic, and have never occupied dubious ground; you have not only been constantly upon the fence, but alternately, upon both sides of it at the same time. You dare not deny, sir, that you have delivered temperance speeches during the day, to the Grand Jury, in which you have said, the man who sold his neighbor liquor and made him drunk, was worse than if he had stolen his property; and through the night following, gamble and become as drunk as Bacchus, and scarcely able to reach home, in the morning, without assistance. Yet, with all these irregularities, when upon the bench, you assume a dignity that would repel even the

Autocrat of the Russias'; and then, how pure, moral, just, and impartial—a finished professor of eithics as well as law—yet the ample folds of ermine is insufficient to conceal the tyrant, particularly after a night of debauchery."

"You must not disgrace us by a fight and a row here," stammered Leblond, as he staggered between the belligerents. "Bring us a mint ju-ju-julip."

Judge Alban, pleased with the prospect of more liquor, remarked, it has been said, 'music hath charms to soothe a savage'—though he repelled the idea that they were savages, yet he thought it might have a beneficial influence upon their angry, turbulent passions, and make them in love with all about them; and that he would, therefore, give them a specimen of his Scotch music; and he, accordingly, went off into one of those happy moods which always indicates the amount of canvass he had flung to the breeze.

"Judge," said Leblond, "you are of Scotch extraction, I think I have understood?"

"Yes," answered Alban, as he swelled like the toad in the fable: "I am a lineal descendent from that noble, noble woman—'Mary, Queen of Scots!'"

"A descendent of kings, eh?" retorted Lahm.

"Yes," replied Alban, "more—of Queens."

"Ye gods!" said Lahm: "How the blood has degenerated!"

"What a glorious woman was that Mary Stuart! Never has this terrestial ball produced her equal, always excepting that other Mary—the blessed virgin,"—remarked Alban, without seeming to have noticed Lahm.

"Ah, but Judge," said Lahm, "you should bear in mind, in these days of Democracy, 'tis—

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow."

* * * * * *

"Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood,
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.
Go! and pretend your family is young!
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long!
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the *Stewarts*."

What is the benefit, when our appearance as well as our actions, stamp us every inch a plebian? 'Tis silly; oh, it is ludicrous, in this plain republican country, to attempt to borrow importance from the nobility of a fictitious ancestry.

"Virtue, alone, is true nobility"

True worth and "modest merit" never take airs and assume dignity because of the pecuniary, or intellectual, distinction of ancestry; and where that spirit is manifested, it can with entire confidence be regarded as evidence, conclusive that their fathers belonged to the vulgar herd, and not to the patrician order. This royal blood," continued Lahm, addressing Leblond, "accounts for Alban's despotism and petty tyranny over the young-

er members of the bar. It often shows itself, though far very far removed from the parent stock."

Alban was in a position, anything but pleasant, yet his folly—his weakness—had invoked it, and hence he had to submit as best he could.

The Judge was a man of fair intellect, and in early life, was possessed of generous and manly impulses; but in consequence of domestic vexation, and political disappointment, his temper had become soured, and it occasionally appeared to carry a secret joy to his heart to be able to vent his spleen upon some unfortunate individual completely in his power. He never was known to attack any person, unless he was protected by his privilege as Attorney or Judge, from reply; and his refined and elevated pleasures were drawn from the pain he inflicted upon others, and the more excruciating, the more extatic his enjoyment.

Lawyers, from some cause not yet understood —probably from habit—have a practice of getting their feet upon a table, stove, or any thing that may chance to be in their neighborhood more elevated than the seat upon which they are, at the time, sitting. This practice the Judge regarded as not strictly Chesterfieldian, and therefore, attempted to break up the habit, which afforded one of the most laughable, not to say ludicrous scenes, we ever remember to have witnessed. It reminded us of an old-fashioned Irish pedagogue, hectoring his half frightened urchins. While de-

livering an opinion in an important case he would stop and exclaim, "your feet off the table, sir!" Down went the feet, but in the course of a few minutes, some member who had been engaged during the previous reprimand, would throw himself back into his chair, and up would go his feet upon the counsel table; then, the Court would come down upon him, with "Your feet off the table, sir!" He loved to indulge, when partially intoxicated, in vital stabs at private character, by dark insinuations and meaning glances, but lacked the manliness and courage for an open and direct attack; and thus was he engaged, frequently, in undermining, insidiously, the character and standing of certain members of the bar.

His Honor possessed another imperfection, in common with the rest of the human race. While all men love that delicious aliment called flattery, Judge Alban had this rascally virtue in a most pre-eminent degree. It may be said, with truth, that the entire Adamic race are fond of flattery, and that the only difference between men consists in this, that while you must serve it up exceedingly delicate for some, you can pitch it down the throats of others with a barn-floor shovel; and to the latter class belonged the Judge. The coarser the article the more agreeable to his taste. This frailty of his honor was the only avenue through which he could be approached with any tolerable degree of ease.

"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame,
Till his relish grew callous almost to disease;
Who peppered the highest was surest to please."

The acumen of the bar, in different portions of the circuit, was not slow to discover this weakness of the Judge; and hence, it was not uncommon to hear, on the trial of unimportant as well as the most important causes, the grossest flattery flung in the face of his honor, for the purpose of securing his favor and carrying a point. That which would have called up a blush on the cheek of modesty, was gulped down with greediness by Alban, and regarded as more weighty than powerful logic, consecutive argument, or even indisputable authorities.

The Judge had, in every county of his district, one or two favorites; generally the more unscrupulous, who followed him in his midnight revelries, took possession of his heart, controlled his judgment and ruled his decisions.

"Many wiles had they, and many modes of catching,
But every trap was selfishness, and every bait was praise."

These he would permit to be out of order according to their freaks and whims, while the remainder of the bar were watched with Argus eyes, and their causes frequently sacrificed; and when compelled to carry their causes into a higher court in order to obtain justice, Judge Alban would often follow them and manifest all the anxiety to sustain

his ruling below, which usually characterizes young advocates of zealous, sanguine temperaments, with an eye single to success, without reference to justice or equity.

He was occasionally told, by a friend, that the unbridled passion to which he was sacrificing honor, principle, justice, and friends, would destroy him; yet he chose darkness rather than light; probably in imitation of his pretended ancestry, as Goldsmith, in his history of Englaud, tells us that the house of Stuarts were proverbial for their treachery to friends and patrons in extremities.

CHAPTER XIV.

Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their courses,
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before --*Pope.*

"Have you heard the difficulty into which A. P. Jewett has got himself?" said a sprightly young lawyer to judge Jones as he drove up to the door of a hotel, in one of the western villages of the State.

"No," quickly replied Jones, "what difficulty, pray, has he got into?"

"So, you have heard nothing about it?"

"No, certainly not," said the Judge, impatient to learn the character of Jewett's trouble.

"Then," said his informant, "you had better go immediately to the jail and learn the facts from himself."

"Jewett in jail!" exclaimed Judge Jones.—"What, upon earth, does all this mean?"

"Certainly, he is," replied the young man.

The Judge, without further delay, repaired to the jail, and found Jewett in prison, and learned from him the cause of his "capture and detention."

Jewett, for several weeks had been perambulating the State, electioneering for Judge Jones; and

in his travels, he came in contact with those of the Judge's opponents who were circulating against him the charge of his intemperance, as well as those who were repelling the charge; and among the latter he found, or imagined he found it necessary to take an occasional dram; and being unaccostomed to drinking, it produced the impression, where he was unknown, that he himself was addicted to intemperance.

But, as the Judge and Jewett are now together, Jewett must be permitted to give his own account of the matter..

"Why, what in heaven's name are you doing here? enquired Jones.

"Well, Judge," said Jewett, "I am truly glad to see you, whether I have gotten into trouble remains to be seen."

"But," exclaimed the Judge, "how, and by what possible means did they get you into prison?"

"In passing through the State," said Jewett, "I occasionally find it necessary to get up the impression that you are persecuted—that the temperance organizations are bringing all their appliances to bear upon you. That they have singled you out from among a host of candidates with a view of striking down your character and prostrating you forever. And for the purpose of showing my contempt for the ethics of that school of politicians, —for they are nothing more nor less than politicians—I have indulged a little in the "critter;"

and up North, some fourteen miles, while pretty well "fuddled," Tom Harris came along and charged me with being drunk, and added that it was very appropriate for one drunken loafer to electioneer for another. Thereupon, while under the influence of a violent fit of passion, I immediately wrote him to meet me at such time and place, and with such weapons as he might designate, and I would chastise him for his insolence; and incredible as it may appear, the cowardly puppy, instead of accepting the challenge, immediately filed his affidavit, and I was required to enter into a recognizance of two thousand dollars, and in default, to be committed to jail. Being wholly unacquainted in this section of the State, I, of course, could not give the required bail; hence, your honor finds me in jail, not quite as calm as a May morning. Had I kept myself perfectly sober, as I ought to have done, this terrible disgrace would not have happened to me."

"I have no distinct recollection of the precise character of the challenge, as I was both angry and intoxicated when I penned it; and at the time of my arrest and commitment, I was still under the influence of liquor; so I was incapable of fully knowing and appreciating what was transpiring around me; but I have no doubt it comes within the purview of the statute; and, from the cowardly and malignat feeling Harris has manifested, he will cary this criminal proceeding a fearful length.

Can I escape conviction? I must confess I am greatly alarmed, and can see no hope if it shall be prosecuted. I would be unwilling to derive any benefit from the plea of drunkenness, even if it were available. I will never attempt to shield myself from the consequences of one crime, by taking shelter under another. I would as soon go to the Penitentiary as urge my incapacity to commit crime from drunkenness."

"You have, really, got into serious trouble. It is most unfortunate. I know that Harris is a most unprincipled villain," continued Judge Jones, "and have frequently wondered how such a creature,—"fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils," got into the profession he so shamefully digraces. He, as well as the scamp who certified for him at the time of his admission, ought to be thrown over the bar for want of integrity and moral worth."

"Judge," said Jewett, "our wonder at the admission of such men into an honorable and liberal profession, abates when we recollect that a Judas was in the cabinet of the Saviour of the World."

"While you were narrating the facts of your case," said Judge Jones, "I was trying to conceive of a defence. and have been entirely unable to satisfy myself with any you can interpose with safety, and have finally determined the case must never come to trial."

"How is it to be avoided?" inquired Jewett.

"Every man has his price," replied the Judge.

Harris must be bought off. That challenge must be destroyed, and the prosecution suppressed. That is your only salvation."

"In making that arrangement, Judge," said Jewett, "you must take into the account the fact, that fortune has never smiled propitiously upon your humble servant, except by furnishing him with a very liberal share of baby responsibilities, which in a negotiation, such as you speak of, would not be 'a present help in time of need.'"

"You must be cut loose from this dilema, cost what it may. And, of course, it would neither be manly nor honest in me to let you pay the penalty of my dereliction to duty. That I must be permitted to settle," continued Jones, "entirely myself as a part of the punishment due on the old score of getting drunk on the Hamlin trial."

"But, Judge," said Jewett, "this expenditure which you are now contemplating, would not, and could not have been required, had I maintained the character due my position on the temperance question; and, therefore, I ought, at least, to be allowed to divide the expense with you."

"Not at all, sir!" instantly replied Judge Jones. "You are not to make any additional sacrifice—no more immolations upon the altar of my folly. Had I maintained the character due the position I occupied, you would not have been called upon to sacrifice principle, and could not upon my account, have been placed in a condition where you were

liable to temptation or trouble. I will open a correspondence; or rather, will cause a correspondence to be opened with Harris in the course of a few days, upon this subject, and in the meantime I will allow a writ of Habeas Corpus, and have you taken out of this infernal hole, and let to bail"

The Judge returned to the hotel, and after partaking of some refreshments drew up the application for the allowance of the writ; carried it to the jail and procured the signature of Jewett; allowed the writ to issue; and, in a very short period, Jewett was before Judge Jones, on a writ of Habeas Corpus, and admitted to bail in the nominal sum of one hundred dollars, for which Jones became personally responsible to the individual who bailed Jewett.

"Judge," enquired Jewett, "would it not have been better to have put the bail bond at least one thousand dollars? The magistrate's bond was two thousand, and I very much fear your enemies will manufacture some capital against you out of the fact, that you have let me to bail upon a mere nominal sum. I would regret it exceedingly, if they used it to your disadvantage. If it happen to occur to them, they will use it against you as certainly, and to some purpose, too, as that you are a candidate."

"Mr. Jewett, I will be elected; of that I entertain not a doubt. I have surveyed the entire field, and defeat is impossible. They will slander and

traduce me; and, perhaps, impair my influence and ability to be useful, but I will triumph; and hence I disregard their malignity."

"The object," continued the Judge, "in putting your bond so low, I supposed was apparent to you. In case we shall find ourselves unable to reach Harris, and should be compelled to forfeit your bond, one hundred dollars is a little matter, and will bankrupt nobody."

"That is all true, Judge, but it is yet some time before the election comes off; and with our telegraph and rail road facilities, this thing may be heralded all over the State, and its effects may be wonderful—far beyond what you anticipate. And then, you are aware, appearences are often deceptive. You may be deceived as to your prospects; but admitting that if the election were to go off, to-day, your success would be certain, that is really no evidence that you would not be defeated, three weeks hence, by many hundred votes.—Changes often take place in the course of a very few days, in a great State like this, casting more than three hundred thousand votes, varying the result most essentially."

"I cannot be deceived as to one fact; and that is, that the sympathies of those who drink liquor, both moderately and immoderately, are enlisted in my favor. Their name is legion. You will find, sir, they will come up to the ballot box, from hill top and valley, Hamlet and village, town and city

—all over the State, and deposite their votes for me without distinction of party."

"You are more of a politicion then I, yet, I fear you are calculating without your host; and," continued Jewett, "the class of voters, upon which you are relying, often constitute a kind of floating vote, and frequently take a "stampede," and there is no controlling them.

"This very circumstance, if hand-billed over the State, might have the effect to create the "stampede," and defeat your election."

Our two friends had now reached the Judge's room.

Jones rang for the servant, and ordered two brandy slings; then turning to Jewett remarked that he had made up his mind to break off entirely, and never again taste liquor after the campaign closed. He went on to say, he had been drinking for many years, and during all that period he had not got into any trouble, nor had he been sick, or met with any misfortune, that he could not, upon reflection, trace directly, or indirectly, to his indiscretions in the use of alcoholic drinks.

"I," said Jewett, "have had but little personal experience in the use of liquors, but from that little, I am inclined to think its use more than a Pandora's box—that it is the source of universal evil."

"What a happy world it would be, if, by some

magic wand, spirituous liquor could be stricken out of existence."

"Intemperance, like the fearful siroc's blast, spreads in its course, ruin, devastation, desolation, and death. The brightest human interests, and the fairest prospects of imperishable fame, are nipped in the bud; and even the sanctity of our hopes beyond the tomb are invaded by this fell distroyer."

"Notwithstanding I have been guilty of very many follies, to use the mildest possible term for it," said Jones, "while under the influence of liquor, yet I cannot say I now or ever loved the taste of spirituous, or malt liquors, of any description.—Nor can I say that the exhilerating or exciting effects produced by it, so very pleasent to some, has even been agreeable to me.

"My drinking has been on account of irresolution—want of decision—because I have never learned to pronounce the little monosyllable "no." The most important word in the English language, and yet the most difficult to pronounce."

The brandy now before them, they drank with apparent relish; and why? We have just heard from Judge Jones that he had neither a natural nor acquired fondness for it, and we are bound to suppose the same of Jewett, for many reasons. Then, why this constant sip, sip—drink, drink, drink—without inclination; without relish; without pur-

pose—plunging them into difficulty every day—occasionally involving the loss of reputation, liberty, and all that men usually hold dear on earth? And yet, they sip and drink, and drink and sip, until all is gone, and they are on the verge of utter ruin. What inexplicable infatuation! What madness rules the hour!!

CHAPTER XV.

Woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without thee.
Otway.

"I have always maintained, Mr. Tompkins, that moral suasion was the remedy, and the only remedy, in this enlightened age, and country of freedom of thought and action, for the correction of certain vices: and prominent among them, was intemperance; "but, a change has come o'er the spirit of my dream.'"

"Ah, indeed! May I inquire, what has been the character of that change? Well, I trust that it is not about to spoil a good wife and make a poor politician," replied Tompkins, to a dignified and highly cultivated lady, about the meridian of life, who had the honor of calling him her lord and master.

"No sir," said Mrs. Tompkins. "I shall at all times endeavor to take care of these little responsibilities of ours, and see that your meals are prepared in order and in season, and that other household duties are properly attended to; and yet I hope to have the privilege of expressing my opinions upon great moral questions involving the hap-

piness, here and hereafter, of millions of human souls."

"But, my dear, you have still left me in the dark, as to the nature of the change of which you have spoken. You must not assume the character of a "strong minded woman" and aspire to the elevated position of a leader in the affairs of State. That would be thwarting nature, and when nature is perverted, disorder ensues."

"You must not, my dear husband, expect to evade the discussion of the temperance question, by attempting to get up an issue with me as to the rights of women. I have no discussion with you as to woman's right, or ability to rule and govern the State, at this time. If agreeable to you, upon some future occasion, you can have my views upon that subject."

"But for the 'change that has come o'er the spirit of your dream,' upon the temperance question. If that must be discussed, let us get at it immediately. It will not, probably, occupy but a few minutes;" somewhat tartly responded Tompkins.

"To come directly to the point, then, Mr. Tompkins, I am no longer in favor of moral suasion for the restraint of intemperance. Its mission and purpose has been fulfilled. It has spent its force, and it has done much. To refuse to go further is to retrograde in this great moral enterprise. It is

not in the nature of reformations to be stationary. I am, therefore, in favor of legal suasion. And, by the time legal suasion has spent its force and closed its mission, the greatest emissary his satanic majesty ever commissioned and sent forth to ruin and destroy, will have breathed his expiring groan."

"Why, that is quite a speech," said Tompkins.

"Well, my dear, you "make quite a speech," and I will make another. I have enlisted for life in this cause," replied Mrs. Tompkins.

"You reason correctly from your promises, but are they correct? Is it true that moral suasion has spent its force?"

"I aver, most solemnly, that I believe it has spent all the force it possessed in shaping the views and sentiments of that portion of society, willing to listen to the voice of reason, which I am happy to say, constitutes a large and decided majority in this, and indeed, in all other countries where wisdom and virtue are predominent among the masses. That portion of our citizens who are deaf to the voice of reason, and who from avarice, or some baser passion, are unwilling to desist from their traffic in spirituous liquors, notwithstanding the moral death that follows as connectedly as effect follows cause; must be restrained by the strong arm of the law. Treat such men as enemies of the public peace and welfare. Public policy requires it. The good of community requires it.—

The welfare and happiness—temporal and eternal—of unborn millions demand it.

"So, there, Mr. Tompkins, is another speech for you; and as you have not answered the first, if you decline answering this also, I will make still another."

"May I inquire, when you experienced this change, my dear?" said Tompkins, with more *sang froid*, than suited the pride of his better part.

"I first began to view this subject in the light in which I now look at it, some ten days since, when I happened to be at our neighbor Dudley's, across the way. He had carried every thing out of the house that would purchase a glass of liquor for him; and finally, just before I dropped in, he had taken a small pocket-Bible he had presented her before she wore his dishonorable name, and sold it to the grocery-keeper for two shillings worth of liquor, and was then lying in the back yard, under a shed, so drunk that he could neither sit nor stand; and that at the cost of the only Bible in the house; while poor Mrs. Dudley was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of it. What a dark picture is spread out before her; and, how slight the hope that her condition will assume a more favorable phase!

"Now, please tell me," continued Mrs. Tompkins, "how long you might preach faith and repentance to two such degraded specimens of humanity, as Dudley and the wretch to whom he sold the Bible."

"I will concede," said Tompkins, "that preaching, in the case you put, would be a little like casting pearls before swine.

"How are they to be reached? There are but two ways—persuasion and law—by which they can be reached; if the former is not effectual, resort must be had to the latter. Humanity, to say nothing of Christianity, forbids that one citizen should be permitted to murder another; slowly, it is true, but certainly."

"He does it with the consent of the injured man," said Tompkins, in an under and rather subdued tone.

"With the consent of the injured, eh? The man who takes advantage of the minor, or an insane person, invariably does it with the consent of the injured; yet the law, I believe, steps in and says, these injured individuals are incapable of giving their consent, and compels the dishonest man to disgorge his ill-gotten gain. The man who meets you upon the highway, and with a pistol at your breast, demands your money, gets it with your consent. You choose between two evils and surrender the money in preference to surrendering your life. You will insist, that in the last case put, the man was under *duress*. Who, we inquire, is more effectually under *duress*, than the unfortunate man who is a slave to his passions—imprisoned by a depraved and vitiated appetite? He is as much entitled to the protection of the law as

the minor, the lunatic, or the man met upon the highway.

"Now do tell me whether the country is not full of such cases? And whether they are not as far beyond the reach of public opinion, as the men who will steal or rob? In either case, you can alone reach them by heavy penal enactments."

"Well, that makes four speeches, and if I do not soon make one, you will imagine they are unanswerable. What have you to say to the hundreds and hundreds of men, in different parts of the State, who have all they possess in the world, invested in liquors? Must they pour out their substance, and be reduced to penury and want?"

"There is this view to be taken of that state of things. The men who invest their means in the business of dealing in liquors, are in no worse condition than the man who throws a dam across a stream of water, below which he constructs a valuable mill and machinery—produces stagnation, and thereby generates malaria, causing disease and death. In the latter case, the strong arm of the law would abate the nuisance, without reference to the amount invested in the erection of the structure and machinery; or the consequences to the foolish individual who had expended his all in its construction.

"If you possess sufficient acumen to draw a distinction between these two different orders of nuisances, and tell me why one should be abated and

the other tolerated, I will yield the point and annoy you no further upon the subject. For then I shall distrust my powers of conception and ability to think, and console myself with the reflction that I may be all wrong.

"Now, Edwin, do promise me, that when you return to your seat in the Senate, you will advocate and defend the "Maine Law," with all the power you possess; and I will venture the prediction you will live to thank God that you took a bold and fearless stand for virtue and temperance."

"Mary, 'almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' But," continued Edwin Tompkins, "do you recollect the very remarkable language of a distinguished General, who, at the head of a victorious army, was marching upon his native city, when met by his wife and mother, who implored him to save the effusion of blood?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Tompkins. "I recollect he said to his mother, she had saved Rome but sacrificed her son. But you do not wish to be understood as intimating that your advocacy of the 'Maine law' would impair your influence as a citizen or politician?"

"It would destroy my political prospects for all time to come," said Tompkins.

"If to be honest—to follow the dictates of a matured judgment—the approval of an enlightened conscience; to do the very thing for which you were elected—to look after and promote the pub-

lic interest; if to do all this is to destroy your political hopes; and if, to fling conscience to the winds—disregard public welfare, except so far as it tends to your own advancement, is to enhance your political prospects and make you a favorite with the people; can you, as an honest man and a good citizen, hesitate as to your course?

> "'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
> Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave;
> Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
> Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
> Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains;
> Like good Aurelius, let him reign or bleed;
> Like Socrates, that man is great indeed."

"Edwin, can you, whom I have ever regarded as a paragon of every excellence, turn your back upon duty, which ought to be paramount in all conditions in life? I could not have been made to believe that there was, in your composition, one particle of the dross of selfishness; and would have repelled it as a base slander, had you been charged with it; and yet, *my dear*, you must indulge me while I say, to be deterred from the discharge of a known duty through fear of invoking the displeasure of the rabble, is the very sublimate of the most sorded selfishness. But, with all due deference to your better judgment, political sagacity and foresight; let me add, the moral sun is gilding the eastern horizon, soon to be in the ascendant—soon to wilt, wither, scorch—and, in its onward and upward progress, to consume and burn

up every opposing obstacle. Public sentiment, at this very moment, is undergoing a fermentation, such as has not been witnessed since the dawn of civilization. The light, extraneous substances will be thrown off, while the heavier will be deposited in the shape of sediment, and we shall have that which will remain, to wit: truth for public sentiment.

In this noon of the nineteenth century, it cannot be that a man will make himself odious to the people by honestly, and faithfully discharging his duty to himself, his constituents, and to society generally.

"But if this deplorable state of society does exist, it only shows the greater importance and necessity of your throwing yourself, with the entire weight of your influence and character, into the opposite scale with the view of creating a more healthy public sentiment.

"Good men must be found in the vanguard, in the progress and march of great moral reformations. It cannot be expected that bad men, when their interest is at war with reform, should be found occupying prominent positions in the work of bringing about those reforms."

"But," interrupted Tompkins, "what account am I to render to this grocery-keeper who bought the bible of Dudley, and scores of other kindred spirits, who have hitherto been among my warmest political friends; and in every time of need, would

come to my assistance? Would it not be ingratitude, upon my part, to espouse the Maine Law? Ingratitude is a black offence; and of so heinous a character is it, that anciently, and that by barbarians, too, it was ranked among, and punished as, a capital crime.

"And in addition to all that; they would turn upon me with the fierceness of a bear in defence of her cubs."

"They ought not to become your enemies because you tell them the truth. A great and good man has said, 'our best friends are those who tell us our faults, and teach us how to correct them.'"

"Yes," interrupted Tompkins, "but these fellows are not philosophers."

"Admitted," immediately replied Mrs. Tompkins; "but are they likely to become philosophers, while you, and others laying claims to philosophy, continue to cater to their follies and vices?"

"But, should they turn upon you, with all the fury you anticipate, the better portion of community will immediately come to your relief, and more than compensate for your loss."

"I must confess," said Tompkins, "you possess more knowledge of human nature than I had supposed; and, while I have been observing men closely, you have not been indifferent to what was transpiring around you. Yet I am unwilling, at this time, to espouse the "Maine Law.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Tompkins, "you cannot

realize that duty requires you to act fearlessly on this question.

> "I see the right, and approve it too;
> Condemn the wrong, but yet the wrong pursue"—

is not the position for a man of your stamp to occupy; and yet, there is where you stand."

Tompkins broke in by remarking, that he had been thinking upon the subject of temperance, and approved of the movement; but could scarcely think the time for action, in that direction, had yet arrived; that it would come, and come soon, he entertained no doubt.

"No my dear, this 'is the accepted time; this is the day of salvation.' It is always right, to do right; and the present and not a future period, is the time to do right:

> "What conscience dictates to be done,
> Or warns me not to do;
> This, teach me more than hell to shun--
> That, more than heaven pursue."

Do let me urge you to be true to yourself, and those with whom you are connected in the various relations of life.

"What, I inquire, induces you to seek high political position? It is not that your name may be, occasionally, favourably mentioned in the public prints, or for other less potent reasons; but that the public may have the benefit of your experience, your wisdom, and knowledge. In short, you ascend ambition's ladder in order that your elevated

and commanding position may enable you to do good. Then, if you are not on virtue's side, you must be upon the side of vice. 'You cannot serve God and mammon; and in the event of an effort to occupy that position you will not have attained the object of your ambition."

At this moment, the mail-boy entered and handed Tompkins a package of letters, one of which he broke open, and read as follows:

"EDWIN TOMPKINS, ESQ:

Sir:—Though I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, I have taken the liberty of addressing you, as well as a few of the more prominent of your brethren of the State Senate, upon a subject involving more of my interest than all others, saving and excepting my salvation beyond the grave.

"Could I invoke the aid of yourself, and four or five other Senators to whom I have written, in favor of the 'Maine Law,' it would, pass the Senate and, with the prestige of its passage in that body its fate in the House, cannot be doubtful—it would then immediately, become the law of the land. What an era in the history of our State!

"I am impelled to take this step, by the hope that it may be the means of saving my husband and two sons, from the yawning gulf, upon the margin of which they are now standing, apparently awaiting your action upon this momentous question.

Saved, if you but stretch forth your hand; but lost—forever lost to themselves, to me, to society—and, oh! eternally lost beyond this vale of tears, if you but withhold that helping hand!

"Your granting my request will not impoverish you, while it will enrich thousands upon thousands, many of whom may live to laud your praises, long after the eloquent voice that saved them is hushed in death.

"My dear husband and sons, from the force of a long and continuous habit, are so wedded to their cups they have lost all control over their wills, when exposed to temptation; and my only hope now, is to place them beyond the reach of temptation, through the enactment of the Maine Law. If there was no liquor to lure them from the path of virtue, peace and plenty would again shed their benign influence around our domestic hearth.

"As you love the joy and comfort of your own home—as you love your wife and children—as you love your character and that of your family—as you value all you hold dear—as you estimate the glory in store for those who love and serve God, throw yourself into the breach and save the joy and comfort of my home; save my lost and ruined husband and children. Save their character, and save, oh! save them from the deep perdition that

awaits the wine-bibber and the drunkard, after they shall have exchanged worlds.

"A few more fleeting summers will pass over your head, and you; my husband and children; all interested in the passage of this bill, will stand together before the bar of the great "Judge of the quick and the dead." It will then matter not to you, whether you had the approval or disapproval of the millions. It will then be a matter of little consequence whether you were in power, or out of it, on earth. But it will matter much to you, then, whether you—while on earth—was on the side of virtue, and contributed your utmost influence in checking the progress of vice. Should you be so happy as to meet a few happified souls around the Throne, whom you had snatched from wretchedness and woe, believe me—'at that awful hour when you shall await the last inevitable verdict, the eye of your hope will not be the less bright, nor the agony of your ordeal the more acute, because you shall have been instrumental in bruising the head of the serpent intemperance, and crushing and crumbling, forever, the altar of its idolatry.'

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, and their works do follow them."

"What more ought I to say? What more can I say?

"The Maine Law will pass, but it may come too late to bring peace and comfort to my home."

"Let me, in closing, again urge you, by all that is high on earth or holy in heaven, earnestly to advocate this law. If this traffic is stopped, drunkenness must stop from necessity, and misery, wretchedness, and crime, lessen from the same cause. Enlist in it, and you have the prayers of thousands, while the curses of the drunkard will recoil in blessings upon his own head.

I am, my dear sir,

Very truly,

JANE P. BELL."

While reading the above letter, Tompkins secretly determined to use all honorable means in his power to procure the passage of the law, and let consequences take care of themselves.

After he had read the letter, he handed it to his wife, who perused it attentively; and, while folding it, she looked her husband imploringly in the face, and said, "Mr. Tompkins, you will support the Temperance bill, won't you?"

Tompkins admired the disinterested devotion his wife was giving this benevolent measure. She had actually changed his views upon this important subject; for which he had the manliness to give her the credit.

"Mary," said Tompkins, "I have no doubt I can effect the passage of the Maine Liquor Law through the Senate. Different Senators are in doubt as to how they ought to vote upon this bill, and I have been satisfied I could control their votes,

which I had fully determined to do against the measure.

"If the bill shall be passed, the State will be indebted to you," said Tompkins, "for one of the most important measures introduced for many years, though you may never receive the credit due you. I shall never fail, on all proper occasions, to mention to whom I am indebted for my change of sentiment."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Mrs. Tompkins, as the big tears fell thick and fast from her large, benevolent blue eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they've borne to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Young.

Sibley had now nearly finished the period for which he was consigned to prison, when, as soon as the outer door of the jail was opened, in the morning, one of his boys appeared at the door of his cell, and informed him that his little son which his brutality had exposed to the inclemency of the weather, was a corpse.

Stung by remorse, and lashed by a guilty conscience, he raved for several successive hours like a maniac. Alternately praying God for mercy, and imprecating the vengeance of heaven upon the jailor, for not throwing open the door of the prison and allowing him to attend his child's funeral. He would prostrate himself upon the prison floor, and beseech the man in "brief authority," to let him out, if but for two hours; and would pledge himself, by all that was sacred, to return to his confinement as soon as he had performed this last solemn duty to his departed infant. When all other arguments had failed, he proposed serving him for the period of five years, in the most menial

capacity, if he would allow him to follow the remains of his child to its grave.

But the Jailor, who had become callous-hearted, and lost to the better feelings of our nature, from habitual intemperance, remained inexorable; and poor Sibley, during the afternoon, was doomed to the mortification of seeing, through his iron-grated window, the funeral procession pass his prison.

Sibley spent the few remaining days in prison, reviewing his past life; and frequently did different members of his family, on visiting him, find him bathed in tears.

"Acquaint thee with thyself, O man! so shalt thou be humble.
The hard, hot desert of thy heart shall blossom with the lilly and the rose;
The frozen cliffs of pride shall melt as an iceberg in the tropics;
The bitter fountains of self-seeking, be sweeter than the waters of the Nile."

From the retrospect, he discovered the indiscretion and the weakness that led him into folly, dissipation and crime, and resolved with all the firmness and resolution he had left, to avoid, in the future, folly and dissipation by guarding against their pioneer, indiscretion.

As soon as his liberty was restored, he returned to his family, believing himself a changed man, and was so regarded by his friends and neighbors; and after the lapse of a few days opened an office, and vigorously entered upon the duties of his profession. Business began to flow in upon him, and he found men of influence and position in society

among his patrons and friends—men who, a few brief weeks previously, would not, upon credit, have sold him a pound of coffee, were now willing ing to endorse for him to the amount of hundreds of dollars, so great was their confidence in the permanency of his reformation. He purchased a lot of ground, and erected upon it a comfortable little home for his family. Again he was respectable and happy. Peace and plenty were once more inmates of that recently desolate house.

Some two months after Sibley's reformation, a term of the Supreme Court was holden in his village, and a number of young men were admitted to the bar; and, as was the custom, they gave "a bar supper," to which Sibley was honored with an invitation.

After some hesitancy, and much urgency upon the part of his wife, he consented and attended the supper.

Sibley found the Court, the officers of the Court, and his old friends and associates at the bar, ready to greet him with the warmth of renewed friendship.

Supper being over, any quantity of bottles was introduced, containing every variety and description of liquors that modern invention has been able to produce.

Judge Alban, presiding, drank a toast, which, for the credit of the bench, we would gladly suppress; but, as we profess to be accurate in our nar-

ration of the facts, necessity compels us to give it as nearly as we can recollect, which is as follows:

"The improvement in liquors in this age of advancement, has kept pace with the discoveries in steam and electricity; and palsied be the arm that would stay their onward progress. Blessed be the man who invented eating and drinking."

Three cheers for Judge Alban were called for and given with deafening applause.

Sibley, being the eldest member of the bar present, was next called upon for a toast. He rose, and with great calmness and deliberation took up his glass, and from a mug of sparkling cold water, that stood near, filled it to the brim, and drank as follows:

"Pure cold water; the only beverage fit for man or beast; and he who advocates any other, must sink in the estimation of virtuous men and women, while the curses of heaven will rest upon him and his posterity."

For several seconds, after offering the above sentiment, Sibley stood pale and motionless, while the house was as silent as the chamber of death. At length Sibley broke the stillness of the occasion in the following strain:

"Mr. PRESIDENT—I know I will not in vain ask the indulgence of my friends present, for a few moments, while I briefly give my reasons for offering this sentiment."

"Mr. Sibley," quickly replied Alban, "this is not a Temperance meeting. You are out of order and cannot proceed."

Leblond rose and said, he felt inclined to go any reasonable length, by way of indulging his brother Sibley, but this was no occasion for a temperance lecture; and, therefore, hoped he would desist from further trespassing upon their patience.

Some gentleman, present, moved that Sibley be permitted to speak to the sentiment he had offered; and added that if Mr. Sibley's remarks should cause cold chills to run over the backs of some of our anti-temperance friends, the remedy was at hand.

The motion was put, and after considerable pettifoging pro and con, carried, and Sibley was allowed to proceed, though not without frequent interruption.

"Mr. President:—I have been associated with many of you, for more than a quarter of a century. You have known me in prosperity and in adversity. What I might have been, had I continued sober and upright, is not for me to say. But this much I will say—no man ever entered upon a professional career with brighter prospects than your unworthy speaker. What would have—what could have blighted those prospects, but this "good man's failing," as it is often termed?

"You have seen me respected. You have seen me in affluence. You have seen my family com-

fortable and happy. You have seen me capable of defending the invaded rights of myself, and those dependant upon me. You have seen me ever ready to engage in public and other landable enterprises. You have seen me educating my children and fitting them for usefulness in society. You have seen me the zealous advocate of a high-toned, intellectual and moral culture. You have seen me the friend and patron of religious and charitable institutions. You have seen a good citizen, an obliging neighbour, a law-abiding man, a filial son, a kind husband, and an indulgent father. All this I can say without boasting; and no man who has known me, intimately, will gainsay what I have said.

"But I attended, early in my professional career, meetings of a similar character to this; and the result was, I contracted a relish, a fondness for strong drinks which "grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength," and I became a confirmed inebriate; since which you have seen me destitute of character. You have seen me in poverty; you have seen my family dependent upon the charities of a cold and iron-hearted world. You have seen me incapable of protecting their rights or my own. You have seen me alike unwilling and unable to participate in the public enterprises of the day. You have seen me neglecting the education of my children; allowing them to grow up in ignorance and vice. You have seen

me wallowing in the gutter, a miserable excrescence of humanity. You have seen me permitting my aged and infirm parents to die the inmates of an alms house. You have seen my wife and children in penury and want. You have seen me cruelly and brutally, beating them. You have seen me a degraded criminal. You have seen me, virtually, the murderer of my offspring, before it was capable of recognizing the source from which the cruelty came. You have seen me, while shut up in a felon's prison, refused the poor privilege of attending my child's funeral.

"These are but a few of the evils and misfortunes that have followed in the train of my dissipation and drunkenness.

"For a few months I have been a sober man; and, through the confidence and friendship of a few individuals who have felt, and manifested, a deep interest in my welfare, I have again been thrown into a practice in my profession which is affording me a comfortable living. Ought I, can I, betray that confidence, and forfeit that friendship?

"It is claimed for the American bar, that no class of men on earth, possess more noble, generous, and manly impulses; that none are more ready to aid suffering humanity. This is no fiction, but sober fact. I am your brother—your frail and erring brother—wedded to my cups by as strong ties as depraved humanity can be linked to

vice. Will you not in the magnanimity of your nature, come to my aid?"

"We will!" exclaimed some of the younger members.

He continued: "If I were upon the top of a burning house the roof of which was tottering, while I was in iminent danger of being plunged into the raging element below, is there a man before me who would not put forth super-human efforts to save me from that terrible death? What intense excitement, verging upon madness, would prevail! What running to and fro! what shrieks! what exclamations! What risks would courage incur to snatch me from the flames? And yet, my brethren, I occupy a position more critical—more perilous than the one I have attempted to describe. If you could know, as you cannot for the reason that language is incapable of describing, the self-denial I have practiced this evening, you would come in a high state of excitement, to my rescue. I feel that, for a series of years, a cable has been around my neck, dragging me, irresistibly, down—that by a Herculean effort, the chain has been severed. My situation could not be more critical, if I stood upon the top of a powder magazine with my pockets full of missiles, attempting to fight off a score or more of men below, who were resolved to apply the match. If applied, my fate is fixed. If I drink but a dram, the cable is again around me, —the match is applied, and I am a ruined man.

Have I a true friend who would throw this cable around me, or apply this match? Would your Honor, Mr. President, do it? Your Honor, not long since, remarked, under circumstances, to myself very trying—exceedingly mortifying—'Sibley, you are a man of talents, and ought to be a man of sense.' Now, will you not aid me in attempting to be 'a man of sense?'"

Alban, by this time, was too drunk to appreciate the appeal or even understand the hit.

"A man," continued Sibley, "under the influence of this vice, is like Homer's giant quaffing from the goblet of Ulysses, crying 'more, give me more!' and still never satisfied.

"I appeal to you, then, as men—as members of the bar—as my neighbors—as my personal friends, to aid me in resisting this fearful ruin; this fell destroyer. Shall I appeal in vain?"

"We will help you; we will do any thing in our power for you;" came from every part of the house.

"Will you give up your cups and sign the temperance pledge?" said Sibley.

"We will! We are ready to help you!! Bring on your pledge!!"

Sibley drew from his pocket a temperance pledge which read as follows:

"We, the undersigned members of the bar, and officers of Court, bind ourselves never to drink, or in any way use, except for medicinal, or pharma-

ceutical purposes, either malt or alcoholic drinks; and use all honorable means in our power to procure the passage of the Maine Liquor law."

To the above pledge, Sibley signed his name, and every man present but Alban, the Sheriff, the Prosecutor, and Leblond.

After considerable altercation, between Barber, Leblond, Alban, and several others, the meeting broke up in what was very nearly allied to a row; and Sibley returned, that night, to his humble home, as happy as any man has been this side Jordan since the fall.

CHAPTER XVII.

When impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.--*Addison.*

In a large and splendidly furnished room, at one of the most fashionable hotels in the city of ——, a few days after the election, might have been seen Judge Jones, Leblond, Judge Alban, and Jewett, with numerous other distinguished politicians of the State, with a table in their midst, covered with all kinds of liquors.

"Jones," said Leblond, "you must either regard me as a prophet, or a man of great political sagacity; and I believe I should prefer the latter. I told you, you remember, that the hanging matter, up North, if adroitly managed, would elect you; and, now let me add, that alone saved you."

"Well," replied Jones, "Mr. Leblond, you do not, in that opinion, pay a very high compliment to the virtue of the people."

"That may be true," said Leblond; "yet, such is the fact. And neither you nor myself ought to quarrel with those imperfections of our nature which we have seized upon, pressed into our ranks, and from which we have gained such signal advantage."

"Leblond," replied Judge Jones, "I do not think it very creditable, to either of us, to have it said that the better portion of our fellow citizens were against us in the contest, and that we were supported by the less respectable and virtuous because we were kindred spirits."

Leblond remarked that he felt free to acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude he was under to the bottle, and its influence for his election; and that it was a part of his nature never to abandon his friends. He had nothing further to say as to the influences that brought about the Judge's election; seeing that he took it in high dudgeon.

"I," said the Judge, "acknowledged no indebtedness to the bottle, and have no league with vice."

"Yes," said Leblond, "you are now out of the woods, you can afford to be saintly."

"Leblond, I am at all times just what I appear to be. My enemies, though they have followed me with the ferocity of blood-hounds, have never dared charge me with dissimulation or hypocrisy. 'Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.'"

"Judge Jones, do you intimate that I am a villain, sir?" said Leblond, with much feeling.

"By no means," answered Jones. I merely repelled the charge of hypocrisy, and called it villainy. And I am wholly unable to see by what rule of construction you could infer a charge of villainy against you; and I am quite as unable to account for your sensitiveness upon this subject.

It does now occur to me, however, that you were charged with professing friendship, in one part of your District, to temperance; while in another, you were a rabid anti-temperance man."

"You are, doubtless, unable to see many things now that you do not need votes, that you could have clearly discerned before the election. The man in whose composition demagogism is not a prominent ingredient, is identically the same man after, that he was before his election."

"That rule Mr. Leblond, would make demagogues of a vast majority of those who have been before the public, and probably include your Honor and myself. But there is so much of human nature in being a little more affable, a little more disposed to please, and a little less inclined to take umbrage before, than after the contest. A man ought not to be charged with dissimulation and demagogism unless there is a clear and marked departure from integrity, and fair, manly conduct. But, a truce to your restless thoughts; I am glad you have beaten Barber, and hope you will distinguish yourself among the Solons at the Capitol. Let us drink. This rum is a new drink to me. Is it good, Leblond?"

"I have not tried it, Judge," said Leblond. It will take but a short time to test its qualities."

"Jewett," said Jones, after partaking very bountifully of the new drink, "that rum is a superb article. Try a little of it. The election is now over,

and we are elected all round; therefore, we can eat, drink, and be merry" —

"For 'to-morrow we die!'" exclaimed Jewett.

"I hope not," replied Jones. "So sudden an exit as that would leave me deeply in your debt for past favors, all of which I trust I shall live long enough to cancel."

"Get me out of this confounded dilemma with Tom Harris, and you will expunge them all with one fell swoop," said Jewett.

"That is a fact," said Jones; that thing must be attended to promptly. I hope, Mr. Jewett, you will borrow no trouble from that source."

"I seldom borrow trouble, Judge," replied Jewett. "The real ills of life are sufficiently afflictive, without drawing upon our imaginations for ideal ones."

"That is true," said Jones, as a thoughtful shade stole over his countenance; and added: "How many, oh! how very many of the actual evils of life do we invite, and even woo?"

"Ay, and win," quickly added Jewett.

"As true as the book of Genisis," said Jones. "If I had been true to the impulses of my better nature, this Tom Harris difficulty would never have occurred."

"If I had been true to my professions, Judge," said Jewett, "it could not have happened."

"The difference, then, between us, is this: that while you refused to obey good impulses, which

admit is always dangerous, I 'knew my duty, but did it not,' and deserve to 'be beaten with many stripes.'"

The question now, Judge,—and you know we lawyers love to stick to the point—is not who is the greater transgressor, you or I; but how shall I get freed from this difficulty? Harris is a malicious dog—a desperate fellow; and, as Pope says,

> "More fell than the tigers of the Lybian plane.'"

"My dear fellow give yourself no further uneasiness about this matter, I will attend to it," said Jones.

"'The wages of sin is death,'" said Leblond, who had been attentively regarding Jewett and Judge Jones.

"Jewett fancied he saw no little acrimony in Leblond's manner, immediately replied:

"Tell me, what shall *thy* wages be?" And added, "we can quote Scripture, too, Mr. Leblond."

Jones, seeing the turn it was likely to take—Leblond being impetuous—and feeling desirous to change the subject again, reminded Jewett that he had not partaken of the rum.

Jewett took up the bottle, and after looking at it a moment, repeated from Milton:

> "Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste,
> Brought death into the world; and all our woe."

"When you are among wolves you must howl," said Leblond.

"Most certainly," replied Jewett, and quaffed his glass.

Judge Jones rose, and stepped forward to the table, took a glass, and said, "Come gentlemen, come; let us forget our troubles. They are unbidden guests at this time. Come, Jewett, partake of a little more of this nectar, this drink of the gods, and dream of diadems, and 'ribbons red and blue."

"A diadem of beauty?"

rather quisically enquired Leblond.

"The election is now over," said Jones; "and the ladies, I suppose, have entered the heart, or head—and perhaps both—of Mr. Leblond, and dethroned politics; and you must not be astonished if you find him, for the next six months, practicing in Cupid's court."

"Come, gentlemen; don't be backward. Come all, and drink."

All, accordingly, having gathered around the table, and drank first of one description of the "nectar," and then another, until they were qualified to judge of the merits of each.

"Now," said Judge Jones, "about this Harris matter. What shall we do? The bond for Jewett's appearance at Court, is only one hundred dollars, but it must not be forfeited. We must manage to buy Harris off! Suppose," continued Jones, "I write to Harris, and make a proposition to him?"

"No, Judge," said Leblond; "that will never do. It will come up in judgement against you, on some future occasion, when you would give all you possess, and ten times that amount, for the power to recall it."

"Well," said Jones, "what then?"

"Procure some man to go and see Harris," said Leblond. I would, at all times, and under all circumstances, prefer walking fifty miles, on foot and after night at that, to have an interview with a politician, than to write him a letter. When it becomes necessary, you can deny any charge brought against you, growing out of the interview; while if the charge is in black and white, you will occasionally find it difficult to manage."

"That idea," said Jones, "did not strike me. It would look rather bad upon paper."

"Politicians must have Argus eyes," said Leblod. "And," continued he, "I would send some sharp fellow to see him, with a proposition of this character, that in case he would not appear and prosecute Jewett, he should have twenty-five, or even fifty dollars; and be sure to clothe your minister plenipotentiary with discretionary power, so he can rise and fall—go and come—to suit the exigencies of the occasion. Every man has his price, we are told upon high authority. It may be that his price is twenty-five dollars, and hence the necessity of a discretionary power. He must be told that the bond is only one hundred, and that if

Jewett apprehend any danger, he will not appear, but forfeit his bond; in which event, Harris (being a lawyer), will know the amount of the bond will go into the public treasury and nothing into the pockets of Mr. Harris. He is a mercenary creature; and with a little diplomacy, may be reached."

Judge Alban remarked, that there was an easier and safer way of disposing of the trouble, than had yet been suggested.

"How?" immediately interrupted Jones.

"Just leave the matter to me," said Alban.

"Certainly," said Jones; "this cursed thing did take place in Alban's Judicial Circuit. Why did not we think of that before?"

"I can fix it all up," said Alban. "I can charge the Grand Jury they are not bound to notice infractions of the law growing out of excitement consequent upon the election; but, on the contrary, wholly to disregard them—that the public good demands the sacrifice."

"Going upon the supposition," said Jones, "that the Grand Jury should disregard your charge, and find a bill; what then?"

"I will then advise the Public Prosecutor to *nolle* the indictment."

"But suppose the Prosecuting Attorney should understand himself, and disregard the advice of the Court?"

"In *my* Court, sir," said Alban, an *advice* is as imperative as an *order*, and *must* be obeyed whatever the consequences may be."

"Where, Judge Alban, do you get your authority for advising a case out of the hands of the Prosecutor? I think you can find nothing in the statute, in the common law, or in the practice of intelligent Courts to justify such a practice."

"What difference does that make?" said Alban.

"The Prosecuting Attorney has no remedy. He has no right to a bill of exception, a writ of error, nor an appeal. I kick it out of court, and that is the last of it. I dislike that d—n Prosecutor up there, and it will afford me pleasure to hit him."

"But you have a reputation to look after," said Jones, "and that is dearer to every jurist than all else beside."

"Well, well," said Alban, "we are told by a great statesman, that 'in revolutionary times we have no Sabbath,' so in great emergencies, a great man adapts his measures to his exigencies."

"If you will take the responsibility," replied Jones, "it is the safest and most creditable plan for Jewett, as the impression will then go abroad that there were no merits in the case, and hence no indictment was found; or, if found, that the Court regarded it as vexatious and without merit."

"Court sits up there, next week, and," continued Alban, "Mr. Jewett must be there to save his recognizance; and I will take care of the balance."

"That will do!" said Leblond. "I like to hear a man say 'I will because I can,' when I am not the recipient of his tyranny. 'Might gives right,' is a favorite sentiment of some men."

"That is a fact," said Lahm; anxious to deal Alban a blow.

—— "fools rashly venture in
Where angels dare not tread."

Jackson's motto was, 'I will, because it is right;' but, as there is little of old Hickory, about Alban, and it subserves our purpose, let principle go, this once."

"Come gentlemen," said Jones, "we have no elections to lose, let us liquor up again."

"We have some character left," said Jewett. "Is that not worth preserving?"

"My dear fellow, said Alban, "a man who is under bonds upon a criminal charge, is in little danger of losing his character from drinking a glass of brandy."

Jewett's eyes flashed, and he was about to respond to the vulgar attack made by Alban, when Jones, discovering what might be the result, interposed, by taking Jewett by the arm and leading him up to the table, poured out a quantity of brandy into two glasses, one of which he handed to Jewett, and the other he raised to his lips as he said, "my best regards to my friend Mr. Jewett."

Jewett bowed, and said, as he quaffed his glass, "your Honor, sir."

"It is now late," said Leblond, "and it seems to me something less than a month since we have eaten any thing. Boy, bring us up twenty dishes of oysters!"

The boy replied that the servants had all retired several hours since, and that oysters, at that late hour, or rather at so early an hour, (it being about two in the morning,) could not be cooked in that house.

Alban hiccoughed, "this is a d—d pretty tavern, if gentlemen can't have what they call for. Bring us the oysters, if you have to rouse every man, woman, and child, in the establishment! Keep a tavern, and can't prepare a few plates of oysters!"

The boy, after considerable effort and as much delay, succeeded in rousing a servant or two; but, after the lapse of more than an hour, our worthy Judges, Congressmen, and Politicians, were not in a condition to relish oysters. Alban was stretched at full length, in one corner of the room—in a deep, heavy slumber. Leblond was on the centre-table, in the same situation; probably, dreaming of conquests in a more agreeable direction than in heartless political fights. Jones was lying, in a helpless condition, upon a sofa; while Jewett, and several others, had retired to bed. The balance were napping on chairs, in different parts of the room.

The oysters were at length introduced. "Just as I expected," said the boy—"all as drunk as

fools." Well, when I get to be a man, I will try to be a sober one. If this kind of thing follows from becoming a great man, I shall never try to be a Judge, or go to Congress. Well, they will have to pay devlish well for these 'er oysters; that is sartin. I have been up all night; and now, they wont be ate. Well, that is not my business, so the dimes are forth-coming; and they will be, that's sure." So saying, the boy left them as comfortable as, under the circumstances, they could be.

"Lord 'a massy!" said the boy; as he passed down stairs, "Jack Black and Ned Brown, don't make such blackguards of theirselves." They get drunk, but they go home long before this time; and then, I think, they do not make as big fools of theirselves as these great larned men do."

* * * * * * * * *

Judge Alban reached the county seat of the county of ———; in due time, court was opened, the Grand Jury called, and sworn; when Judge Alban proceeded to charge. Before he closed, he remarked, in substance, that we had passed through a most exciting election—such as had seldom been witnessed since the organization of our State government—that the welfare of our political institutions demanded free descussion, and perfect freedom of thought and action—that any infraction of the law, gowing out of this exciting canvass, ought wholly to be disregarded; and," said he, "I

now charge you, expressly, to disregard any thing that may be brought before you, of that character."

Here, Harris picked up his chair and placed it down by the side of the public Prosecutor, who had been taken by surprise with the charge of the court.

"Why," said Harris, Lord Jeffries' was a saint, when compared with Alban! Mr. Prosecutor, did you ever witness such a scene? Who, even in the darkest days of Judicial tyranny, ever heard such language fall from the lips of a Judge?"

"I was anticipating it," said the Prosecutor.—"He is a most corrupt man, and has disgraced the bench every time he has sat upon it. Passion and prejudice rule the man."

I should think he had soiled the ermine."

"Ermine," said the Prosecutor. "He scarcely knows what it means. I will bring him to his feelings, if he has any."

"Take good care," said Harris "that he does not bring you to your feelings." You must remember that he has the power all in his own hands. You fight against fearful odds, lookout or he will give you h—l! I see the brimstone in his eyes."

"I can expose him," said the Prosecutor, "before the bar and this large crowd; that will be a satisfaction at least."

"He has the advantage of you; and, if you insult his dignity, he will send you to jail for contempt of court."

"If he could have done that, he would have long since sent the entire bar; for, I assure you, we all with one or two exceptions have a most perfect *contempt* for him and his court," said the Prosecutor.

Here the Judge directed the Sheriff to furnish a Constable to take charge of the Grand Jury.

"May it please your honor," said the Prosecutor, I apprehend, under the charge of this court, if the Jury are at all inclined to regard it, there will be nothing for the Grand Jury to do.

"Mr. Prosecutor, you will take your seat, sir," said Alban.

"I wish to say," said the Prosecuting Attorney, "that there will be no business before the grand inquest of our county at the present term, except such as has grown out of the election excitement either directly or indirectly. We have several aggravated cases of assault and battery,—a number of violations of the law against betting—a charge for challenge to fight a duel, as well as two or three assaults with intent to murder. Now, your honor, if these things are to be disregarded, then the Jury have nothing to do."

"I have so charged," said Alban. "You will take your seat, sir.!"

"Have I no rights here? Have the people no rights here? Are we to have here in this republican country a revised and enlarged edition of the dark days of judicial tyranny, with extensive marginal notes?"

"Mr. Sheriff!" vociferated Alban, "take charge of the Prosecutor, and convey him to jail."

"For what?" enquired the Sheriff.

"For contempt of this Court," bawled out Alban.

"Because I will not flatter him," said the Prosecutor, and added:

> "He would not flatter Neptune for his tridant,
> Nor Jove for his power to thunder."

The Sheriff disregarded the command of the Court.

"Has it come to this," exclaimed Alban, "that this Court is without officers?"

The Prosecutor, taking advantage of the indisposition of the Sheriff to act, remarked, that his honor, the Judge, had committed all the contempt that had been committed upon the occasion, by playing the tyrant and assuming the despot; that a greater despot and a weaker man, had never disgraced a court of justice; and as he sat down, added:

> "Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant;
> And of all tame---a flatterer."

Quiet being restored, the jury retired, and after an hour's deliberation, returned into court a bill of Indictment against Jewett, endorsed by their foreman, "A true Bill."

"Mr. Prosecutor, the Indictment against Mr. Jewett, cannot be maintained. I have enquired into the facts, and you had better *nolle* it."

"I shall not *nolle* it, if your honor please," said the Prosecutor.

"Well, the Court will. Mr. Clerk, enter a *nolle prosequi* on that indictment," handing it to the Clerk.

CHAPTER XVIII.

So swift trod sorrow on the heels of joy.---*Pollok*

"Barber," said Leblond, as the former passed the office of the latter, "how were you pleased with the remarks of Sibley, the other evening, at the young men's supper?"

"Very much," replied Barber. "I hope he will never again touch liquor. If he do, he is ruined—if he do not, he will very soon occupy his former position among us.

"It is all nonsense for him to attempt to quit," said Leblond. "He will drink in less than a month."

"You ought not to say so, even if you thought it," said Barber.

"Why not?" inquired Leblond.

"For this very important reason," continued Barber: "if he should happen to hear such remarks, it would tend to impair confidence in himself, and hasten the very thing we all fear."

"This temperance move is all a farce;" said Leblond. "A trick of political hucksters to divide and conquer. I have no faith in it whatever."

"It may be that you have no faith in it, and it is even possible that you regard it as a trick; yet,

that does not make it such. And," continued Barber, "there are thousands upon thousands, every where, and in every condition in life, who need the aid of a stringent Liquor law."

"Who," inquired Leblond, "in this community?"

"Sibley, for one," replied Barber.

"Well," said Leblond, "name another, if you can."

"Mr. Leblond, for another," quickly he responded.

"What!" ejaculated Leblond, "*me*, sir?"

"Yes, sir, *you!*"

"Mr. Barber, do you intend to insult me, in my own office?"

"No, sir; I do not."

"Do you intend to charge me with being a drunkard, sir? I shall submit to no such imputations, sir!"

"I do not make the charge, for the reason that I do not believe you are a drunkard; but my love of candor compels me to say you are in most imminent danger of becoming such; and, unless you stop just where you are, and that immediately, you will fill a drunkard's grave, contrary to all the resolution and firmness you possess, and that is no mean share."

"Barber, if you were not in my office, I would call you a fool."

"That," coolly replied Barber, "would not be gentlemanly; it would not render me such, nor

would it prevent you from becoming what I predict. Now, Leblond," continued Barber, "you are well enough acquainted with me to know that I cannot be deterred from saying what I think upon the subject. I entertain no unkind feelings for you, and will, therefore, talk to you with reference to your good alone."

"That is apocryphal, to say the least of it," replied Leblond.

"No, sir;" said Barber, "I can have no motive but your good."

"A little pent up malice to gratify," said Leblond, "that is all."

"None at all; not the slightest," said Barber. "You defeated me, in the late contest for Congress; that you had a right to do. I did all I could fairly, to defeat you, and failed. Only one of us could be elected, and you are the happy man. It is true, I thought at the time, and still think, that you were not as frank and candid in your electioneering, as I was. I thought I

——"merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise."

"Mr. Barber, you are probably, honestly, but certainly, mistaken in my habits," said Leblond.

"Leblond, we are apt to lack candor with our friends. Too often we say to them, what we know will be agreeable, without reference to their good. Now, sir, their is neither philosophy nor good sense, nor is there any honesty in such a course. Gener-

ally, the man who is guilty of a fault of this kind. is the last to notice it. He is a confirmed and irredeemable drunkard, and a topic of conversation among his neighbors before he discovers it himself. Leblond, we ought to regard the man who will, in a kind and friendly manner, tell us of our faults, as our best friend; for the reason that it requires no little courage to enable him to perform that disagreeable duty."

"Barber," said Leblond, anxious to change the subject, "Sibley will be drinking again, in less than a month."

I do not believe it," said Barber; "yet, if you honestly entertain that opinion, it is a strong additional reason why you should be more cautious as to your own habits.

"If you are honest in your apprehensions as to my fate you must regard me as a very weak brother, and you have had evidence to the contrary."

"That does not follow," replied Barber, without seeming to notice the spirit in which it was said. "Intellect is no protection against the inveteracy of habit. I could, and would refer you to numerous instances, in ancient and modern times, in proof of the position I have assumed, did I not know you are well aware that many, of the first intellects of every age, have been victimized by the fell destroyer. Dryden has beautifully expressed it

"Strong virtue, like strong nature, struggles still;
Exerts itself, and then throws off the ill."

The struggles of strong virtue, are all that will save a man in danger from this vice. While strong heads may save men from the commission of crime, virtuous hearts can alone save them from contracting vicious habits. The universal experience of ages will attest the fact."

Leblond, unable to reply, and feeling his situation was becoming more and more uncomfortable, made another effort to change the subject, by insisting that Sibley would very soon be drinking again.

"He will not," said Barber.

"He will," replied Leblond.

"He will not," repeated Barber.

"He will," continued Leblond.

"You are entirely mistaken in the man," said Barber. "He has too much firmness of purpose."

"Perhaps you would risk a little money upon your opinion of Sibley's firmness of purpose?"

No, sir!" said Barber. "A wager is a fool's last argument."

"Yes, sir! and fools often lose at the game," retorted Leblond. "I am always ready to back up my opinions with money."

"I, upon the contrary, usually back mine with argument of a different character," said Barber.

"You dare not bet," said Leblond.

"I dare do anything that an honest man can do with a clear conscience," said Barber.

"I'll bet you one hundred dollars," continued Leblond, "that Sibley is drinking again in less time than one month. Now, cover it, if you are a man; and, if not, be a little more modest, and make less parade of your opinions."

"In violation of principle, and my convictions of right, I'll cover your money," said Barber.

"Where shall we make the deposit?" inquired Leblond.

"Any where," replied Barber. "With Mr. Ames, across the street, I suppose."

They walked over the way, and deposited with Mr. Ames, each, one hundred dollars, in pursuance of the above arrangement; and Leblond "went on his way rejoicing;" while Barber was conscious that he had compromised his character, his principles, and his dignity—felt that he had disgraced himself, and had been guilty of gross folly.

"Now," soliloquized Leblond, "we'll see who is the fool. I'll bleed the sage gentleman, to the tune of one hundred, certain."

Barber walked directly to Sibley's office, and informed him of what was done. And urged him, by all he valued in life—by his hopes in the future world, to abstain.

Sibley was affected even to tears, and replied: "Barber, I have every thing to gain, and nothing to lose, in clinging to principle; while I have every thing to lose, and nothing to gain by a departure from it."

Leblond, after an absence of a few hours, returned to his office, ill at ease. He had accomplished his purpose, in part, but the more he revolved the matter in his mind, the less he felt inclined to draw Sibley into the whirlpool from which he had so recently escaped.

Finally, he was heard to say: "What am I to do; let old Barber have my money? No, that will not do. I have earned it 'in the sweat of my face,' and he shall not appropriate it to his "own benefit and behoof," that is as certain as I live! What then? Go to Barber and tell him this betting is all foolish, and that I would prefer losing the money, to seeing Sibley drink again; and propose drawing the bet?" After a moment's reflection, he continued: "I don't like that idea; it would be humiliating. I dogged him into this bet, and now, to back out of it would be yielding more than I ought. I won't do it."

He sat, wrapt in thought, for a considerable time, while fierce passions were at war in his bosom. "A capital idea! That is it! I can tell Sibley that I have made the bet, and have him take a dram—and but a dram—by which I can win the money; and that, by way of consideration, I will give him one half of the prize I shall bear off. But, how am I to approach Sibley? And then suppose, after he takes one dram, he should insist upon another and another, and relapse into his old habits? That would be horrible! horrible!!

It was only last Sabbath I saw him genteely dressed, with his wife and family, all neatly and tastefully attired, on their way to Church. Incur the risk of breaking up this felicity—this beatic joy?" He sprang to his feet, and exclaimed: "No, by hell! I can't!" And began, in a deep state of agitation, to walk back and forward, across the floor of his office.

He calmed down and muttered, "d—n it, our first thoughts are always the best. I will go to Sibley; he is not a fool; and, for fifty dollars, he can take one glass and then quit. But it will not do for me to go with him.

> "We must draw in somebody that may stand
> 'Twixt us and danger."

That is, however, easily got along with. I can see Jake Infamy, the grocery keeper, and send Sibley to him, with the understanding that he is to have one glass, and one only. But, I will dream over this thing, and to-morrow, if I am of the same opinion, it can be fixed. Curse Barber! I almost wish his Satanic Majesty had had him before he passed by here. This confounded affair has annoyed me more than any little incident in the whole course of my life; and then, it may prove more than a *little* incident.

Leblond rose, next morning, feverish and still debating with himself whether he ought not to go to Barber—frankly acknowledge his error—and draw the bet. And thus he continued suspended

between duty and avarice, until near the close of the month, having, in the meantime, been drinking freely. On the morning of the last day of the time specified, Leblond dropped into a grocery and took, in the course of two hours, three or four heavy potations, and then repaired to Sibley's office, remarking to Infamy as he left, that he would "try him on, at all events."

"The wager, as related to Sibley, by Barber, had entirely passed from his memory; and, consequently, when Leblond entered his office, the object of his visit did not occur to Sibley.

"Mr. Sibley," remarked Leblond, "I have a favour to ask of you, this morning. It is of a very delicate character, yet I have no doubt you will confer it."

"I am under many obligations to you, Mr. Leblond. Name your desire, and if it is within the range of possibilities, it shall be gratified."

Leblond hesitated, but finally gave Sibley to understand that he wanted him to drink a glass of brandy at the grocery.

"Sir," exclaimed Sibley, you have drawn a draft upon me that I must dishonor."

"Leblond was so much under the influence of liquor that he was void of the little sensibility he usually possessed; and, therefore, went on to enumerate the very many favors he had bestowed upon Sibley and his family, and wound up by alluding to the fact, that Barber was not and never

had been his friend, and that while he had stepped forward and defended him upon his trial, Barber allowed himself to be used against him upon the part of the State.

Sibley remembered the manner of Barber's attack upon him, and while it ought to have roused his pride and strengthened his resolution, by reminding him of his degradation, it fired his revenge and inclined him to favor Leblond's proposition.

"I acknowledge that I owe you a debt of gratitude I shall, probably, never be able to pay," remarked Sibley.—"That you have claims upon my gratitude and regard, no other man ever has had, or can have; and," continued he, "it is with the deepest regret that I now refuse to comply with your present request. You could make no requisition on me to which I would not yield, did it not involve my shame, my degradation, my complete ruin. Ought you, can you insist upon this? I would rather borrow ten times the amount of the bet and give it to you. I would rather, at this moment, suffer the amputation of my right arm than grant your request."

"Can't you," said Leblond, "take one dram and then stop?"

"That is exceedingly doubtful, sir;" said Sibley. "But, suppose I did, it would do you no good unless it became public, and that publicity would

rob me of the confidence of my patrons and friends, and be the death knell of all my hopes in life."

Leblond, with all the archness of a fiend, assumed a tone of voice in unison with Sibley's lacerated feelings, and remarked that the wager was a most unfortunate incident, and that if fifty times the amount involved, would recall the follies of that hour, he would willingly give it; but it was more than a mere matter of dollars and cents—it involved his wounded pride and disgrace.

"But," returned Sibley, "it involves my wounded pride, my disgrace. It goes beyond that—it involves my ruin—and that of my family—in time, and, may be, in eternity."

"Come, Sibley, come; let 's take a stroll and dispel this melancholy that's mantling your countenance."

They walked down street, and as they passed along, Leblond suggested an ice lemonade.

Sibley opposed going into a saloon.

Leblond insisted the drink proposed, was quite as harmless as coffee.

They entered a saloon, and Leblond called for the ade which was immediately prepared and placed upon the counter. After drinking about one fourth of the contents of his glass, Leblond carefully raised a decanter, and while Sibley's attention was in another direction, poured a small quantity of brandy into his glass. Without having noticed what had occurred, Sibley quaffed his glass,

and instantly turned upon Leblond and exclaimed:

"You emptied brandy in my glass, sir!"

Leblond drew down his brows, and cautiously began a reply, without knowing precisely what shape to give it—whether to deny the charge or attempt a mitigation of his baseness.

While Leblond was stammering and taxing his mental energies for an answer, Sibley seized the bottle and filled his glass to the brim with brandy, and impelled by an insatiate appetite, roused by Leblond's imposition, drank it to the bottom, and immediately left the saloon.

Leblond, stupefied as well as alarmed at the result of his villainy, in sullen silence followed Sibley, at a distance, until he saw him enter a grocery. He quickened his pace, and was at his side in time to seize his arm, as he was in the act of raising a glass of liquor to his lips, exclaiming, almost at the top of his voice, "In heaven's name, Sibley, what are you doing?"

Sibley turned upon him, and cried out, "In hell's name, what have you done, sir?"

Contrary to Leblond's remonstrance, and in spite of all his efforts, Sibley drank his glass—reeled out and staggered up the street—entered his office a moment, and then proceeded to his house. As he crossed the threshold of his door he fell. Mrs. Sibley rose, and as she raised up both hands, exclaimed, "Oh! Sibley, Sibley! Desolation has again entered our humble abode!"

Sibley gathered himself up, and caught her by the hair of the head and dragged her into the yard, when she cried for help. The eldest daughter, a most amiable, pious young girl, and devoted to her father, in an upper chamber, unconscious of what was transpiring, until she heard the cry for help, rushed down—snatched an axe that chanced to be standing near the door, and in the wild delirium of the moment, dealt him, upon the head, six blows, any one of which was sufficient to produce death, and became a raving maniac.

CHAPTER XIX.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is *first* and passionate love; it stands alone
Like Adams' recollection of his fall.--*Byron.*

"Amelia," said her father, as he came, puffing and blowing, into her room in a complete state of excitement and exhaustion, "the Honorable Mr. Leblond is in town. I've just been at the hotel and met him."

"And what is that to me?" coolly, and with apparent great indifference, replied Amelia, while her pulse was increased to about one hundred to the minute.

"I supposed you would like to see him," said he, with an affected carelessness.

"Why should I?" retorted Amelia, with some warmth.

"O, because you were old school-mates."

"Father," said Amelia, "if Lucius Leblond possesses the spirit that animated him when a boy, I incline to the opinion he will trouble *your* house but little."

Without noticing what had been said, he required her to prepare for his reception, and added: "Why, Amelia, he is a Member of Congress—is a fine

lawyer—has a heavy practice—and I have been informed, by a gentleman directly from his part of the country, that the fellow has actually become rich! Who would 'a thought it?"

"It is true, we were school-mates, and were attached from childhood, but you compelled me to treat him with disrespect because he had the misfortune to be poor. I was satisfied, when he left here, he would sooner or later distinguish himself. He possessed a superior intellect, and was as ambitious as Julius Cæsar. Then, you saw no merit in him, because the almighty dollar was wanting. Then, I must not associate with that 'trifling Lu;' but now, 'the Honorable Mr. Leblond has come to town.' I will," continued she, "give him no encouragement, however strongly he may desire to renew our former friendship"—manifesting more opposition than her feelings would justify. In truth, she desired to see him, and secretly entertained the hope that he had not forgotten his first love.

"You must do as I desire in the premises," quickly interrupted the father, and repaired to another part of the house for the purpose of communicating to his wife the fact, that the Hon. Lucius Leblond was in town; and after he had imparted the information he added: "Now, mother, we must endeavor to bring about a match between Lucius and Amelia."

"There are many things to be considered," said the mother, who had much more penetration than her husband. "Are Amelia's affections not enlisted in another direction? What do you know about Lucius' character? He has been absent for some years, and may have contracted vicious habits and become dissolute; so that, whatever his position in society may be, or whatever his circumstances otherwise may have become, he would be unworthy of our daughter."

"Oh, fudge!" said the father; "what signifies 'affections in another direction?' Affections are very easily transferred when convenience and profit require the conveyance. And, as to his habits, if they are irregular and bad, how can you account for his success in money-making; for his large practice at the bar, and his election to Congress?"

"You sterner sex," returned the mother, "may be able, with comparative ease, to transfer your affections to suit exegencies; but with us, matters of the heart are not to be trifled with. In a neighboring city, I notice in one of our public prints, there is at this time, over one hundred applications pending for divorce; and I have no doubt, if the fact could be ascertained, it would appear in each case, that there had been one or more previous transfer of the affections upon the part of one or both. Tupper beautifully expresses my idea:

> "If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again;
> If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more."

"The marriage relation is, of all others, the most sacred; and, unless it is based upon pure, as well as reciprocal affection, there is great danger of discord, and the thousand other troubles that break up and ruin families. I would rather follow Amelia to her grave than witness her mercenary marriage." "As to his success in business," continued she, "how often do we see the most dissolute, for a time, 'flourish like a green bay tree?' And in politics, generally, the greater the scamp, and the more unprincipled the man, the more certain is success. With a plentiful supply of villainy, and a moderate portion of cunning it requires but little intellect to secure temporary political success.'

"Is Amelia engaged?" enquired her father.

Not that I know of," replied the mother.

"Well," continued he, "why talk about affections in another direction?"

"Because," replied she, "this tampering with the affections—this match-making, and match-breaking, is a very delicate business; and hence, I instituted the inquiry. It is seldom that attachments formed late in life, have anything like permanency about them; and why? Because the entire region of the heart has been occupied and re-occupied, until it has become sterile, unproductive, and incapable of producing anything beyond the respect or regard an individual would have for one of his or her own sex. And hence, late marriages are always to be avoided, unless there is sufficient

sterling good sense, on both sides, to keep in check the less amiable qualities of our nature."

Here, he interrupted, by reminding her that she was always moralizing and philosophizing on every thing, however trivial.

She answered him, by hoping that he did not consider the temporal, and possibly the eternal, welfare of his only daughter and only child, a matter of little consequence.

The old man, intent upon his purpose, (as was characteristic of him, and hence his success in life,) was not to be foiled, insisted upon entertaining company that evening, for the benefit of the "Hon. Mr. Leblond."

He returned to his store, and immediately put two or three of his clerks to writing notes of invitation. By noon of that day, the *bon ton* of the town were notified of his intention, that night, to give a supper. Among others, Leblond received a notification, but the old gentleman, not willing to trust a mere note, returned again to the hotel, and had an interview with Leblond, managed to let him know the supper was in honor of him and his arrival; exacted and received a pledge from Leblond, that he would be present.

Leblond received the old man with great cleverness, and left upon his mind a very favorable impression.

During the afternoon, and three or four hours before the company was expected, Leblond put

himself in as complete trim as his well supplied wardrobe would admit, and called upon Amelia. When the announcement was made that a gentleman was in the parlor and wished to see Amelia, she declined seeing him.

Her father, who happened to be present where she was in the kitchen, superintending the arrangements for the coming supper, suggested that it might be the "Hon. Mr. Leblond," and therefore, insisted upon her repairing immediately to the parlor.

After much hesitancy, Amelia entered the room.

Leblond rose, and met her near the door. Both crimsoned, and neither heard what the other said. He seated her upon the sofa, and himself in a large rocking-chair, near by.

After the confusion of the meeting was over, Amelia said —

"It has been a long time since we have had the pleasure of seeing you in this part of the country;" and added, "it has been as much as eight years since I saw you."

"I have seen you, very frequently, since that;" replied Leblond.

"When and where?" exclaimed Amelia, with some surprise.

"In visions of the night," answered Leblond.

Amelia blushed, and was silent.

Our lovers felt deeply embarrassed. The thoughts of other days were upon them. The reminiscences

of childhood and early youth were crowding upon their minds, and it stopped their utterance The silence was at length broken by Amelia, who thought Mr. Leblond had grown considerable since she had last seen him.

Leblond replied, that when he left, his height was five feet ten, and that it was now six feet and two; and added that Miss Amelia had changed quite as much as he had.

"Mr. Leblond," said Amelia, "You must have enjoyed excellent health; at least you have that appearance."

"Very good," replied Leblond. "I have labored very hard, and studied some; and yet my appearance would, probably, not indicate that I had done much at either."

"You have had some out-door exercise, I hope?" remarked Amelia.

"Oh, yes;" said Leblond. "I have confined myself to my office but very little for the last few months. I have been engaged in what we politicians call 'campaigning.'"

"You made it pay, I have had the pleasure to be informed;" blushing slightly as she recollected the source and occasion of the information.

"That remains behind the curtain of the future," said Leblond. "There is little advantage to be derived from entering the arena and turning political gladiator. There is always some wear and tear of conscience."

"I hope," exclaimed Amelia, "you came out of the struggle unscathed?" Discovering that she threw a little too much feeling into the inquiry, she colored slightly, and was again silent.

Leblond, feeling that he could not answer in the affirmative without a misrepresentation, bowed, and proceeded to say, that so numerous were the political aspirants, at the present day, that it was a constant process of pulling down and climbing up. That as soon as a man acquired some position, there were so many interested in pulling him down and pushing him out of the way, that unless he was a man of much more than ordinary caliber, his political course was a brief one; and when he was forced from the arena, he was generally in a crippled condition, and usually disqualified for grappling with any other pursuit in life."

——— "Forbear, you things
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To boast your slippery height; when you do fall
You dash yourselves in pieces, never to rise."

is the sentiment of Ben Johnson," said Amelia, and then expressed the hope that he would get out without being pushed out and dashed in pieces.

Leblond replied that there was an occasional instance, such as she had suggested, but they were

"Like angels visits, few and far between."

Men," continued he, love "power—love excitement—love praise—love to hear the huzzas of the crowd, and seldom abandon the hope of obtaining

the top rung of the political ladder until they find themselves prostrate in the dust at the foot, incapable of rising. Tickell expresses it more poetically, and with quite as much truth, when he says:

> "Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
> And sports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
> Ravish'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,
> Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light:
> He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
> A bright distruction and a shining tomb."

Leblond, having remained longer than fashion or policy would sanction, rose to leave, when Amelia expressed the hope they would have the pleasure of his society again, during the evening.

Leblond bowed assent, bade her good afternoon, and left.

After he reached his room, he threw himself upon a lounge, and soliloquized as follows:

"The 'Spectator,' which is good British authority, at least, tells us "lovers are always allowed the comfort of soliloquy.' Things are right if I have not misinterpreted the signs of the times. So far as the old gentleman is concerned, he is now piling Pelion upon Ossa. Well, he knows about as little as when I knew him formerly, and his judgment quite as imperfect. He understands the mysterious art of gathering and keeping together the dollars; and, if I should become his future son-in-law, this will cover many imperfections. But the girl is more interesting than when I last saw her. She has been maturing and storing her gift-

ed intellect. What a sensation a woman of her appearance and versitile acquirements would produce at the National Capitol. Well, we shall see, in the course of a very few days, in what all these things will result. She is the only woman that has ever awakened in my bosom the tender passion. I came very near acknowledging it, too, when I told her I had frequently seen her in visions of the night. That was making a declaration rather too soon; but she has not forgotten olden times. They seem to steal over the chords of her memory, like the mild, etherial tones of the Æolian harp, or strains of distant melody."

Here the idea flitted across his mental vision, that it was singular a lady of such rare accomplishments, to say nothing of the solid worth and shining charms in the shape of one hundred thousand dollars in stocks, and those not 'fancy,' should not have suitors; and he exclaimed, "if she has been sought and won, how rayless will be my pilgrimage in life? But in the language of Milton—

> "What need a man forestall his date of grief,
> And run to meet what he would most avoid?
> —— if they be but false alarms of fear,
> How bitter is such self-delusion?"

After some time spent in silent thought, he rose and gave every possible attention to his toilet that the most exquisit taste could require, and then started for the house of Amelia, where all his hopes now centred.

Though he reached his intended father-in-law's, early, he found the house crowded. The rumor had gotten afloat, either through surmise, or some casual remark of the old gentleman, that the supper was given in honor of the future son in-law; every person, son and maiden, grey-haired father and mother, beau and exquisite, honored with a bid, was present; and at an unusually early hour. When Leblond entered, he was astonished at the sensation he produced. He found himself the "observed of all observers." He unostentatiously took a seat, and engaged in conversation with a gentleman who happened to be in his neighborhood.

After the abatement of the sensation produced by the appearance of Leblond, who was tall and finely proportioned, the evening passed off without any occurrence to distinguish it from an ordinary occasion of the kind; and Leblond returned to the hotel—retired to rest; and again saw Amelia in the vision of his pillow; but more beautiful than ever. Seven o'clock, the next morning, found Leblond in Amelia's parlor, listlessly turning over the pages of some choice books upon her pier-table, awaiting her arrival.

Amelia soon made her appearance. Leblond rose, and greeted her with a cordial shake of the hand. Their attachment had commenced in the little, log school house, early in the morning of

life, and had ripened into devotion; but had been buried in the silent chambers of the heart, without either being conscious that the other possessed it. An acknowledgement would have, doubtless, been made of its existence upon the part of Leblond, and reciprocated by Amelia, had it not been for the opposition of the father. He had carried it so far as to positively interdict any association. The extent of his unkindness, Leblond had never known until he, that day, learned it from Amelia. He had suspected its existence from her reserve and affected indifference for him, which he had the shrewdness to perceive was affectation. Stung by the repulse, he entered college and nearly became a martyr to his books. He entered upon the study of the law with the same high and holy purpose of making himself worthy of Amelia. He seldom entered upon any enterprise without having her present in his mind. Her mellow and flute-like voice was constantly ringing in his ears; and when he engaged in the trial of an important cause, he imagined her by his side, listening to each word as it fell from his lips. Reader, imagine his felicity, when he was informed by her, that he had never ceased to occupy the big armed chair in her affections.

The unkind remark, that he was "a poor unlettered boy," was the legitimate fruit of affection provoked by little flirtations carried on by Leblond, among her cotemporaries of the village.

Dinner was now announced; when, Leblond said, "You dine early."

Amelia replied that the servants, from some cause, had anticipated the usual time; that they dined at twelve.

Leblond took out his watch, which made it after two.

They immediately proceeded to the dining room, where they found the old gentleman, apparently much pleased with himself, and the rest of mankind; while the old lady was in a more thoughtful mood.

Leblond rose from the table with the intention of procuring a conveyance, and visiting his parents, who then resided some two or three miles from the village. Before leaving he must see Miss Amelia a moment alone. He accordingly entered the parlor; soon after which, Amelia was seated by his side; where they remained, unconscious of the lapse of time, until they were summoned to tea.

They had plighted their faith—were affianced. Amelia pressed him to remain for tea, but he tore himself away, and was soon in the humble abode of his parents, where he was the recipient of the hospitalities of their frugal board.

After rusticating for several days, and furnishing his father the means of purchasing him a small but comfortable home, he returned to the village and spent some two days in the society of Amelia; realizing the beauty of Tupper, as he

never had before, though he had read and repeated it often.

"Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the soul--
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dullness of matter;
An Angel-mind, breathed into a mortal, though fallen, yet how beautiful!
All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur."

All was now done but the most difficult part.—To submit the negotiation for the ratification of her parents, was neither a business matter nor a legitimate part of the practice in court of the little god Cupid. The more he revolved the thing in his mind, the more difficult it became. Amelia had left the parlor some thirty minutes, and it seemed to him an age. He finally rose, and bidding Mr. Leonard good night, walked some distance north of the village, and was soon in the midst of a delightful grove of sugar maple. In that sequestered spot he sat upon a moss covered mound—thrown up by a tree that had probably been torn out by the rude storm, but had long since mouldered to its former elements—viewing the varied hues of a distant forest as the mellowed rays of an autumnal sun, retiring beyond the western hills, lingered upon its foliage—while he repeated from Tupper the following exquisite lines:

"There is a fragrant blosson, that maketh glad the garden of the heart;
Its root lieth deep; it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn!
Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even;
Memory and Absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south:

Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the borders of Hope;
Its companions are the gentle flowers, and the brier withereth by its side.
I saw it budding in beauty; I felt the magic of its smile."

Leblond felt as he had never before. His sympathies were all upon the side of virtue. He sat forming resolutions and plans for future life, until the dews of evening began to distil around him, and the shades of night settle upon the beautiful landscape spread out before him.

Among the resolutions he had formed was that he would never again drink anything that would intoxicate. And, for the purpose of freeing himself from the temptation that would beset him upon his return home, he determined to come out an open and avowed friend and advocate of the Maine law, and embrace all suitable opportunities of publicly discussing the necessity and importance of its passage.

He returned and spent the evening with Amelia. Before leaving the hotel, he attempted to pen Mr. Leonard a line, and in that way, invite a ratification of the treaty, but he invariably came to a halt as soon as he had written, "L. Leonard, Esq., My Dear Sir :" and, after several ineffectual efforts, quitted the unpleasant task, for the more agreeable one of a tete-a-tete with Amelia.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Leonard came into the parlor; and, thereupon, Amelia left it.

"Now," thought Leblond, "is my time; and

he stammered it out more awkwardly than he had ever done anything. After giving his consent, and sitting a few moments, Mr. Leonard rose up, took his hat and left the room; when, in the course of a few moments, Mrs. Leonard entered the parlor. Leblond met her at the door, and enquired whether they had her consent. She nodded assent; and sobbed, "Amelia is a good girl;" and immediately left the room.

Leblond and Amelia fixed the period for their union, which was to occur as he was passing through, on his way to Congress; and separated as do lovers usually.

Leblond, in less than an hour, was on his way home, at the top of Railroad speed; where he safely arrived during the ensuing evening.

CHAPTER XX.

So he transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and little,
Till the ground crumble beneath him and he sinketh in the gulf despairing. [things,
For there is nothing in earth so small that it may not produce great
And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead eternally astray.
Tupper.

Judge Alban, Prosecutor Lahm, and Sheriff Sikes, had engaged actively in the political campaign, previous to which no one of whom had been regarded as a confirmed inebriate, yet each was fond of a glass, and were in the habit of drinking, more or less, every week; and would, occasionally, become quite intoxicated.

During the political contest, the Sheriff confined his operations to the county in which he resided, travelling from town to town, drinking freely, and as freely treating the friends and supporters of Leblond—it was said—with Leblond's money; but of that we are not certain, and therefore, will not venture the positive assertion.

The field of Alban and Lahm was more extended. They went from county to county, and from town to town, in each county in the Congressional District; and, as they passed, called, not upon the sober, thinking, and better portion of the community, but mingling with that class of our fellow-

citizens who constitute the floating vote in every political contest—charging Barber with being a temperance man, illiberal and contracted in all his views; while they claimed for Leblond, that he had no connection with any of the fanatics of the day—was generous to a fault—liberal in all his notions and views—would drink a dram when he needed it, and always had a few dimes with which to treat his friends.

On one occasion, after our two worthies had left, the following conversation took place, between a clergyman and one of his deacons, who had been closely observing Alban and Lahm in their efforts to make votes for Leblond:

"I have sometimes thought it strange," said the Deacon, "that such characters should be able to exert any influence on their fellow men."

"Men have, in all ages of the world," said the clergyman, "been more easily reached through their vices than their virtues."

"That is a dark picture of human nature."

"It is nevertheless true. The history, of every age and country establishes the fact."

"It is a picture," exclaimed the deacon, "over which the heart sickens. You do not mean, I hope, that all men are more under the influence of vice than virtue?"

"No," replied the clergyman. "Heisod said, many centuries ago, that the gods had placed labor before virtue. To be virtuous you must strug-

gle up stream against wind and current, while to be vicious is to throw, or unresistingly allow yourself to get into the stream and float upon the current without effort. Hence the injunction, "watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.'"

"I have noticed," said the deacon, "that while you, and I, and other sober and industrious men, are passed by these politicians, without being regarded as possessing any power over our neighbors, worth soliciting; while Tom Snooks, Joe Haynes, and Dick Bumpers, are courted, treated, and conferred with. Why is it? They are by no means a majority in any community."

"No," replied the clergyman, "this poor unfortunate class of men you mention, are not more than a tenth of the community, and yet they control the other nine-tenths."

"Can you inform me how this thing is brought about?" inquired the deacon.

"I am very little of the politician," said the clergyman, "yet I have fancied the thing was easy of solution. Such men as Snooks, Haynes, and Bumpers, with a few kindred spirits generally infest every community. They have no characters to lose; and hence they assert anything and everything, without any regard, whatever, to truth. Laud one class of candidates to the very clouds, while they slander and traduce their opponents in most unmeasured terms; and do it, too, with entire impunity, as they are wholly irresponsible. And

incredible as it may appear, in process of time this class of men will manufacture a public sentiment which carries the election. They exert an influence upon better men than themselves; and they, in their turn, upon still a better class; and thus, until the entire community is permeated."

"That reminds me, of the story of Themostocles, who said that his little son about three years old, governed the people of his State, and his explanation was, the child governed its mother, she governed him and he governed the people."

"Exactly so," said the clergyman. Hence politicians, who are for the most part close observers, and well schooled in human nature, secure this class of men, and through them secure others they could not otherwise reach. Often a few glasses of liquor and a little familiarity accomplish the task."

"What remedy would you suggest for these ills?"

"The same," replied the clergyman, "that the Grecian ought to have adopted with his wife and child."

"What is that?"

"Sent the child to the nursery and his wife to the kitchen, and governed the people himself. Now, the great mass of the people ought to send those panders to vice, howling to their kennels, and govern themselves. Then, and not till then, will they cease to have an undue influence."

During the campaign, Alban, Lahm and Sikes had been, more or less, all the time, under the in-

fluence of liquor; now, that the election was over, determined as soon as the season of rejoicing had passed, to fall back into the habit of occasional dram drinking; but they found it more difficult to return than go forward.

Numerous ratification meetings, as they called them, were held in different parts of the Congressional District, to all of which Alban and Lahm had an invitation, and to each invitation they invariably responded, by being personally present, unless the meetings conflicted so as to render attendance upon all impossible. At these convivial meetings, Alban—Judge of the Judicial Circuit, composed of the same counties which made up the Congressional District,—took the lead, and the members of the bar followed. On some of these occasions might have been seen Judges and Lawyers, office-holders and expectants, editors and deacons, grey-headed men and boys, united in the mazes of bacchanalian revelry.

Two considerations would seem to argue against attempting a portrait of these drunken rows. The public is already too familiar with such scenes; and again, the bar—the van-guard of very many virtues—might not admire the picture.

Sikes, now out of office and out of employment, and sure of one customer, at least, started a small doggery, and commenced selling spirituous liquors, which he kept in operation, for some two months, while his habits of dissipation became more and

more inveterate. At length his stock of liquors began to lessen, and for the purpose of recruiting them he procured a horse and wagon and visited a neighboring distillery. After tasting the quality of a barrel of whiskey, by taking several heavy potations from the bung of the cask by means of a rye straw, and satisfied it was the article he wanted, loaded it upon his wagon.

True to the instincts of degradation, he must now sponge a drink or two more by way of trying several other casks, he professed to think he might want to buy within the lapse of a few weeks. He accordingly had recourse to the straw, which he used freely upon three or four different kegs, and until he reeled; when he staggered to his wagon, and with the aid of the good Samaritan who presided over the destinies of the still-house, he got in along side his barrel and began beating his horse, which evinced more restiveness than comported with the distiller's notions of Sikes' safety.

There was now another draft upon the magnanimity of this manufacturer of death. The horse must be quieted, which he accordingly did, and our hero of the straw went, not on his way rejoicing, but alternately hallooing, nodding and whipping his animal, which was possessed of more sense than his poor besotted driver, or at least he had the merit of sobriety. He had not proceeded far, when, in passing down a slight declivity his wagon struck a stump and turned over; after

rearing and pitching for some time, the horse finally drew the vehicle off him, but his spirit had departed.

The spirits in the barrel had also departed.—The head of the cask as well as Sikes, had been driven in, and his lifeless body was swimming in alcohol.

At this moment one of the grocer's best customers came up to the scene of disaster, and like the bee when its empire is invaded and its comb broken, unmindful of the wreck and ruin around it, sips the honey. Staggering along he raised his hands, and in horror exclaimed, "Oh! what a pity to have it wasted, and immediately got down or rather fell down, and guzzled from a puddle the liquor crimsoned with the blood of its recent owner.

The natural conclusion, and one to which a sober man would be likely to arrive, is, that so sad an accident, induced by intemperance, would have caused Alban and Lahm to pause in their mad career and reflect. It is said that the soldier upon the battle field is made more furious by each additional man who falls around him. And such was the effect of Sikes' misfortune upon Lahm and Alban. While it is easy to account for the increased madness under the circumstances to which we have alluded, of the infuriated soldier, it is beyond the ken of philosophy to give a good and sufficient reason for the impetus the tragical end

of Sikes gave to the kindred vice of Alban and Lahm.

Lahm now began to neglect his professional as well as his official business, and to spend nearly all his time lounging about groceries and hotels, and thus he would spend weeks without appearing to know or care what it must necessarily lead to in the end.

"Mr. Lahm," said a personal and political friend whom he chanced to meet at one of his places of resort, "you must quit drinking or you will go over the dam."

"Well," replied Lahm, "then I shall probably go over."

"Why should you," exclaimed his friend.

"I doubt very much whether I could quit if I were to make the effort."

"To doubt, is to be damned," said his friend, "and," continued he, "there are many things more difficult of accomplishment than abandoning your cups, and to the performance of which, if I should say you were unequal, you would think I under estimated your abilities. 'What man has done man can do,'' I learned in the nursery. You can do it if you think so. But so long as you are suspended between hope and fear, reformation is impossible. You must draw the sword and throw away the scabbard. You must cross the river and cut down the bridge over which you have passed,

after the manner of Gen. Houston at San Jacinto, and then you can fight as becomes a man."

Lahm interrupted him by remarking that declamation and action were as different as could be well imagined. That it was easy to theorize and form plans for life, but to carry out those plans, to reduce them to practice, was entirely another and more difficult matter. "You,' continued he, "know but little about the force of this habit.—'When I would do good evil is present with me."' And then many there are who instead of reaching forth the helping hand, are pushing me deeper and yet deeper into the slough. Men who are not impelled by this irresistible habit to drink, are frequently encouraging me and extending invitations without its occurring to them that I need their aid and assistance to avoid the pit falls that are awaiting my slow but certain approach—that lead me to the haunts of dissipation and fix the habit more and more indelibly."

"Regard such men as your most deadly enemies, and stand aloof from them," said his friend.

"That," replied Lahm, "is easier to say than do."

"No, more easily," exclaimed his friend, when your reputation, your all, your very life, temporal and eternal, is at stake. Continue this drinking two months and you are a dead man. Formerly a man could drink for very many years and still have some constitution left; but the drugged and

adulterated liquors of the present day do their work of death with accelerated facility."

"I know it all," returned Lahm.

"And yet," said his friend, "you will stand inactive while fiery billows roll beneath."

"How am I to extinguish them," enquired Lahm.

"How! why, be a man."

"I once was a man," mournfully said Lahm, "but"—

"But what;" quickly exclaimed his friend.—"Cross the Rubicon, and destroy all hope of retreat, and be a man again."

"No," said Lahm, "it is now too late to talk about crossing; I am already in the heart of the enemies' country—surrounded—supplies cut off—am without hope. I can now only capitulate;" and added, "you are now where I once was—a moderate drinker. Let me admonish you to stop where you are, lest you become what I am. Three years ago there was less probability of my becoming a miserable drunken bloat, than there is now of your being such. God may have hardened my heart and weakened my resolution for the purpose of giving you and others the benefit of my example."

"God has had less to do with it than the enemy of souls," said his friend. "You appear to have profited little from the fate of Sibley, Sikes, and others."

"And," replied Lahm, "you may be benefited as little by mine. 'Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

His friend, considering further expostulation useless, left him to his apparent doom.

Lahm continued for several weeks to drink, and the only change observed was that he grew worse and more hopeless. He now determined to visit his relatives living in another State, and was soon on his way. Previous to leaving he provided himself with a quantity of brandy, some of which he carried in his carpet sack, to protect him against the contingency of passing through a temperance region, where the article could not be had. Having it with him, he drank freely, but succeeded in reaching his former home, where the entreaties, tears and prayers of a pious mother were alike expended upon him in vain. He remained a few days, but it appeared less like home than upon any former visit. It had ceased to be "home sweet home." His friends were even more kind than usual. Every little attention and every kind act that could possibly contribute to his happiness and comfort, were done with the object so apparent that he could not but observe it. In the midst of this kindness a sense of degradation and unworthiness would steal across his mind and mar his peace.

Finding himself unable to enjoy home, he prepared to return. As he was about to leave, his

aged and infirm mother took him by the hand and said, while the tears like rain, fell from her almost sightless eyes, 'My son, promise me before heaven, you will quit drinking."

"No, mother!" he replied, "I can't." I would break the pledge if I made it. You taught me in infancy the baseness of falsehood, and I have never forgotten it."

"Would to God," sobbed the mother, "I had taught you an additional lesson—the folly of drinking."

Lahm was too much affected to make any reply. His mother again said, "Won't you make the promise."

Lahm, too full of emotion to answer, shook his head. "Then," continued the mother, "I shall never see you again; never, never, shall I again behold my son!" and returned to the house in an agony of grief, while he stepped into the stage and was off.

He now appeared to have cut himself loose from all sense of shame; though several genteel ladies were in the coach, he would in their presence take from his pocket his flask, and drink freely several times in the course of an hour; and continued this course until some time the next day, when he was seized with a fit of *delirium tremens;* and while in this condition he would exclaim in the language of David, "Deliver me O my God! from the hand of the wicked."

And again he would say, "Deliver me not over to the will of my enemies!" "Save, oh God! or I perish."

Moderating, he would utter all kinds of incongruities—disconnected and broken sentences—when suddenly he rose, opened the door of the coach and sprang out, and went howling into a dense forest of many thousand acres, owned by distant speculators; while the coach proceeded on to the next station some three miles farther, where the people were notified of what had happened.

During the afternoon of the same day a rigid search was instituted, and incessantly kept up until he was found, on the third day after the occurrence with his lower extremities in a small rivulet, with his head and upper part of the body upon the sloaping bank, lifeless. He was conveyed to the station where his trunk had been left; upon opening which, letters from his mother disclosed the residence of his parents, to which place his body was sent. His trunk contained money sufficient to defray the expense.

A few days after the above occurrence, the Herald, a newspaper which our readers will recollect, came out at the time of the Jones' difficulty against the temperance movement, and charged that it was a trick of the opposite political party for the purpose of getting into power; in a long, leading article, noticed the death of Lahm—a portion of which we will copy to show with what facility a

political editor can blow hot and cold under a slight change of circumstances:

"It is with feelings of the deepest pain and regret, that we are called upon to record the demise of our worthy fellow citizen, Mr. Lahm.

'When sorrows come, they come not single spies
But in battalions.'"

"Within the last few months we have noticed the death of Sibley, Sikes, and several others less conspicuous, and now that of Mr. Lahm—all from the same cause, this accursed intemperance. It appears to love a shining mark. It is striking down the best men among us. There are scores of men in this community who have not yet fallen victims, that is, they are not dead, but so far as every thing but breathing is concerned, they are to all intents and purposes, dead. They are dead to their own welfare—dead to the interests and well-being of their families—dead to society—dead, many of them, to shame, and must soon stop breathing."

"Is there no remedy, 'no balm in Gilead?"' If this destructive vice is not arrested,

———'Next age will see
A race more profligate than we.'"

"It is not in the nature of this vice to be stationary. It must either advance or retrograde.—Then the matter is narrowed down to this—shall it go forward or backward? We cannot as an honest man and a good citizen, both of which we de-

sire to be, advocate its advancement; therefore we must be in favor of its retrogression. We cannot be for and against it at the same time. And hence to-day, this very hour, we nail the Maine Liquor Law flag to our mast, and 'sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,' we are for the Law."

CHAPTER XXI.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.---*Gay.*

The influences had taken a most happy turn, and it was now sanguinely hoped by the philanthropic, that through the magic of this sudden change, Judge Alban would be saved from what had previously appeared to be his inevitable doom, a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's eternity.—But there was littte hope for a man whose bosom did not contain one generous impulse, one noble sentiment, one manly feeling; who was a stranger to virtuous indignation, whose heart beat with its every throb in unison with vice and immorality; the springs to whose policy were oppression, cowardice, hypocrisy, ingratitude and deception! He heeded not the influences around him, nor the solemn warnings which seemed to speak from the graves of Sibley, Sikes and Lahm, and no sooner was he out of one excess than he plunged into another and still another, until scenes of debauchery and dissipation seemed to be the only element in which he could "breathe, move or have his being."

A few weeks after the death of Lahm, Alban was loafing in the office of a lawyer whom we

shall designate Yellow Coat, a cognoman he received from wearing a yellow jeans coat, for the double purpose of making more palpable his contempt for the aristocracy and that of winning upon the affections of the dear people, whom he constantly studied to deceive by the wiles, arts and appliances of the heartless demagogue.

"Judge," said Yellow Coat, "are you aware that a bill has already passed the United States Senate which contemplates a division of our State into two Districts?"

Judge Alban, stupefied from the excesses of the previous night was in a state of semi-repose, partially opened his eyes and drawled out—

"What is that you are talk—talking about—about there?"

"Our State is about to be divided and we will have two United States' Courts instead of one," repeated Yellow Coat.

"Would it benefit you or myself any, if there were twenty new courts," responded Alban.

"I am not so certain," said Yellow Coat, "but one might benefit us essentially."

"How!" exclaimed Alban. "If I can be taught to believe that it may result to my benefit, then I shall feel an interest in the movement; if not, of course I shall be indifferent. My motto is touch nothing unless it pay well."

"That's my rule of action," said Yellow Coat; "look out for number one, and let every body else

take care of himself. But then might you not, Judge, by some management procure an appointment?"

"To what?" exclaimed Alban.

"Why, to a Judgeship, and that too, for life," said Yellow Coat.

"That life feature I like," said Alban. "This being dependent upon the vulgar herd for position, constantly living in dread of their disapprobation—and this crawling, creeping and cringing to the mass for favor, is, and always has been greatly at war with my feelings; but then, I suppose, if the district should be made, the bench is entirely beyond my reach."

"Why should it be?" said Yellow Coat; "certainly with judicious management you may secure the appointment."

"Do you think so?" said Alban.

"I most assuredly do," replied Yellow Coat.

"But," continued Judge Alban, "who is to manage this matter? We are remote from Washington City, and in order that it be reduced to a certainty some person must go there immediately, and every appliance within the range, ay, beyond the range of convenience, brought to bear upon the President and the appointing power, that is necessary to effect the object, and that will require time and money."

"All that will be wholly unnecessary," replied Yellow Coat. "It can all be accomplished by writing to a few friends in Congress."

"This thing of writing to friends about matters in which you and not they are interested, is a business in which I have long since ceased to have any confidence," exclaimed Alban.

"Oh, you must second the movement by money. Money is the fulcrum, the lever, and the whole moving power. That must accompany our exertion at the proper time," said Yellow Coat; "and now, Judge, continued he, "we are so made and constituted that we must learn every thing we know—we can know nothing by intuition. Now, while you have been acquainting yourself with the occult mysteries of science, and fathoming the profundities of ancient and modern legal lore, you have neglected the less abstruse science of political intriguing, and you must therefore place yourself completely under the control and management of myself and a very few other friends; we will keep you constantly advised as to the part you must play in the drama. It will probably be necessary for you to procure the recommendation of the Governor, Legislature, and other State officers."

"You have been my friend—my warm and devoted friend—while Lahm and other scamps have been down upon me; I will therefore leave the matter wholly in your hands," said the Judge.

"Certainly, certainly," said Yellow Coat; I will however make one suggestion, and that is, you must have some of the *needful* ready for emergencies."

"I will endeavor to," replied the Judge.

A few days after the above conversation, Yellow Coat called upon the Judge for the *needful*, saying he was upon his way to the city of C——, for the purpose of obtaining the signatures of the dignitaries of the State—procured his money and proceeded upon his way.

But quite as soon as Yellow Coat could reach the seat of government and return, we find him with Judge Alban, saying he could not procure an endorsement of his honor the Judge, until he would first resign the office he held, after which they would all join in recommending the Judge to the favorable notice of the President and Cabinet.

Immediately after Yellow Coat met the Judge, and before he communicated to him his want of success, he swaggered and shrugged up his shoulders with an affected involuntary shiver, and with a look and blink peculiarly his own, as he threw a massive quantity of the weed from his cadaverous countenance, invited the Judge across the street to liquor up, to see which, was to comprehend it and its objects; but with accuracy and justness to describe the indications of perfidy evinced in his swagger, in his countenance and demeanor, would

require more than the pen of an Irving, or the pencil of a Hogarth.

After Yellow Coat and the Judge had been quietly seated in a genteel Saloon and drank a brandy smash, Yellow Coat without informing the Judge of his bad luck, but upon the contrary constantly avoiding any allusion to the matter, called in a hot whiskey punch—still trembling or affecting to shiver from the cold. Nor was it until the whiskey punch was swallowed, and the Judge in turn called in the liquor two or three times. that the tremulous Yellow Coat ventured to mention to the drunken dignitary the unfavorable report of his mission, taking care to preface it with the remark that he would immediately return to the seat of government upon his errand of kindness.

Alban by no means sanguine when sober, would not at this time have given a groat to have had success insured, without ceremony or further inquiry wrote out his resignation, and requested the governor to appoint Esq. Yellow Coat his successor.

Yellow Coat, now with the resignation and recommendation of Alban in his pocket, forthwith started for the seat of government, from whence in due time he returned with his own commission, but without any very satisfactory account of the action of the Governor, the Legislature and other State officers, in relation to the appointment of Judge Alban.

Soon after Yellow Coat's return, Alban called at his office without finding him in, and then at his residence, but he sent the judge word he was not at home. Finally, however, the Judge met him; but, as neither Alban nor Yellow Coat has reported the result of that interview, we are unable to give it to our readers; but this much we do know--Judge Alban called upon Yellow Coat, often; indeed, every day, and sometimes several times in the course of a day; we don't know certainly, but suppose to listen to the delusive and hypocritical professions of old Yellow Coat, until finally the new made judge, as we have been informed, and verily believe, grew impatient under the annoyance, when he is said to have made this laconic remark—

"Go home, Alban, and be patient! This thing can't be accomplished in a day, nor can it be done in weeks."

At this meeting, Alban, we are told, was sober, and as a sense of his true situation stole over his demented mind he fixed his eye—vacant from vagrancy—upon the new Judge, and exclaimed with a tremulous voice, in tones that wrung tears from the eyes of the callous old Yellow Coat—"*Et tu Brute!*"

It was not long until the news went through the town, as upon the wings of the wind, that old Yellow Coat was in tears!

"In tears! Yellow Coat in tears!" was the exclamation caught up and carried from one to another, until the adjoining hills reverberated the echo, "Old Yellow Coat is in tears!" All was commotion—some running in one direction, some in another, rendering collisions unavoidable. Consternation sat upon every countenance. While some had old Yellow Coat in one kind of catastrophe, others had him in a different trouble; none seemed to know what was the true character of the difficulty.

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired one.

"Old Yellow Coat is crying!" shouted several voices.

An old gentleman clasped his hands, cocked his sinister eye, threw his head to one side, and said, "Young gentlemen, you ought not to triffle with old age."

"True as preaching!" was the reply.

"Is this world, indeed, coming to an end!" exclaimed the old man.

"What state of things *could* have drawn tears from old Yellow Coat?" cried others.

"Some great public misfortune!" ejaculated some one.

"No," responded another, "No public calamity could move old Yaller Coat. It must be some private loss. If the world were on fire and he and his interest secure, he could set amid the 'wreck

of matter and the crush of worlds,' with entire composure, nor shed a tear."

"Judge Alban was now out of office, without hope of again occupying an official station.

"Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed."

"He returned home, now that he was betrayed by one in whom he reposed unbounded confidence —threw himself upon a lounge and wept as if his head had been a fountain of tears. "I am," soliloquized he, "now retiring where I shall have the pleasure of remaining for the balance of my life. There is some gratification in knowing

"I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can sink no lower."

"Oh! what a wrong I have suffered at the hands of that Yellow Coat! What a consummation of selfishness! What a sorded wretch! How little of the 'milk of human kindness' is in his composition! How applicable the lines of Byron to Southey—

"Thy love is lust, thy friendship is all a cheat;
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit."

His professions of friendship, now that I have had an opportunity of testing them, have proven empty. I ought to have discovered, long ago, that he was hypocritical, for never has he been known to have electioneered for any individual but once, and that he regretted, saving old Yellow Coat, who is his favorite candidate and for whom he plays a strong hand and makes vigorous exertion.

"I have frequently been told that Lahm, poor fellow, whom I've treated very harshly, and actually drove from the bar and probably into dissipation, was a better man—had more heart and head, too. than this selfish, cunning, deceptious "Yellow Coat; yet I have never, until now, believed it. Certain it is I've not studied my true interest in allowing that conglomeration of every vice to rule and control me upon the bench. I now clearly perceive what I ought to have as clearly seen long since, that all his aims and purposes were profoundly selfish; and, that in extending to him so much favor, I have repelled and disgusted his brethren of the bar, and, as a consequence, am now friendless.

> "Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
> I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked."

What am I to do? What can I do? Go back to the bar and there be amply paid, by those I have oppressed, with compound interest? This retributive justice, they have already been talking about, I must confess I do not like. I can not—I will not return to the bar."

Misery is the legitimate fruit of folly and crime, and Alban was now as miserable as his previous life had been foolish and criminal. He had passed through a little over two-thirds of his three score and ten, and had treasured nothing but error and

sin—had a worn out body—a premature old age—a desolate soul, inhabited alone by ruthless remorse. His indiscretions, his follies, and his crimes, now arrayed themselves like frightful spectres before the bar of his conscience, and he sighed for the privilege of again enjoying the innocent and happy days of childhood and youth, that he might again start upon the path of integrity, and he exclaimed, "If youthful blood were again coursing my veins—if manly vigor was again mine—if again I was embarking upon the ocean of life, I would write upon my chart—ay, all over my chart—in conspicuous characters, 'Avoid the flatterer, as you would the touch of contagion,' for, in the honied accents of flattery is the poison of the deadly upas. From the flattery and professions of old Yellow Coat, I had supposed he would have gone to the very door of perdition, and incurred the risk of making good his retreat without having old Pluto foreclose his mortgage upon him, if thereby he could have conferred upon me even a slight favor. But alas, alas! how has his conduct comported with his pretensions."

But a new element of excitement was about to pervade the thoughts, feelings, affections, head, and heart, of Judge Alban. As he closed the above soliloquy he rose from the lounge and seated himself by the table, upon which the mail-boy had just thrown a number of letters, papers, and periodicals, from which he picked up a paper, and the

first thing upon which his eye rested, was an article from which we copy the following:

"A writer in the True American asks the important question, 'Have we a Stuart among us;'" and then gives an account of the discovery of a claimant to the British Monarchy in the person of one Charles Edward Stuart, Compte D'Albani.—It is claimed the Compte is a son of Cardinal York who died in eighteen hundred and seven, when it was supposed the issue of James II of England was extinct."

As Judge Alban closed the above paragraph, he sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Ye gods! that's better than perfidious friends and Judgeships that can't be reached.

"I'll show Charles Edward that there are other *Stewarts* who have claims upon Windsor Castle, and who will take a hand in determining the question whether 'a stranger fills the Stuart Throne.'"

"Now, the only thing which dampens my ardor in this struggle for a throne is, first, the terrible picture drawn of the Stuart family, by Dickens, in his history of England; and, secondly, the want of the means necessary to enter the arena and oust Queen Vic. But that is all counteracted by the contemplation of the figure I shall make upon the British throne, among the dignitaries of that vast empire, upon whose dominions the sun never sets.

"My dignity and splendid personal appearance would there be appreciated; I would not there be liable to have my dignity insulted by such puppies as Lahm, nor my rights invaded by such treacherous wretches as Old Yellow Coat;" and he laughed outright: but it is said by our informant to have been a most sinister giggle; anything but a real, joyous laugh, directly from the regions of a virtuous heart.

"To whom can I go and consult as to my future plans of operation; would to God I now had a friend in whom I could repose implicit confidence. But where on this broad earth shall I find a friend! Until this base perfidy of Yellow Coat, I could have said—

——'Thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of long years extend!'"

but now, alas! sad, bitter experience compels me to take up the song—

'The friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues in pleasure.'"

"Yellow Coat can now have no interest in my future welfare. No, he cares not who occupies the 'throne of the Stuarts.'" It would afford him quite as much pleasure to see the present incumbent there, as to see me (and my posterity, I had almost said, but alas! I shall leave none)—occupying the inheritance of our ancestry. The elysian bowers of his hope are tenanted alone by self. Had I possessed sagacity sufficient to have

made that discovery years ago, then would he not have grown beyond his natural dimensions.

"What a swaggering, all things to all men, demagogue, he is. Among Catholics he would acknowledge the apostolic succession of the Pope. Among Protestants, he would call that church dignitary, Anti-Christ. Among Mohammedans, he would sing hosannas to the Prophet. Among Mormons, he would deify Joe Smith—having direct reference in every thing he would say and do, to self-aggrandizement."

While Alban was in the utmost doubt and perplexity as to the source from which he was to derive the *material aid*, a wag from the Emerald Isle who had regarded the Judge for some time as the butt of ridicule, having had an intimation of Alban's new born aspirations, met him upon the street and informed him he had recently received some money from Scotland, a small portion of an immense estate, which he inherited upon the demise of a wealthy old uncle; and that he was then attempting to negotiate with an attorney to accompany him to that country. The Judge could wait no longer, but exclaimed, "'Squire Edward M'Gugin, I am just the man you want; I have no doubt the boys will be after you for this job, but you will need an old head."

"Yes," replied M'Gugin, as he abruptly left Alban, "I have numerous applications."

Judge Alban immediately returned home in great haste, and informed his wife that upon that evening he intended to have Mr. and Mrs. M'Gugin to tea.

"What!" replied his wife, "Ed., the Irish drayman."

"Yes, certainly;" answered the Judge.

"Why, pray," said Mrs. Alban, "what freak has come upon you, now! You have always regarded such men as mere serfs—as few removes from the animal."

"Well, well," said the Judge, "I am aware of all that; but I want to use Ed. a little. He has a matter I wish to secure, and a number of young lawyers are after him. It's true they are mere boys, yet Ed. may allow himself to be persuaded to retain them."

"But you bound from one extreme to its opposite, with wonderful facility," said Mrs. Alban.—"You usually look upon what you call the vulgar, with a kind of unutterable contempt, and now you are about to hug one of the most repulsive to your bosom."

"It would be very grateful to my feelings if you possessed a "wonderful facility" for regarding my wishes."

"What business of importance can that vagabond Ed. have to excite the emulation of legal gentlemen?" replied Mrs. Alban.

"Humph! wife, that shows how little women know about matters and things. Why, Ed. is probably the wealthiest man in town. An old uncle in Scotland has left him an immense fortune."

"Immense nonsense," retorted Mrs. Alban.—"Ed. is not worth a dime, and you will find that it is an immense hoax he is practicing upon your honor;" and added, by way of mollifying his feelings, "I believe you are partial to the title, 'Your Honor.'"

"Oh! fudge," said the Judge, "let me have some paper, pen, and ink."

As soon as he was furnished with the materials for writing, he wrote the following note:

"Mr. and Mrs. Alban's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. M'Gugin, with the hope that they may have the pleasure of their society this evening, at seven o'clock."

The Judge now folded very neatly, the note, upon the back of which, in a delicate hand, he wrote "Edward M'Gugin, Esq., and Lady."

"Will you please to take Mrs. Alban out of your note? What pray, do I know about Mr. and Mrs. M'Gugin?"

"What is written, is written," said the Judge.

"Why, Judge," said his wife, "this thing will get out, and even the boys upon the street will be squaking at you. Let me urge you this once to hearken to my counsel."

"Will you allow me to do as I think advisable, in the premises?" said the Judge.

"You will, whether I allow you or not," responded Mrs. Alban; but added, "I am unaccustomed to waiting upon such cattle."

"Consult my interest this once," said Alban, "and you may live to see the day when you will acknowledge my wisdom and sagacity."

"I will live to see you laughed at extensively, and that will be about to-morrow or the following day, at farthest, as the bubble will soon burst."

The Judge unwilling to trust his note in the hands of a servant, under the control of Mrs. Alban, lest she might have imparted infection and want of confidence—carried it himself.

When the Judge reached a small hovel in the suburbs of the town, where he supposed M'Gugin resided, he knocked for admission. Soon the door opened, and a female not remarkable for the neatness of her person, was upon the threshold.

The Judge bowed and said, "Have I the pleasure of being in the presence of Mrs. M'Gugin;" and added, "is the 'Squire in?"

"Who did you ask for?"

"For the 'Squire," replied Alban.

"I don't know a man of that name."

"I want to see Mr. Edward M'Gugin."

"Oh! said she, "you want to see Ned, I suppose."

"Yes, Madam, I wish to see 'Squire M'Gugin," very blandly replied the Judge.

Edward had inducted his wife into the mysteries of the hoax, and instructed her to say to Judge Alban that he had just stepped into the bank for the purpose of depositing fifteen or twenty thousand dollars—which she did with great adroitness.

"Then," exclaimed the Judge, "the 'Squire has drawn a considerable portion of his legacy."

"Only a small amount," was the ready response.

"Sufficient to pay expenses in getting the balance," exclaimed Alban, as he threw the note of invitation down at her feet, and broke at the top of his speed like a tiger upon a fresh trail of blood, for "'Squire M'Gugin" and the bank. But before he came up to "'Squire M'Gugin," the bubble had burst, though not until a score or more, (and many of them young lawyers,) had been let into the secret and who had been watching his movements upon the street, enjoyed a fine laugh at the expense of the unfortunate dignitary.

Flattery being the only avenue through which Alban could be approached, he fell into the too common error of estimating others by his own capacity for the enjoyment of this nostrum of fools and villains; and hence he invariably attempted to accomplish his purposes through a free and liberal use of the article which banished him at once

from the society of honest, sensible, refined and well-bred men, and threw him exclusively among kindred spirits, where he could enjoy his favorite aliment without stint or measure.

To the sins which, as we have seen, covered Alban as with a mantle, he added others which involved the most sacred interest of man as well as woman, and would have enabled him to pass *par excellence* in the regions of Mecca and Salt Lake.

The throne of the Stuarts which excited him when first it engrossed his thoughts, had now less attractions to this distinguished branch of a distinguished but fallen house, than the flavor of a mint julep, or the fumes of a whiskey punch.

But the avenger of virtue and injured innocence was in his wake, and close upon his heels, and he was smitten after the manner of Jehorum. As he staggered home from a scene of midnight debauchery, upon a steep embankment, thrown across a ravine, not far distant, and leading to his residence, "falling headlong he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out."

While we detain a moment to drop the sympathetic tear over the ashes of our departed hero, we must be permitted to enter our most solemn protest against the indiscriminate censure society attaches to deviations from the path of virtue, while it seldom stops to investigate the circumstances which surround the miserable victim of

vice and folly. If closely scrutinized by the eye of wisdom as well as charity, how often would this unfortunate class of our fellow men, deserve and receive, instead of our censure and condemnation, our pity and heartfelt sympathy. Could we probe the incipient stages of vice and folly as well as the more confirmed and inexorable criminals, we would find connected with them many, often very many, extenuating circumstances.

We have great confidence in the potency of circumstances in shaping the destiny, politically, intellectually, pecuniarily and morally, of mankind; and those circumstances would occasionally seem to be beyond the control of the individual, by which his happiness and character are moulded.

Oppression engenders hatred in the oppressed, therefore Alban had no associates among the younger members of the bar. His want of judicial courtesy, ay, more, his judicial tyranny, had driven him entirely from the society of the bar, except Yellow Coat, for whose tender mercies he had at this time but little relish. The allurements of an enchanted home were not his; no interesting gambols of young innocents, invited him from scenes of dissipation and debauchery to the bliss of the domestic hearth. Excluded from the communion of those between whom and himself there was some congeniality—without an opportunity of exercising the more amiable feelings of the hu-

man heart around the altar of domestic happiness, he was in a favorable condition to fall in with the proposals of vice : hence for several consecutive weeks previous to the death of Alban, he was reeling and staggering from one doggery to another.

CHAPTER XXII.

——— She bore herself
So gently, that the lilly on the stalk
Bends not so easily its dewey head.
Percival.

Jones returned home from the disgraceful scene where we left him, and having now some leisure, was, for days and days in succession, constantly under the influence of liquor—seldom so as to reel and stagger; but, notwithstanding his free use of aromatics, Mrs. Jones could invariably detect upon his breath. the slightest indulgence, yet he was quite unconscious of her skill.

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A smile, or a sympathizing tear,
Has often healed the heart that's droken."

And the poet might have added, "And saved the heart that is wedded to vice and folly. Such was her course. She had resolved to win him back by kindness.

His habits now became shamefully irregular—frequently twelve, one, and two, in the morning, would find him in haunts of dissipation; but when he made his appearance at his unhappy home, he would offer some fictitious apology for his absence, which was always received with a smile and in

kindness by his wife, who never retired to rest until after his return. It soon began to make inroads upon her health, which was perceived by her husband, always tender and indulgent, who insisted she should retire at her usual time.

"And have you come cold, and perhaps hungry," said she. "I could not think of that."

Coming home one morning, he saw the light in the sitting room, as usual, and curious to know how his wife whiled away the tedious hours, softly stepped to a window and, through the crevices in the shutters, he saw her in apparent deep devotion, but could hear nothing except an occasional sob. After some moments, he walked up to the door and entered, near which she met him as usual, all kindness, without evincing the slightest dissatisfaction, or trouble.

Jones took a seat near the fire, in a more thoughtful mood than he had, for some time previously, evinced. Presently, a warm cup of tea was upon the stand and placed before him. It was more than he could endure without emotion, which he chose not to exhibit, and accordingly left the room to give vent to his pent up feelings. After some fifteen minutes he returned, but partook sparingly of the tea, and soon retired.

The following evening, Judge Jones remained at home till about eight, when he took his hat and remarked to his wife, he would try to return sooner that evening than formerly; for which she thanked

him very kindly. Instead of going down street he took his old position at the window.

Soon after his departure, she opened the family bible and read a chapter or two, and then kneeled down, and again he beheld her engaged in prayer. She was not far from the window, where he stood a silent spectator of the (to him) imposing scene. He could distinctly hear her, in a tremulous voice, but with great pathos, say—

"Lord lay not this sin to his charge—'snatch him as a brand from the burning.' Restore him to sobriety. Thou hast endowed him with much talent. Oh God, forbid that he bury it."

He could only catch an occasional sentence, some of which we have given above; but he was conquered. He stepped upon the threshold of the door and entered, after an absence of nearly an hour. She met him with a countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed, "Why, my dear, you are home early this evening."

"Not so early as I shall be to-morrow evening," he replied; and continued, "It is all over. You have conquered me, and I am myself again."

She threw her arms around him, and cried aloud from very joy.

"I am," exclaimed Judge Jones, "from this moment, a 'Maine Law' man, come what may."

They took a seat by the fire, and while she was in extacies he was sombre and thoughtful. In a

few moments he turned and looked her full in the face, as he said, "You knew it all, then?"

She smiled as she nodded, and said: "Gray tells us—

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

He quickly replied, that a greater man than Gray has said—

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty."

With a sweet voice and a smiling countenance, she said, "The wise man from whom you have just quoted, says, 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' I knew you could not long be deceived. You have too much mind for that."

"But," returned he, "why did you not scold, get mad, and smash things?"

"That would have done no good, and might have done much harm."

"I think that is likely—your course was the better."

She was well acquainted with the Judge's virtues as well as his imperfections. Now that he had determined to quit, she felt he could not be driven from his purpose; and, therefore, conversed with him freely, and ventured to enquire how the sudden change came.

He replied that he was seldom ignorant of what was going on around him.

She did not fully comprehend him, and enquired how she was to understand him.

He replied, "You have saved me." And, after musing a few moments, he exclaimed, "what a fate I have escaped! "When I look back, now that I am sober, and not excited, how I shudder. Oh, what a perilous race I was running! How few that enter upon that course, stop short of the goal—ruin and death."

"Since your unfortunate Hamlin trouble, I have been, during my every waking hour, (and my sleeping ones have been few) brooding over your dangers, but I have never despaired of your ultimate return to virtue.

"How much I am indebted to you."

"No," said she; "but on the contrary, how many ten thousand obligations I am under to you, my natural protector, for turning your back upon a most seductive vice, which, when persisted in, must end in wreck and ruin."

Mrs. Jones, that night, retired to pleasant slumbers without any dread of the future.

Next morning who should make his appearance but Leblond? Neither knew of the change that had taken place in the other. Each, however soon discovered that his friend was perfectly sober, and free from the influence of liquor, and it was what could not have been said of either for many months previous to their recent reformation.

Our two friends were soon engaged in conversation upon the fate of Sikes, Lahm, Sibley and Alban. When alluding to Sibley, Leblond was

affected to tears, and paid a handsome tribute to his memory.

"I," said Leblond, "am now in easy circumstances, and expect to be wealthy at no distant period; but if as poor as Lazarus, I would be bound by every principle of right, and of honor, to support his destitute family. I now have the two boys in college, and there they shall remain at my expense until their education is complete, after which I intend taking them into my office, and give them each a thorough legal education; and that is probably more than the unfortunate father could have done, had he lived. That angel that hovered about his path and was instrumental in his reformation when in prison, but who dropped the curtain upon his earthly career, is now in the Lunatic Asylum, also at my cost."

"Why," said Jones, now choked with emotion, and relieved only by a shower of tears, "Leblond, that is manly."

"It is naked justice to the wretched family whom I have robbed of their protector; and, could I have persuaded myself there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no retribution nor happiness beyond the grave—still, I would have done what I have done. Yet, if it is true philosophy and good morality, that the moral turpitude of the act is estimated by the intention, then, indeed, am I guiltless of the blood of poor Sibley. It is true that the man who wrecklessly discharges his rifle into a crowd, and kills,

without intending so to do, is guilty of murder—this is probably good law as well as good sense. Upon that principle, I would have been responsible had I been sober when I went to his office."

"But, brother Leblond," said the Judge, "drunkenness does not excuse crime."

"Then," said Leblond, "I am guilty of murder; and, had Hamlin been executed, which he would have been but for the interference of Providence, you would have occupied a no less enviable position."

"While I have been more guilty than you," replied Judge Jones, "I have been more fortunate."

"Judge, I sometimes, and of late particularly feel very much like quarrelling with that principle of law that refuses to make drunkenness an excuse for crime."

"It works hardship occasionally," responded Jones; "But, perhaps, not more often, nor greater than other general rules. Suppose the general rule was established that drunkenness could be urged as a defence. Then, sir, all a man would have to do, if he meditated a deadly injury against his neighbor, would be to get as drunk as bacchus, or even to affect drunkenness; and under the rule he could with impunity, commit any and all sorts of crime and outrage."

"Had the public known as much about the cause that led to the terrible fate of poor Sibley as I did, it is quite probable I might have been

tried in Judge Lynch's Court. It would have made my crime none the less to have made it public, while it might have crippled me in my efforts to repair the injury. But there has not been since the occurrence a day, nor scarcely an hour in the day, when the remembrance of this melancholy event has not come rushing upon my thoughts with the fearful effects of the desolating tornado; and did I not possess an iron will and the power of saying, 'thus far and no farther, and here let thy proud waves be stayed,' I should have been overwhelmed, and met a more tragical end than the unfortunate victim of my folly."

"You have," said Jones, "done all that could have been done; and you will allow me to congratulate you upon your ability to drive back the unbidden thoughts that would have haunted me till the 'latest syllable of recorded time,' had Hamlin been executed. I also think you acted wisely, concealing your agency in the fatal tragedy of the lamented Sibley, from the public, as it could have done no good and might have done great harm. But," continued Jones, "I believe I would have dreaded Judge Alban's Court quite as much as Lynch's."

"By no means," immediately replied Leblond. "Alban—Judge Alban and myself were upon most intimate terms of friendship at that time.—It is true that since I have become, as I fancy, a better man, he is down upon me."

"That would have afforded you no protection," said Jones. "A man is always unsafe in the hands of a Court, more under the control of prejudice and passion, whims and caprices, than sound legal principles or moral worth; and by the way, I have heard, it seems to me, that the old bloat was dead."

"Yes, he is," said Leblond, "and his death was tragical—nearly as much so as Sibley's, Sikes,' or Lahm's. He had become much more corrupt than any of them."

"I knew," said Jones, "very little of Sheriff Sikes; but from what I have seen of Sibley and Lahm, I would think them men of considerable talent, and disposed generally in all their acts and doings to be governed by the strictest rules of right.—while I have never had any confidence in Alban, and certainly less, since he got Jewett out of his trouble. 'We love the treason but hate the traitor."'

"We should tread lightly upon the ashes of the dead,' is a sentiment that wells up from the bottom of all hearts of ordinary sensibility, yet between us, Judge, who are alike acquainted with the frailties, imperfections and vices of Alban, he had not only his weak, very weak points, but he was corrupt; perhaps not exactly corrupt with malice *prepense*, but from the force of passion and prejudice; he usually manifested great reckless-

ness and every body and every thing that came in the way of those prejudices, were sacrificed.

"Justice sooner or later overtakes men of that character—it is sometimes slow, but always certain."

"To this tardiness," responded Leblond, "you and I are equally indebted for time and space for reformation."

Dinner was now announced, and our friends repaired to the dining room and found a table which, thirty-six hours previously would have been groaning under the weight of the first quality of every description of choice liquors, now graced with cold water only.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear;
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fears subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.
Joanna Bailie.

"We've had a general time of rejoicing," said Mrs. Jones, while the unbidden tear gathered and stole down her face, now flushed with emotion.

"The rejoicing is of rather a recent date," remarked the Judge; but with sombre brow and strong emphasis, added—"'better late than never.' The ladies," continued he, "have much more penetration than we gentlemen have been in the habit of ascribing to them. It might be well for you to look to this matter, as you are already in the hymenial trap."

"Not in," replied Leblond, "yet I must confess I may find it exceedingly difficult to break away from its influence, if it was thought desirable."

"That 'if it was thought desirable,' is a most interesting and important provision," said Mrs. Jones.

Leblond, feeling that he occupied tender ground, changed the conversation by remarking, that he, too, felt considerable interest in this rejoicing, to

which an allusion had been made. "I would infer," continued Leblond, addressing himself to Mrs. Jones, "that the Judge supposed these sprees in which we have been indulging were *sub rosa* so far as you were concerned?"

Remarkable for her great prudence as well as her sterling good sense, Mrs. Jones looked at the Judge, and significantly smiled, but made no further reply.

"Mr. Leblond," said the Judge, "these wives are excellent in their place. But for them and their happy influencies upon man and his destiny, we should have, very soon, an entirely different state of things."

Leblond, so recently from a visit to Amelia, could have said pretty things, strong things, and tender things, but was afraid to trust himself upon the subject of wives, and their excellencies, lest he might say soft things; looked wise, but was silent.

Mrs. Jones' keen eye, and sensitive feeling, discovered Leblond's embarrassment, and she sought to relieve him by remarking that wives were like husbands—good, better, best; and probably, bad, worse, worst—and suggested to him the importance of having his the best, as the marriage relation would have an important influence upon all his relations in life, for good or evil, unless he should happen to be so unfortunate as to marry a negative character—a kind of nondiscript—one who has not sufficient force of character to make a

mark of any description. She now discovered that he was still more embarrassed than before.

The Judge came to her aid, by remarking, that one who could make no mark was certainly more harmless than one who makes a strong mark, and averse to his interest.

Table talk over, Jones and Leblond entered the drawing room.

"Leblond," said the Judge, "what about this 'Maine Law,' this coming winter?"

"I am in for it," said Leblond, "until its passage is affected, after which the law shall be executed in my neighborhood at least."

"That gives me unmixed pleasure," said the Judge, both simultaneously rising and grasping each other's hand with a cordiality they had never before manifested.

"By what means have you been converted from the error of your ways?" said Leblond.

"My wife has done it," said the Judge.

"What blessed beings these wives are!" exclaimed Leblond. "I am indebted to the same influence for a change which, a few weeks since, I little dreamed of."

"What," quickly replied the Judge, "you are not married?"

"No," stammered Leblond, "but I expect to be."

"That is sufficient," said the Judge, "I understand it."

"Now," said Judge Jones, "this Maine Law must be passed by the next legislature; and," continued he, "it can be accomplished, if properly taken hold of. I for one am willing to devote to it one year's toil!"

"No man has greater atonements to make than myself for past offences," said Leblond; "but I confess I scarcely know where to commence or how to begin."

Leblond was a good lawyer, well acquainted with his profession, but,

> "To veer and tack and steer a cause
> Against the weather-gage of laws,"

was one thing, while managing a warm contest in which a great moral question was involved, was a different matter; and one in which he had no experience, yet he had resolved to make his mark without regard to the many friends it might alienate.

"Leblond," said the Judge, "we must be

> —— "heroes in the strife."

"Ay, and martyrs too, if necessary," replied Leblond.

"That sacrifice will not be required," said the Judge, "unless I have failed to comprehend the indications. The masses are beginning to think, and think correctly upon this subject, and all we have to do is to procure the enactment of the law and the people will sustain it."

"The people seldom disregard their true interests; and if they think candidly in relation to this matter they will undoubtedly sustain it upon that ground," said Leblond. "But what are your tactics, Judge?"

"We must observe system in this fight. It will be a fierce one, and if we engage in it without first marshaling our strength and drilling our forces, we are vanquished; rely upon it!"

"My plan is to secure the press, a most potent and powerful influence; and that must be effected at as early a date as possible; and immediately after the meeting of the legislature we must besiege the State Capitol, and infest the law making power until it capitulates upon our own terms.

"Another idea has just occurred to me," continued the Judge; "female influence must be brought to bear upon this question. Our wives must accompany us to the city. Do you understand that? Mr. Leblond. Kames tells us that

'Grief as well as joy is infectious.'"

"Now, we must infect the city with our sentiment. Sympathy is quite as contagious as grief or joy. Temperance men and women must be thrown into the city until they are as numerous as the locusts of Egypt: an excitement must be got up and the thing carried by storm."

"That looks well as a theory," said Leblond "but will it work well in practice. Where are

those swarms to come from, with which you contemplate infesting the city."

"I have an extensive acquaintance among the members of the bar in each county in the State, and they are the active men—the thinking men and the speaking men—the men who give tone and character to public sentiment—can set them all in a blaze. And they will shape the course of the public prints in their respective localities, and we will soon have a vast army in the field 'armed and equipped according to law,'" said the Judge, with great fervor.

"That will do," replied Leblond. "But would it not be well to write immediately to Hamlin, Jewett, Barber, and some twenty other active lawyers in different parts of the State, and secure their immediate co-operation?"

"No," returned the Judge," "we must see them personally."

Our two friends next morning, in different directions, were on their mission of "peace and good will to men."

In about ten days after they separated, Jones received the following note:

My Dear Jones:—Your plan is working like a charm. I find no difficulty in enlisting the editors generally, and the lawyers almost universally.—The clergymen are, with scarcely an exception, engaged in this reformation. A few demagogues, with here and there a reckless editor, are attempt-

ing to create an unfavorable impression; but their discordant notes will be lost in the wailings of the storm we shall raise.

Keep the ball in motion, and let me hear from you soon.

I am very truly yours,

L. LEBLOND."

The election was now over; and hence the object of Jones and Leblond in traveling the State was to create an excitement they could bring to bear upon the Legislative body, soon to meet at the seat of government.

Jones had seen Hamlin and had a long interview with him; and the day after Jones and Hamlin separated, Jewett and the Senator started—one east and the other west, animated with the hope that the days of the fell monster, intemperance, were numbered.

Leblond in company with Barber, spent some three weeks in passing from city to city, and from town to town. They made no speeches, but quietly pursued their way through different parts of the State, securing as they went along, the bar and the press, with the promise of flaming editorials and heavy delegations to the State Capitol, during the session of the Legislature.

Leblond resolved on having Amelia witness his efforts at the State Capitol, took up his line of

march for Mr. Leonard's, where a few days after his arrival, his marriage was solemnized amidst great pomp and splendor, and was soon thereafter on his way to the seat of government, where he expected to meet Jewett, Barber, Judge Jones and numerous other distinguished legal gentlemen and prominent politicians from different parts of the State.

CHAPTER XXIV.

——— Tune your harps,
Ye angels to that sound; and thou my heart,
Make room to entertain my flowing joy!—*Dryden.*

Two or three days previous to the meeting of the Legislature, Judge Jones repaired to the seat of government, where he had the gratification of finding Jewett, Barber, Leblond, Hamlin, Tompkins and numerous other members of the bar, editors and supporters of the Maine Law, clad in armor for the coming fight.

A meeting of the friends of the measure was privately called, to which Judge Jones submitted a bill he had previously prepared with great care. In some respects it was more stringent, and in others it was less so, than the Maine Law.

After some discussion the bill was adopted with an additional provision, which made the third infraction of the law, a Penitentiary offence; and in case the Prosecuting Attorney neglected or refused vigorously to prosecute the same, it was made the duty of the Judge of the Court, to dismiss him from office—appoint another in his stead, and to strike his name from the list of prosecuting attorneys; and a *laches* upon the part of

the Jude, was made sufficient cause for impeachment.

The bill thus prepared and amended, was taken by Tompkins with the promise that at the earliest possible moment after the organization of the Senate, he would introduce it and urge its passage, with all the ability he possessed.

No sooner had the Senate elected its officers and appointed the committees, than Tompkins rose in his place in the Senate, and offered the Bill, by which the Senate was taken by surprise, and quite a sensation produced.

Tompkins was a leading spirit in that body, and at the head of a political party which it was supposed would generally oppose the passage of the Bill; and hence it struck terror in the ranks of the enemies of the measure.

At the period of which we are now writing, the city was filled with strangers beyond precedent; and while the temperance cause had scores upon scores of the most prominent members of the bar from different portions of the State, the whiskey influence had got up no inconsiderable outside pressure.

The distillers, grocers and retailers of ardent spirits, in every nook and corner of the State, were immediately after the introduction of the Bill, notified of their danger, and very soon had their representatives in the city. Their calling was in jeopardy, and they had spilled out their

money like water, resolved that the work of death should go on.

It was soon ascertained that the Bill was in little danger in the Senate, yet it was desirable that it should pass that body by as large a majority as possible, for the prestige it would have upon the lower house, where the great fight would be made.

At Judge Jones' room as well as at Leblond's, a caucus was held every few evenings, where, the proper time for bringing up the measure in the Senate, was discussed and finally determined.

Now, that the period for discussing the Bill in the Senate was fixed, Hamlin, Tompkins and five or six other prominent members of the Senate, of each of the political parties, began vigorously to prepare for the conflict.

While Hamlin was to argue the constitutionality of the "Law," Tompkins, who was distinguished for his rhetorical as well as oratorical powers, was designated to make a popular speech, in which all the evils upon domestic happiness, upon social life, upon the body politic, upon our hopes beyond the tomb, were to pass in revision.

Several other accomplished and powerful advocates of the Bill, were detailed to enter the fight, armed with wit, sarcasm, declamation or argument at such time and place in the progress of the debate, as exigencies might seem to require.

The day at length arrived for the discussion; and three or four hours before the time fixed by

the Senate to assemble, the Hall of the Senate was filled to its utmost capacity.

As Leblond and Judge Jones, now recognized as the great champions of the Law, entered arm in arm, the ladies in the gallery began and kept up for several minutes, a waving of their white handkerchiefs. "Leblond," said the Judge, "we must be content with being silent spectators of all this glory."

"I," returned Leblond, "would give the gubernatorial chair, if I owned it, for six years, yes," added he, "I would exchange a seat in the United States Senate for twelve years, for an opportunity of meeting these champions of Rum in this debate."

"Have you seen an article which appears in the Forum, printed at C——," said Leblond.

"No, I have not," replied the Judge.

Leblond took the paper from his pocket and handed it to Jones, who read as follows:

"We have been watching the signs in the political horizon since the election, with more than ordinary interest, and have come to the conclusion there is every where in the State, exhibiting itself a deliberate, yet a quiet and unobtrusive purpose, to enact the Maine Law; certainly none the less dangerous on account of its being covertly gotten up, and clandestinely managed.

"Indeed, when our political enemies have sought to get the advantage of us, they have invariably

been arch, insidious, honied and hypocritical.—

"Our political opponents can have from principle, no strong partialities for the Maine Law; nor can we see how they can consistently support a temperance measure of any kind.

"No party, of which we have any knowledge as a party, has ever been more grossly addicted to intemperance, than the party now evidently trying to ride this last and most contemptible of all hobbies, yet they are raising their hands in holy horror at the evils of intemperance, manifestly for the purpose of gaining the political ascendency.

"Now, we call upon our friends in the Legislature, and out of it, to rally and save the cherished principles of Jefferson and Jackson from the rude assault of the Goth and Vandal politician, alike reckless of principle and the interest of the masses. Fain would these intriguing, unprincipled politicians, make the people believe that our party was a vast army of drunkards; and this obviously for the purpose of drawing largely upon the credulity, if not upon the gullibility, of our party.

"We would say to our friends in the Legislature, stand firm, nor allow your influence to be given in favor of any measure that would infringe upon the sovereign rights of citizens.

"We expect a few will leave us upon this question; yet enough will remain to defeat the measure, and give us the power in the State for all

time to come ; while those who remain will be reliable—can be depended upon in the most trying emergencies.

"We claim always to have been in favor of temperance, and still are ; and yet we oppose the Maine Law for the reason that we believe it is at this time thrust into politics by designing knaves, for the purpose of dividing and conquering ; and the men who are bawling temperance the loudest care the least for the interests of outraged, suffering humanity."

After reading the above article, Judge Jones very coolly remarked, that it impeached the head as well as the heart of the editor, and was well calculated to destroy confidence, as well in his integrity as in his ability, and impair any influence he might have been able, from the position he occupied, to have exerted over his fellow men.

"That thought," said Leblond, "has never sufficiently moulded the actions and shaped the course, of our public men—too many of them seek a gratification of their feelings or a present interest, at the cost of future usefulness and distinction."

"There are," replied Judge Jones, "so many methods by which public men lose caste, and are reduced to a level with the people, that it is by no means strange that prominent public characters find it a most arduous task, for any considerable length of time, to retain public favor."

"Ah!" responded Leblond, "as we look down the declivity of entombed ages, what mournful proofs meet our vision, of the fearful fickleness of public favor. In ancient times, to become a great master or benefactor of our race, was to court a violent death, often by the axe of State, but more frequently by the private dagger."

"Modern times," answered the Judge, "have only improved upon the usages and cruelties of remote and barberous ages. When a master spirit arose and became troublesome to the ignorant masses, in battling their prejudices, crushing and demolishing forever their errors and false theories, they decapitated him to make room for less men.

"But in these days of Christian illumination and benevolence—amid the effulgence of science and the progress of arts, civilization and refinement—as soon as a man renders himself conspicuous and distinguished for valuable service rendered the State, whether in the cabinet or in the field—envy, jealousy, hate, ambition and desire for place—commission their emissaries and send them forth to hurt and destroy, and soon a great statesman, philosopher and philanthropist, lies festering in his wounds, equally unable to live and unable to die."

"I think too," exclaimed Leblond, "that there was more humanity in the barbarity that struck off their heads and placed their victims beyond the reach of physical ills, than there is in the

modern method, by which they are rendered incapable of accomplishing anything, and yet compelled to drag out a miserable existence : for certainly a shipwrecked politician and broken down statesman, enjoy fewer of the sweets and endure more of the bitters of life, than any other description of character. But we have wandered," continued Leblond, "from the point, and now to return to that article ; what will be the effect of it?"

"One effect will be," said Judge Jones, "to read you and myself out of the party."

"And if that, then more than that," replied Leblond. "All of our political party who attended and took an active part in the recent temperance convention held in this city. The largest convention ever held here for any purpose ; and a large majority of those in attendance belonged to our political party, and some of the most distinguished men in the State ; and yet that little petty editor of a little petty country paper, will take upon himself the responsibility of attempting to ostracise us all. It is a most fortunate circumstance for us that he does not wield a powerful pen."

"If he had been worshiping at the shrine of Bacchus for a series of years," said Jones, "that kind of squib would not be unaccountable ; but I am told he is a sober man."

"Oh! yes," replied Leblond, quite a temperate man, and what is more, a deacon in one of the churches of his village."

"That can't be possible," exclaimed Jones.—Leblond, you must be in error. A man kneel and pray for the coming of Emanuel's Kingdom, and at the same time pander to this vice, which like the mighty oak, towers above all the sins of our race, is showing its horrid and gigantic head—the mother of all vice—the head and front of old Diaboles', army. There is in this too much inconsistency for even fallen and erring humanity."—"It is so," said Leblond. "I am well acquainted with him."

"Well," exclaimed Jones, "I suppose he contributes occasionally for missionary purposes?"

"I believe he does," answered Leblond.

"Well," continued Jones, "we ought to raise a fund for the purpose of having a few hundreds of the Chinese imported into this country as temperance missionaries. They refused, you will recollect, to have the British opium crammed down their throats, until the superiority of English science and military tactics had desolated their coast cities, and slaughtered them with a barbarity and cruelty without a parallel in moderu warfare.—And yet opium eating is attended with less fearful consequences than dram drinking."

"But," exclaimed Leblond, "even admitting that one of the great political parties has been

distinguished more than the other for 'bacchanalian revelry,' is that any reason why it should not reform? upon the contrary, is it not a sufficient reason if no other existed, for its taking the lead in removing the rock upon which it split?"

"From my observation," said Judge Jones, "drunkenness is confined to neither party, nor does it prevail to a greater extent in one than another."

Hamlin now obtained the floor and proceeded to address the Senate.

He commenced by saying: Though he had from early boyhood to the present moment been an advocate of temperance, yet the evils of that monster vice had fallen upon him with most crushing weight, but that his purpose at that time was simply to remove doubts which he understood existed in certain quarters, as to the constitutionality of the measure.

He went on to remark, that it was strange how any well informed mind since 1813, could doubt upon that question. "In that year," continued he, "Congress passed an act entitled 'An act for laying duties on licenses to retailers of wines, spirituous liquors and foreign merchandize,' which contained a provision he read as follows:

"Provided always, that no license shall be granted to any person to sell wines, distilled spirituous liquors or merchandize, who is prohibited therefrom to sell the same by the State."

And maintained with great force and power, that it was clearly and manifestly implied in the passage of the law, that a State had the right to prohibit the manufacture, sale or barter of any article which was detrimental to the public welfare; and insisted with equal clearness and power that the control of the internal trade was reserved to the States.

"But," "continued he, "all doubts must be forever dissipated, since the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States made in 1845, on three different cases, one from the State of Massachusetts—prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors in less quantities than twenty-eight gallons—one from New Hampshire, and one from Rhode Island, of a similar character."

He here read the remarks of Chief Justice Taney, as reported in 5 Howard; p. 504.

"Every State may regulate its own internal traffic, according to its own judgment and upon its own views of the interest and well being of its citizens. If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, ruin and debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether, if it thinks proper."

"In these cases, the Chief Justice had the concurrence of each of his associates upon the

bench," continued Hamlin, "from the remarks of whom, with your indulgence, I will read."

"I admit," says Judge Catron, "as inevitable, that if the State has the power of restraint by license to any extent, she has the discretionary power to Judge of its limits, and may go to the length of prohibiting sales altogether."

Judge M'Lean holds the following:

"Merchandise from a port where contagious disease prevails, being liable to communicate disease, may be excluded, and in certain cases may be thrown into the sea. This comes in direct conflict with the regulations of commerce, and yet essential to preservation, and exists necessarily in every organized community. It is, indeed, the law of nature, and is possessed by man in his individual capacity."

"Again," continued Hamlin, "Judge Grier says:

"Quarantine laws which protect public health, compel mere commercial regulations to submit to their control. They restrain the liberty of the passengers; they operate on the ship which is the instrument of commerce, and its officers and crew, the agents of navigation. They seize the infected cargo and cast it overboard. All these things are done, not from power which the State assumes to regulate or interfere with the regulations of Congress, but because the police laws for the prevention of crime and the protection of the public

welfare, must of necessity have full and free operation according to the exigency which requires their interference. If a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she would be the gainer a thousand fold in the health and happiness of the city."'

"While another of the Judges holds the following language," continued Hamlin:

"It is not necessary to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism, and crime, which have their origin in the use and abuse of ardent spirits. The police power, which is exclusively vested in the State, is alone competent to the correction of these great evils; and all measures of restraint or prohibition necessary to effect that purpose, are within the scope of that authority. All laws for the restraint or punishment of crime, or the preservation of the public peace, health, or morals are from their very nature of primary importance and lie at the foundation of social existence. They are for the protection of life and liberty, and necessarily compel all laws on subjects of secondary importance, which relate only to property, convenience, or luxury, to recede when they come in contact or collision.

"The question, then," continued Hamlin, "has been adjudicated and settled affirmatively, by the highest judicial power of the land. If it was an open question, who could doubt how it must ne-

cessarily be settled? The framers of the constitution never contemplated taking away from the citizen, the natural right of self preservation."

As soon as Hamlin closed, a young man from the Southwestern portion of the State, rose and talked flippantly, for some thirty minutes, about the immense amount of money his constituents had invested in the manufacture and traffic of spirituous liquors, and wound up with an attempt at rhetorical flourish, in which he claimed, that there was, in the entire State, about ten millions of dollars invested in the business of manufacturing and vending alcoholic drinks, which would seek other investments, and for the most part out of the State, in the event of the passage of the law.

Tompkins now arose, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and deafning applause, which lasted for several minutes in spite of the efforts of the President and officers of the Senate. Order being restored, he commenced by portraying

> "In eloquence that charms and burns,
> Startles, sooths, and wins by turns,"

the inroads upon domestic happiness made by this great curse. After dwelling upon this branch of his subject for about forty minutes, during which eyes "unused to the melting mood" were seen to weep, he delineated its baleful effects upon social life, in a most graphic and masterly manner.

> "Now with a giant's might,
> He heaves the ponderous thought;
> Now pours the storm of eloquence
> With scathing lightning fraught."

He then, for sometime, discussed the effects of intemperance upon the body politic in which he showed by startling facts and figures, that more than nineteen-twentieths of all the crime in the land was caused, either directly or indirectly, by this vice—that it peopled our alms-houses and our prisons, nursed litigation and engendered disease; and wound up by following the wretched inebriate to the regions of pandamonium, where the raven wing of despair flapped in betoken of the endless durability of his torment.

"He ceased; and solemn silence now was broke
Which reigned triumphant, while the hero spoke;
And then was heard, amid the general pause,
One simultaneous burst of loud applause."

CHAPTER XXV.

"It tells me every cloud is past
Which lately seemed to lower,
That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,
And now's their nuptial hour."

The Bill having passed the Senate with but few dissenting voices, was now sent to the Hall of the House of Representatives where, it was hoped by the enemies of the measure, it would be defeated.

At the commencement of the session of the Legislature, the bill had but few friends in the lower House, yet those were among the most active and influential members of the body

The supporters of the "Maine Law" were quite sanguine of ultimate success, but dreaded immediate action, while the opposers of the measure were resorting to every artifice that ingenuity could invent to bring the matter to an issue. The daily and hourly accessions to the "Maine Law" force, induced them to regard delay as fraught with imminent danger.

In the meantime, the aid of Barnum, Cary, Jewett, and other patriarchs in the cause of temperance, was invoked and their presence hourly expected.

While our temperance friends, prompted by the best feelings of our nature, with a patriotism and love of their race, that would have done honor to the sages and soldiers of our memorable revolutionary struggle, were encompassing sea and land for the purpose of procuring the passage of this philanthropic measure, the whiskey influence was by no means inactive. The emissaries of the traffic were hovering around, as numerous as the frogs of Egypt, with neither the disposition nor ability to meet the question fairly, and manfully discuss its merits, but were as near omnipresent as finite creatures could be. Now, decoying by some petty artifice, a member of the House into a saloon, or drinking establishment—then indulging in vulgar witticisms at the expense of men as far their superiors in every thing that enters into our estimate of a great and good man, as virtue is above vice.

The ladies now determined to give the friends and supporters of the "Maine Law" a free supper. Conscious that many of the members of the House could not be reached through either head or heart, resolved to try the *living* argument; and hence they were invited to be present and partake of this sumptuous repast.

In the preparation for this festive occasion, neither pains nor expense was spared to make it a most brilliant and magnificent affair. Instrumental and vocal music were secured, and everything

done to make the occasion fascinating and enchanting.

The evening at length arrived. The largest hall in the city had been procured, and was now crowded to its utmost capacity.

> "The glad circle round them yield their souls
> To festive mirth and wit that knows no gall."

Speeches were the order of the day, or rather of the night. Judge Jones was called for, and responded in thrilling eloquence, for about ten minutes; then Leblond, Barber, Jewett, Tompkins, and Hamlin, each in his turn, held that vast assembly spellbound with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Judge Jones now stepped upon the table and remarked, in a deep-toned voice, heard distinctly in the most remote corner of the hall, that he wished to make profert to members of the House, of some of the trophies of the demon alcohol, which he had procured at considerable trouble and expense, to grace this occasion; and hoped they would come forward and occupy a position in front of the table, upon which he stood. The members were soon before him, as requsted; when he caused, by previous concert, suddenly a sliding door to be thrown open, which exposed to the gaping view of the astonished and awe-stricken legislators, about thirty women and children robed in the habiliments of the deepest mourning.

"These, my countrymen," exclaimed Jones, "are some of the trophies of this unrelenting destroyer. Behold the aged mother of Lahm! crushed with the weight of grief—bending to the tomb, deprived by this ruthless murderer of a prop in her declining years, and tell me by your future acts, whether human hearts throb in your bosoms—say by your votes upon this temperance measure, whether you can feel for another's woes.—View these orphan children, tender girls, from the lisping, pratling infant, too young to comprehend the extent of the injury society has inflicted upon its rights, to the blooming youth, just budding into womanhood. Their natural guardian and protector torn from them and they left unguarded and alone to struggle with poverty and buffet the rude waves of adversity. Behold these widows in their weeds! They once had kind and indulgent husbands whose pleasure it was to provide for their wants. They are now alone—and alone they are compelled to grapple with formidable difficulties that cluster along their paths. Alban, Jenkins and others we might name, had wise heads and manly hearts, but in an unguarded moment the deceiver came, and they fell victims to his wiley artifices; and they now moulder in the cold grave, unconscious of the aggravated wrongs they have entailed upon these unprotected and disconsolate females. Will you not throw the weight of your

official positions upon this arch deceiver and grind him to powder."

"We will, we will!" exclaimed fifty voices or more.

Leblond, from his intuitive knowledge of the human heart, saw that this was the propitious moment, sprang upon the table, and amid sighs and sobs adjourned the meeting, when the people slowly disappeared.

A council of the sachems was privately called, immediately after the meeting dispersed; and upon consultation and deliberation, it was thought advisable to force the Bill through at the earliest possible moment. Accordingly on the following morning the Bill was called up, and to the amazement of the friends as well as the enemies of the measure, four or five of the most prominent opposers of the Maine Law, had, during the previous evening, enlisted for the war under the "Maine" banner, and were now like the prancing war steed, impatient for the coming conflict. Nor were they long in suspense.

A frothy young limb of the law, from that region of the State where distilleries were numerous and corn in abundance, rose and said, that many millions of money were invested in the State, in the manufacture and sale of liquors, nearly all of which would be an entire loss if the bill passed; and that which might be saved from the wreck would seek investment in sister States—that corn

and rye, which were now commanding a high price in consequence of the immense amounts used in distilling liquors, would become a drug in our markets—that the reduction in the prices of these products of the farm would very materially affect the agricultural interests, and lessen essentially the value of the productive lands of the State; and closed with an overwrought declamation, in which he asserted that the temperance advocates in their zeal, closed their eyes upon facts, and trampled upon the rights of their fellow citizens.

The member who now obtained the floor was one of the recent converts. He maintained in all the zeal of new born faith, that there was not one half the amount invested in the manufacture and traffic which the gentleman claimed; but insisted if there were fifty millions, instead of five, it would be infinitely better for the State, for society, for religion, for education, for everything that characterized and distinguished civilization and refinement from barbarism and heathenish darkness; that a mill-stone be hanged about its neck, and it cast into the uttermost depths of the ocean, than that it should be permitted to remain among us, infecting society with vice, with indolence, and with crime.

He argued that the money now invested in manufacturing this fearful instrument of misery, wretchedness and death, would readily and with great facility, in this active, moving, restless age

of invention, seek investment in other channels, from which would flow blessings instead of curses, upon society. That the thousands now made drunken debauchees, and hence weights upon the body politic, would be saved by this measure; would become sober, industrious men, and their energies would be spent in felling our forests and draining our lands; in constructing internal improvements and enhancing the wealth of the country.

"Could the gentleman," continued the speaker, "visit one of our large cities and there witness, as I have, in its two or three thousand liquor groceries, the pernicious facilities furnished to thousands of husbands, wives and children, who but for these sinks of iniquity might never have been tempted, and might have been, many of them, among our most useful citizens: and there see the father, and often the mother, spend in these dens of degradation, their last dime; when their money is gone, then pawn the furniture of the house, article by article, until not even the beds upon which the family slept are left, and then carry their own and the clothing of their children, and pledge them for whiskey; would he not relent? Would he not be in favor of putting out the fires that feed these prolific sources of crime and misery? We have vastly over-estimated both the head and heart of the gentleman, if he could witness these scenes without pity and disgust; if

after seeing them, he could, in this noon of the nineteenth century, amid a blaze of moral light that is flashing in every direction, stand erect in this legislative body and vote in favor of the perpetuation of a vice, all the evils of which the human tongue is incapable of describing, and finite intellect unequal to the task of comprehending—could never be known until eternity revealed them."

He closed by adding:

> ' Heaven and earth will witness,
> If Rome must fall, we are innocent." '

Now another of the champions of alcohol rose, and assumed the position, that to pass the Bill would be an invasion of the rights of the citizen. Claimed that in a state of nature man had a right to eat, drink, wear, and in short, do what he pleased. That the passage of the "Maine Law" would be an infraction of one of those rights; that citizens would not submit to an invasion of their rights. That the time was not far distant, if the Bill under consideration passed, when men would undertake to restrict us as to the quality and quantity of food we should eat; and perhaps claim the right to say what we should, and what we should not, wear.

This speaker was very brief, and evidently spoke against the convictions of head and heart.

A most distinguished debater now procured

the floor, and for about two hours, discussed the subject. He claimed the last gentleman had been most signally unfortunate, when he urged as a reason for the defeat of the Bill, that citizens would soon be in danger of having their kitchen and dining room arrangements interfered with. He insisted that when the general good of the whole demands the sacrifice, the police and municipal law would cut off any article of food, and without reference to the value or the amount of money invested in it. That when an epidemic or infectious disease prevails in a city or town, any and all articles of food, which are supposed to lend facilities to the spread of the epidemic or infection, may be by police and municipal regulations immediately declared contraband goods, however epicures—the less thoughtless and more reckless portion of the community, might rave. That the inherent power existed in society to protect itself against harm, whatever shape the wrong might assume. That no intelligent gentleman, much less an able jurist, would controvert the position that this was one of the rights which could not be taken from the citizens.

"What," exclaimed he, "would be thought of the sanity of the individual whose house is broken and entered by the midnight burglar, who should not immediately rise and defend his domicil and its inmates; but would await redress by the slow process of the law. Would not the slaughter of

himself and family often follow in the wake of this kind of philosophy? Does not necessity occasionally require in conflagrations, the blowing up and pulling down of whole blocks of buildings, for the purpose of saving a city? while those engaged in the work never stop to enquire as to the right, nor has the right ever been questioned.

Necessity would impel the father and husband to repel the burglar by violence, for the safety of his property, his wife and children. And a like necessity imperiously demands the destruction of large amounts of property in case of fire, in order that still greater amounts may be saved.

"If then," continued he, "necessity is above all law, and individual citizens can avail themselves of this necessity for the purpose of saving themselves and their property, might it not with much show of reason, be argued that individuals have a right upon the same principle to sieze spirituous liquor wherever and whenever found, and indiscriminately destroy it? He would not insult that body by attempting to prove the use as well as abuse of ardent spirits, a great evil, as that would be impeaching their intelligence and good sense."

He argued at great length, that society was organized for mutual protection and defence. That if society possessed not the innate right to protect itself, then the great object and aim of its formation had not been attained. But it was conceded

that a community had a right without regard to law, to repel an invasion, arrest an infection, or stop a destructive fire, at the cost of the sacrifice of private property; and yet strange as it might appear, men respectable in point of intellect, and having some claims to morality, would stand in their places upon that floor, and insist that the passage of the Bill would be an invasion of the natural rights of the rum-seller, and the brandy tipler, notwithstanding intoxication was entombing annually, more victims than the combined product of war, pestilence and famine.

The charge might be regarded as uncharitable, yet he could not resist the temptation of saying, that those who were opposing the Bill were doing violence to their conscience, while they were pandering to the selfishness of those who were interested in manufacturing and vending spirituous liquors.

Satisfied that he had done the subject ample justice so far as argument was concerned, determined to reach those beyond the influence of reason and logic, with declamation, of which he was perfect master.

He claimed that christianity, which was Heaven's greatest boon to the human race, had been stayed in its onward progress by the machinations of Rum; that the march of morals in every department had been turned back—that improvement in the arts and sciences had been impeded,

that the Republic of letters had been invaded by this greatest enemy of our race, and the diadem snatched from the brows of the devotees of literature. That in every age and in every country where it was in general use, its withering curse rested upon the loftiest hopes of man as with a blighting mildew.

He here closed in a strain of eloquence and sublime imagery, amid a "bedlam of applause," with a description of the inebriate's home, and the gloomy prospect spread out before his heart-stricken wife and uncared for children, that threw some of the opposers of the measure into the wildest paroxisms of passion.

The question was now called for, put and carried, when a shout went up that well nigh shook the pillars of the State House. IT WAS THE LAW OF THE GREAT STATE OF ——.

CHAPTER XXVI.

And lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil.—*Lord's Prayer.*

"Ma, ma," said a sprightly girl, about seven years of age, as she came bounding into her mother's room, her cheeks glowing like the ruby and her eyes flashing like beautiful gems, while she was clapping her hands in transports of joy; "Pa, can't get any liquor, pa can't, he can't: I saw him try many places; he can't get it, I know he can't. Oh! wont we now be happy, ma?—Wont we soon have shoes and good new clothes, like Doctor Baker's little children?"

Her mother now raised her eyes slowly from her work for she was plying the needle with all the energy which want impels, and coolly remarked; "my daughter, aint you mistaken?"

"No, indeed, ma! I saw him go down to Jake Infamy's grocery, and as he passed along, I heard one gentleman say to another, 'will Jake Infamy give that man liquor? If he do, he ought to be attended to promptly, and put through."

"And then I quietly followed him; and when he went into the grocery, I went just inside of the

door and set down behind a barrel of fish, where neither pa nor Jake could see me. Pa asked for whiskey, but the grocery keeper told him he had none. Then pa said, 'I know you have plenty of it; you had several barrels last night, and he must have some; that he had been a little high yesterday, and wanted some on which to taper off.'"

But Jake said he couldn't let him have any—not a drop.

"Then pa said, 'why? havn't I always paid you—and here is the money.'"

"Then pa threw down on the counter three cents, but Jake said he shouldn't have any; that the Maine Law went into force yesterday; and that the Maine Law men were watching him, and would sue him and break him up, if he sold any. Pa then asked Jake to give him one dram, but Jake said he dare not give it away; that was just as bad; that they would sue him quite as soon for that as if he sold it.

"Oh! ma," said the child, "that Jake is a wicked man," as she approached her mother more closely, and in a half whisper, said, "he did swear such big oaths at the Maine Law."

"Well, my dear," said the mother, "it is the first time I have ever known him go to Infamy's grocery with three cents and come away empty. He will get liquor at some of the groceries before

night, and come home, I fear, quite as drunk as usual."

"No, no," quickly retorted the little girl; "ma, he can't get any; he went to all the groceries in the village, and as I saw him go into the last one, I slipped in between some boxes near the door, and heard the grocery man tell him they had no liquor there; but pa wanted some so bad, and the nasty man said he would'nt give him a glass if it would save his life. Was'nt that mean, ma? only think of it, wouldn't give pa a glass to save his life, and then, ma, you never heard how the grocery man did swear and curse the Maine Law. Who is the Maine Law, ma? He must be some very good man, these wicked grocery keepers all hate him so."

"It is not a man, my dear child, but a law."

"What is a law, ma? It must be a good law. Didn't God make it ma?"

"No dear, God did not make the Maine Law; but good men who love God, and their fellow men, made the law to prevent men from getting drunk, and spending for liquor the money they ought to spend for food and clothing for their families."

"Ma," said the little girl, pa will never get drunk any more, and come home and be cross and abuse us! He will save his money now, and he will buy us a house, wont he, ma? Ma, maint I then plant a honey-suckle, a jessamine and a rose, like Hetty Smith's? don't they look sweet, ma?—

while she danced around the room in a delirium of childish glee. Could every father wedded to his cups, or in danger of becoming so, realize for a moment the pleasure that filled that infant breast at the thought of having a temperate father—a home where the tender hand could train and rear the plant—watch its budding and blooming into emblematic purity, would he not be less than parental, if he did not stop, shake off the habit, with however much inveteracy it may have fastened itself upon him?

* * * * * * * *

"Tom," said a half clad, sturdy loafer, as he came rather hastily into a grocery, some months previously his familiar haunt, "give us a dram," as he threw down three cents, the price of whiskey sufficient to make a fool of him, and fit him for the commission of crime of any grade.

"We don't sell here," gruffly responded Tom, the grocery keeper.

"Quit your blasted nonsense," said George Summers, and let me have the liquor: quick, I've had none for some time."

"Didn't I tell you," said Tom, "we sell none here," more sullen than before.

"Yes," said George, "but then I know you are lying about it."

"If you use that kind of language to me, again," answered Tom, quite out of humor, "I

will climb over the counter and break your confounded impudent head."

"Why," exclaimed George, "what the devil is the matter with you, I never saw you so before."

"Well," said Tom, "I'm not in a very good humor, and don't like to be insulted."

"I did not intend to insult you, and never knew before it was any harm to come in and ask for a glass of liquor. It never before insulted you."

"No, nor it wouldn't now," said Tom, "if it wasn't for this infernal Maine Law, that these cursed, hypocritical fanatics and saintly fools, have been passing."

"Maine Law," said George, "what do you mean?"

"What I say, to be sure," grunted Tom.

"Do tell me; when was that passed," inquired George.

Tom, still in doubt whether George was in good faith or attempting to annoy him over his misfortune in the liquor traffic, enquired of George where he had been for the last six months.

It now became George's turn to lose his balance, and rave a little, supposing Tom had, from the beginning, been practicing a hoax upon him, said—

"It is true I have been in the work-house for the last six months, but I am as good a man as you. I was sent there for getting drunk upon your liquor—whiskey, got from you, Sir! While I was in prison, shut in from the world—associated with

villains and cut-throats—living on the convict's stinted and miserable rations, and sleeping on a pallet of straw—familiar with creaking grates, iron bolts, clanking chains, and the overseer's lash, —you, sir, were happy with your family, enjoying your liberty; while, through the influence of the money you have obtained by robbing myself, and other poor, unfortunate fellows, you have become the little end of 'upper-tendum' whittled down; and, if you don't believe it, just come over that counter if you dare, and I'll tramp you, you cowardly puppy. You have desolated the home of my wife and children—you have made me a miserable, degraded convict; and now you will add insult to injury!"—while he beat the air with his ponderous, great, clenched fist, as near the face of Tom as he could get it for the counter.

The truth in the premises, now flashed upon the mind of Tom. He discovered that George had been in prison for six months, and during that period the Maine Law had been passed, and the liquor traffic had been stopped; but George, just out of prison, had not, as yet, learned the fact—Tom, therefore, attempted to explain the difficulty thus:

"George," said he, "there is no occasion for unkind feeling between you and myself—none in the least. You supposed I was intending to make sport of you, while I was quite certain you knew all about this cursed Maine Law, which I have no

doubt John Bunyan made about the same time he made the Pilgrim's Progress, and was trifling alike with my feelings and misfortunes. I am now satisfied we were both mistaken. I did not know you had been in prison."

"All right!" exclaimed George, as he took Tom by the hand and said, "I want a little, if you have a drop about the establishment?"

"I have not a drop, nor the hundredth part of a drop, nor have I a vessel or cask about my store from which you could smell your old friend, and d——d sorry am I, too, for it."

"Well," said George, "You can tell me, I suppose, where I can get the worth of these three cents?" rattling them in the face of Tom. "I have had these three cents six months and a few hours. They happened to be in my pocket at the time I was sent to the work-house. You would have had them, Tom, long since, if the scamps up there had let me come down town to see you."

"You will not be able to get one drop in the city," somewhat petulently replied Tom.

"Well, I will;" was the quick response of George Summers.

He immediatly started; and, from grocery to grocery, and from store to store went George, until he had passed over the entire city; and finally returned to Tom's establishment, and pulled from his head that which bore some slight evidence of having once been a cap—threw it down upon the coun-

ter—wiped off the sweat from his his face with the sleeve of his old coat, and exclaimed, "Well, Tom; this is a terrible state of things! the devil will certainly get all those fanatics! If those that he has got could only come back, occasionally, a few of them would soon teach those here to mind their own business; then we could get a glass when we wished it. Well, now Tom, I dont like to walk out home five miles, without a horn. I could stand it, but then I have had none for six months, and that is most too long between drams; I can get it out where I live in some of the groceries as soon as I reach home, that is certain.

"It is very certain you will be unable to get the article anywhere," again gruffly rejoined Tom.

George Summers started for the village in which his family lived; and though he had not seen nor heard from them, nor any of them, since his incarceration, he went not directly to his home, but to a grocery where he had been accustomed to get liquor at his pleasure, but found none—from thence he went to every grocery and store in the village with a like result.

"Well," said George Summers; "things aint as they used to was, that am sartin; but I know bravely where I can get some. Old Ben Burns keeps the article. This devilish fanaticism can't possibly have reached the still-house of that old saint. It is some distance up there—let me see, about six miles—can you stand that, George, be-

fore you see the babies? It is pretty hard, yet it is harder to do without the liquor; so here we go."

And away started George Summers to old Benjamin Burn's distillery, but when he reached the spot where strife, contention, debauchery and crime, from its lightest to its darkest shades—where disease, death, and damnation, had, for nearly a half century, been manufactured—to his great disappointment, and chagrin, he found the fire had been put out by this messenger from the throne of the Eternal, the--Maine Law—which had for many long years heated the worm that has for ages upon ages thrown its fatal coils around fallen humanity.

George Summers stretched himself up—took off his old cap—wiped with the sleeve of his old coat, the prespiration that was oozing from every pour of his face—while he ran his fingers through the disheveled hair that hung over a high and massive fore-head, patting the ground with his left foot he was heard to say, "Well, this is truly a new order of things, no whiskey in the city, no whiskey in the village, no whiskey in the country. Even old Vesuvius, has ceased to vomet forth its blessings upon the poor as well as the rich man. It is now vacated—inhabited alone by the bat and night-hawk. I would prefer the work-house at once to such liberty. But I'll go and see John Taite, Pete Craft, and Jake Rex, and know what account they have of matters and things. I guess, if they can live without, I can." And accordingly away he

went in pursuit of his old companions in degradation; and first came up to Tait, who was a blacksmith, and who wielded the sledge in a manner that would have done honor to old Vulcan himself.

"Jack," said George, as he entered the shop, "how the old Harry do you get along these times, without a little of the 'o be joyful?"'

"Very well," replied John Tait.

"Very well, eh!" rejoined George Summers, "then you must have changed very much since I knew you. I would not give two figs for as much of this kind of liberty as you could write in fifty declarations of Independence. Our fathers fought and bled and died in vain, that we might enjoy liberty, if these old blue-stockings—these fanatical Puritans—these long-faced religionists can dictate what we shall eat and what we shall drink."

"No," said Tait, "you can eat what you choose, and drink what you please, provided you let that drink alone which makes a fool of you—injures, most sadly, yourself and family, and not unfrequently your neighbors."

"Can it be possible," exclaimed George, "that John Taite has become one of those long-faced saints—advocating the Maine Law? I reckon Pete Craft, Jake Rex, and the other boys have all gone over to the enemy—worse and worse," said George Summers, while he looked the very impersonation of disappointment and vexation.

"Yes," said Tait, "if you are in favor of drinking, then they are all against you. George, you couldn't get Pete, or Jake, or any of them, to drink a dram for a kingdom."

"I'll bet my cap, old Vulcan," said George, "any of them, or even yourself, could be bought with a very small kingdom—not bigger than my potatoe patch."

"Why," said Tait, "they are all industrious men, comfortably living and handsomely sustaining themselves and their families, sober at first from necessity, but afterwards from choice; now educating their children and living like men, and not like brutes."

"Well," said George Summers, as he drew his left hand two or three times over his face and eyes, "I believe I'll go home and see how things look there."

"I would exhort you," said Tait, "to let liquor alone, if I did not know you couldn't get any, and therefore you must keep sober, for the same reason that myself and others did. After a time you could not be persuaded, nor even driven back, to your cups."

"Wife, how do you do?" said George Summers, as he entered the door of his former home.

"Why," George Summers," exclaimed his wife, "by what accident is it you are sober?" while she seemed to say through every feature of her face, "my good fellow you are done drinking, so

long as you live in this land of wholesome laws."

George understood her quizzical glances, and replied, "not by accident, Madam, I thank you—but from sheer necessity."

George Summers was a first class mechanist, and as soon as the question was settled that he could have no more liquor to use as a beverage, he immediately applied for, and procured, a situation at good wages, in an extensive machine shop of the village in which he resided; where he continued to work for some six or seven weeks, when in consequence of breakage, George was for several days out of employ, and therefore returned home.

While playing with his boy upon the carpet, (for carpet as well as many other luxuries they had procured soon after George became temperate,) he commenced laughing outright, and so immoderately as to attract the attention of Mrs. Summers, who inquired what it meant.

"I was thinking," exclaimed George Summers, "if I were to put on that splendid suit of black and walk up into the city, as sober as a judge ought to be, what a sensation I would produce.—It would make the Governor and Warden of the prison stare, I'll venture."

George rose from the floor, put on his Sunday regalia, and started for the city; soon after he reached which, he was passing the Governor of the State, who, in conversation with some gentle-

man, remarked that he had it in his power at one time just previous to the passage of the Maine Law, to defeat the Bill, and he regretted that he had not slaughtered the thing.

It sounded upon the ear of George Summers like a voice from the haunts of crime and folly, misery and woe; and with the swift winged speed of thought, he reviewed his life previous to the passage of the law, and contrasted it with that portion spent in the discharge of duty and the service of virtue; while he fixed his large, piercing black eyes upon the Governor, and exclaimed, "I'll pay your excellency that money very soon."

"What money?" inquired the Governor.

"Why, the price and cost of divers and sundry articles, too tedious to mention."

"You talk in enigmas, George, entirely beyond my comprehension," rejoined the Governor.

"It is as plain as a pike staff, Governor, if you had it in your power to defeat the Maine Law, I owe you for this suit of black, for this beaver, sir, for these boots, sir; for several fine dresses for my wife, for many comforts, conveniences and even luxuries for my family; but above all, and priceless beyond the value of rubies, the consciousness that I'm a man, and my reason is constantly on her throne, while I am not liable to do wrong to myself or others."

The Governor looked at George Summers for several consecutive minutes, lost in the thick laby-

rinths of thought, without uttering a syllable, but finally broke the ominous silence by exclaiming to his friend in a loud and excited tone of voice, accompanied with energetic and violent gesticulations, "Such a salvation is of more value than all the inconveniences that could grow out of enacting and enforcing this law. One such change infinitely over-balances and outweighs all cavils and objections that could be interposed by the most captious. With such evidence of its salutary effect, I would not at this moment for my right arm, have defeated the Bill."

If statesmen, and men in elevated positions in life, could lose sight of party incentives, party trammels and party hindrances, and could realize the manifold evils of excessive drinking, they would as they could, cut off the streams of this vice by at once drying up the fountain.

Where is the capacious, cultivated and benevolent intellect, not a slave of the despot, intemperance, who can in candor say the human family, or an individual member of it, has derived any benefit from the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage; while the countless and never ending ages of eternity, will be too short to reveal the innumerable wrongs growing out of the use of spirituous liquors. They can alone be useful to man as a remedial agent, and ought to be confined, like other powerful remedial agents, to the shelf of the druggist; and then, and not until then, can

the blessing of the discovery of the distillation of ardent spirits be ascertained.

Could the venders of alcoholic drinks fully realize all the aggravated wrong they are inflicting upon society, the millions of oaths uttered under the inspiration of the potations they had dealt out, the untold numbers of bleeding hearts, lacerated by the traffic; the hosts upon hosts of youth who, in consequence of the terrible inroads upon their rights, by this demon, have been permitted to grow to manhood, in the midst of ignorance and vice; and hence have been visited by the rewards of crime and degradation—the hecatombs they have offered upon the altar of their avarice and cupidity—murdered by a gradual, often slow, but certain process—could this dark, but too faithful picture, dance in review before their mental vision, would they not, if a spark of humanity glowed in their bosoms; if even judgment was left unimpaired, whatever may have been the fate of conscience; desist from an avocation which posterity will regard in a no less favorable light than many crimes, the wages of which now are, banishment from society, and confinement in a felon's cell.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time.
Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.—*Longfellow.*

Some weeks after the Maine Law had been enacted and gone into force, Judge Jones, chanced to be stopping in a village over night, in a remote part of the State, where two somewhat extensive liquor dealers had been boasting of their intention to disregard the enactment, and avowed their determination to hurl defiance in the very teeth of the law. Of these facts, Judge Jones, during the evening became acquainted, and had an interview on the following morning, with the officer charged with enforcing the enactment; after obtaining which, he said: "Sir, procure your process and authorize me to accompany you in the discharge of your official duty, and you have my word for it, that before the expiration of three hours those liquor stores will be emptied of their contents."

"But," said the officer, "one of these men is a desperado, and will shoot! Some person will be killed."

"He is not insane, I imagine?" very coolly replied Jones.

"No," said the officer, "but he is notorious for his physical power and malicious heart."

"Evince a disposition to enforce this matter," said Jones, "and he will quail before the superior power and majesty of the law."

"But he don't know what fear is, and is as courageous as a tiger."

"Well, well," said Judge Jones, "do as I direct, and he will soon know how to submit—will soon rival the pet kitten in docility."

The officer, accordingly, procured his papers and summoned the Judge to his aid, and was about increasing his posse, when Judge Jones protested, saying, "We are equal to this work. Make more show of the power and majesty of the law, and less display of physical force, and you will be much less liable to be met and repelled with brute force."

Jones and the officer immediately repaired to the liquor establishment of the man whom the officer most dreaded, and found him standing upon the threshold of his rum-shop, armed to the teeth, having been previously notified, by some of his satellites, of his impending danger; swearing vengeance and death to the first man who should attempt to invade *his rights*.

Judge Jones stepped up to him, and thus addressed him: "Sir, we have come here clothed with the power of the law, and resistance is folly. We are unarmed—have nothing, save the strong arm of the law; but, should you resist, you will realize, to your sorrow, that it is more than a Damascus blade." After saying which, with firmness, resolution, and courage beaming from every lineament of his face, he deliberately walked up to Mr. Mars, acting upon the motto, "that to falter was to fail," and passed between him and the door post, into the store—took up a small cask, the first he came to, and threw it into the street, without being very particular whether or not it came in contact with its courageous owner; and by the time Jones had another in readiness to hurl into the street, its late owner, now interested in the safety of his lower extremities, gave way, and the door was entered by the officer; who, with two or three others that had came to their assistance, soon rolled over two hundred casks of the "dear critter" into the street, from whence it was carried to a place of deposit prepared for the purpose; and, in due time, condemned and empted into its wonted place—the gutter. But what was unusual, it failed to take with it erring men.

While Jones was passing through one part of the State, encouraging the enforcement of the law, when necessary, as we have seen, by "bearding the lion in his den," Leblond, and several other dis-

tinguished champions of the measure, were similarly engaged in other portions of the State.

Some few months after the law went into force, Jones, Leblond, Jewett, and Tompkins, met to compare notes—all anxious that the operation of the law should not disappoint the hopes of the friends of this great measure.

"Jones," said Leblond, after having been wrapt in thought; and, for many minutes, apparently unconscious of the presence of his friends, "I have just been contrasting this interview with the one we had at the city, some months since, when I ordered the oysters, as you will recollect."

"These disgraceful occurrences have ceased to have a place in my memory. I seldom permit my mind to recur to them; and never, except to stimulate me to deeds of more noble daring," replied the Judge.

"What a fearful, and most terrible account will the bar have to render at the great day of reckning," said Jewett.

"Won't politicians have a still greater?" said Tompkins.

"But," replied Leblond, "all lawyers are politicians. You can scarcely find a lawyer in the State who is not quite as much of a politician as lawyer; and wields, if not elsewhere, in his particular locality, no little influence."

"Yes," ssid Judge Jones, "if the united bar of the country would give their undivided support to

it, an entirely prohibitory enactment, embodying the spirit and principles of the Maine Law, would grace the the statute books of every State of this vast confederacy before twelve moons would wax and wane."

"That's as true as revelation," said Jewett.—"No body of men in society exert the influence—indeed, all other classes combined, if you except the press, are incapable of exerting the same amount of influence in the enactment and enforcement of laws, that the combined effort of the bar can put forth."

"Well, gentlemen," remarked Tompkins, "now to the object of this meeting. How does the law operate so far as you have been able to judge from a transit through the State?"

"Gloriously, most gloriously!" said Judge Jones. In the small city of D., numbering a population of about twenty-five thousand, I was informed by his Honor, the Mayor, that at the time the law took effect there were in full operation, at least three hundred groceries—at this moment, gentlemen, there is not one. These groceries would average from the sale of liquor at least two dollars and fifty cents per day, and that is moderate—less would make the traffic unprofitable—and we have the sum of two hundred and seventy-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars. This may appear rather startling, but it is the computation of his Honor, the Mayor; a very intelligent and candid

man. Now, when we contemplate the fact, that we have diverted an annual expenditure of over a quarter of a million of dollars in a city of only twenty-five thousand; and, that instead of its running down the throats of bad men making them worse—a complete loss—it is now expended in food, clothing, and education, for destitute families; while their hearts and heads are better cared for. If this was an isolated instance in our State, we, gentlemen, would be more than compensated for all the sacrifices we have made. But, in large cities and small towns the effect is proportionate; and hence, who can compute its blessings upon the people of our State?"

"My testimony," said Leblond, would not essentially differ from the Judges; and I will not, therefore, occupy your time by narrating it. I must, however, mention one little incident. While passing along, I met with an old college acquaintance, a lawyer of some distinction, who was opposed to this temperance movement—a kind, amiable man, and unusually interested in the welfare of his family—after he had offered some reasons against the law, which doubtless appeared to him cogent; without attempting to answer his arguments, I said, "My dear sir, you and I have had sense sufficient to avoid the intoxicating cup; what assurance have we that our sons will escape the sin of drunkenness? We can not forsee the ten thousand temptations that may beset them, and guard them

against yielding? But, should our counsel save them, what evidence have we that our daughters may not form alliances with gentlemen who have not had the advantage of wise and early counsel, and consequently become drunkards?—a calamity that no man would feel more poignantly than yourself.

"Well," said he, hesitating some, "that's a fact! I have never looked upon it in that light. I don't know but the safety of all requires the removal of the temptation, and all that might lead to temptation. Drunkenness is a terrible vice! You are probably not far wrong. Drinking, even moderately, benefits no man.'"

"I find the law not in advance of public opinion, but sustained wherever I have been," said Jewett. So frightful has been the destruction from this cause, of the citizens of our State, that any measure calculated to save, attracts attention and meets with favor.

"Sir Mathew Hale, after twenty years experience as a judge upon the bench, remarks, "That if all the murders and manslaughters and burglaries and robberies, riots and tumults, and other great enormities, which had been committed within that time, were divided into five parts, four would be found to have been the result of intemperance.' "And," continued Jewett, "the masses of our people becoming quite intelligent in this age of progress, have improved upon the dis-

covery of Sir Matthew, and generally ascribe more than nine-tenths of all the crime committed, to the use of intoxicating drinks, and hence invoke the aid of any measure the tendency of which is to remove this evil."

"The law works admirably," said Tompkins.—"In a tour through the State, I have not seen a drop of liquor, nor a drunken man, except in one village; but more of that hereafter. In the county of R——, I was told by the Jailor that the Jail was entirely empty; an occurrence which had not before happened within the last twenty-five years. And," continued he, "I cannot forego the pleasure of relating a little scene that occurred in the western part of the State,

'All of which I saw, and part of which I was,'

though I should incur the risk of trespassing upon your patience.

"Stopping for the night in the flourishing village of M——, I was induced, from several causes, to lecture upon the importance of enforcing the law. Next morning I was roused from a pleasant slumber, by a gentle rap at the door of my apartment, when I immediately rose and prepared to receive my visitor. Upon opening the door, to my great astonishment, there stood a pensive little girl with down cast countenance, clad in the habiliments of the most abject poverty. I took her by the hand and kindly inquired the object of her mission, so early in the morning.

'Mr. Tompkins,' said she, 'I was afraid you would leave town before I could get up; and when I went to bed last night, I thought I could keep awake all night, and as soon as it was daylight, I could come up, but I couldn't keep awake.'

In as tender a tone as I could assume, I enquired what was the trouble.

"Won't you see my pa before you leave? May be you can coax him not to drink any more? Oh, if he would do as you told everybody, last night, how happy we would be! Sister and I had pa go with us to the lecture, and when he came home he cried for more than an hour; and we all cried, and pa promised mother he would quit drinking; but, as soon as he goes down street he gets into some of the wicked taverns, or groceries and forgets his promise, and we are then all so unhappy."

I enquired how long he had been drinking.

"It has been about two years. When he commenced we had a good home, but pa went to drinking and paid no attention to his business; and Mr. Jacobs, the tavern-keeper, two months ago, sold our house to pay for whiskey pa had got from him; and now, every time Mr. Jacob's little girls meet us they say 'your father is a drunkard, and you are dirty, ragged, little girls, and we won't play with you.' Mr. Tompkins, is not the man who sells the liquor to pa, as bad as he? Sister and I can't help pa's drinking; we coax him every day to quit; and we pray for him every night, and it is too bad

for Mr. Jacob's little girls to abuse us so, ain't it, Mr. Tompkins? Won't you go down and see pa? He hasn't been drinking any this morning. Ma told me about the Maine law, but I could'nt understand it. Will it hang all the wicked men that sell liquor? I don't like it if it does that, Mr. Tompkins. But they are no better than pa, and other poor men they will kill, if the Maine law don't come and stop them.'"

"Here this poor, crushed child wept as if her little heart would break; and, though you may regard it as an indication of weakness in me, I cried, too; nor could I have avoided it had a kingdom been tendered me. After I became calm, for it was some time before I could either conceive a thought or give utterance to one; I said, 'go home, my dear, and be a good girl, and in less than three days your father will again be a sober man; for, before I leave the village, we will close the liquor establishments and remove all temptation from him.'"

"Did you redeem your promise?" enquired Judge Jones.

"The first day was sufficient for the work! We made sad havoc among the groceries; and on yesterday, I received a letter from the little girl,"—which he drew from his pocket and read, amid the sobs and tears of these men who have left their

"Foot-prints on the sands of time."

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